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HEPATICAS

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I

OTHER people's sons were coming home for the three or four days' leave. The first gigantic struggle — furious onslaught and grim resistance — was over. Paris, pale, and slightly shuddering still, stood safe. Calais was not taken, and, dug into their trenches, it was evident that the opposing armies would lie face to face, with no decisive encounter possible until the spring.

There was, with all their beauty and terror, an element of the facetious in these unexpected holidays, of the matter-of-factness, the freedom from strain or sentiment that was the English oddity and the English strength. Men who had known the horrors of the retreat from Mons or the carnage of Ypres, who had not taken off their clothes for ten days at a stretch or slept for four nights, came home from trenches knee-deep in mud, from battlefields heaped with unburied dead, and appeared immaculate and cheerful at breakfast; a little sober and preoccupied, perhaps; touched, perhaps, with strangeness; but ready for the valorous family jest, and alluding to the war as if, while something too solemn for adequate comment, it were yet something that lent itself to laughter. One did such funny things, and saw them; of the other things one did not speak; and there was the huge standing joke of an enemy who actually hated one. These grave and cheerful young men hated nobody; but they were very eager to go back again; and they were all ready, not only to die but to die good-humoredly. From the demeanor of mothers and wives and sisters it was evident that nothing would be said or done to make this readiness difficult; but Mrs. Bradley, who showed serenity to the world and did not even when alone allow herself to cry, suspected that the others, beneath their smiles, carried hearts as heavy with dread as her own.

It had been heavy, with hope now as well as with dread, for the past week. It was a week since she had last heard from Jack. Mrs. Crawley, over the hill, had had her wire, and her husband was now with her; and Lady Wrexham expected her boy to-morrow. There was no certainty at all as regarded herself; yet at any moment she might have a wire; and feeling to-day the stress of waiting too great to be borne in passivity, she left her books and letters and put on her gardening shoes and gloves and went out to her borders.

For weeks now the incessant rain had made the relief and solace of gardening almost an impossibility; but to-day was mild and clear. There was no

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radiance in the air; curtains of pearly mist shut out the sky; yet here and there a soft opening in the white showed a pale, far blue, gentle and remote as the gaze of a wandering goddess, and the hills seemed to smile quietly up at the unseen sun. Mrs. Bradley, as she went along the river-path, could look across at the hills; the river-path and the hills were the great feature of Dorrington, — the placid, comely red brick house to which she and Jack had come fifteen years ago, after the death of her husband in India. Enclosed by woods, and almost catching sight of the road, — from its upper windows and over its old brick wall, — the house could have seemed to her too commonplace and almost suburban, in spite of the indubitably old oak-paneling of the drawing-room, had it not been for the river and the hills. Stepping out on to the lawn from the windows of the drawing-room, she and Jack, on that April day, had found themselves confronting both — the limpid, rapid little stream, spanned near the house by its mossy bridge, and the hills, beyond the meadows, streaked with purple woodlands and rising, above the woods, to slopes russet, fawn, and azure. Jack, holding her by the hand, had pointed at once with an eager 'Is n't it pretty, mummy!' — even at eight he had cared almost as much as she, and extraordinarily in the same way, for the sights of the country; and if the hills had n't settled the question, it was settled, quite finally, ten minutes later, by the white hepaticas.

They had come upon them suddenly, after their tour of the walled kitchen garden and their survey of the lawn with its ugly shrubberies, — now long forgotten, — penetrating a thicket of hazels and finding themselves in an opening under trees where neighboring woods looked at them over an old stone wall, and where, from an old stone bench, one could see the river. The ground was soft with the fallen leaves of many an autumn; a narrow path ran, half obliterated, down to the river; and among the faded brown, everywhere, rose the thick clusters, the dark leaves, and the snowy flowers, — poignant, amazing in their beauty.

She and Jack had stopped short to gaze. She had never seen such white hepaticas, or so many, or so placed. And Jack, presently, lifting his dear nut-brown head and nut-brown eyes, had said, gazing up at her as he had gazed at the flowers, 'They are just like you, mummy.'

She had felt at once that they were like her; more like than the little boy's instinct could grasp. He had thought of the darkness and whiteness; her widow's weeds and pale face had suggested that; but he could not know the sorrow, the longing, the earthly sense of irreparable loss, the heavenly sense of a possession unalterably hers, that the dark, melancholy leaves and celestial whiteness of the flowers expressed to her. Tears had risen to her eyes and she had stooped and kissed her child, — how like her husband's that little face! — and had said, after a moment, 'We must never leave them, Jack.'

They had never left them. Dorrington had been their home for fifteen years, and the hepaticas the heart of it, it had always seemed to them both; the loveliest ritual of the year that early spring one when, in the hazel copse, they would find the white hepaticas again in flower. And of all the autumnal labors none were sweeter than those that cherished and divided and protected the beloved flowers.

Mrs. Bradley, to-day, worked in her long border, weeding, troweling, placing belated labels. She was dressed in black, her straw hat bound beneath her chin by a ribbon and her soft gardening gloves rolling back from her firm, white wrists. Her gestures ex-

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pressed a calm energy, an accurate grace. She was tall, and when she raised herself to look over the meadows at the hills, she showed small, decisive features, all marked, in the pallor of her face, as if with the delicate, neutral emphasis of an etching: the gray, scrutinizing eyes, the charming yet ugly nose, the tranquil mouth that had, at the corners, a little drop, half sweet, half bitter, as if with tears repressed or a summoned smile. Squared at brow and chin, it would, but for the mildness of the gaze, have been an imperious face; and her head, its whitened hair drawn back and looped in wide braids behind, had an air at once majestic and unworldly.

She had worked for over an hour and the last label was set beside a precious clump of iris. The hazel copse lay near by; and gathering up her tools, drawing off her wet gloves, she followed the path under the leafless branches and among the hepaticas to the stone bench, where, sinking down, she knew that she was very tired. She could see, below the bank, the dark, quick stream; a pale, diffused light in the sky showed where the sun was dropping toward the hills.

Where was Jack at this moment, this quiet moment of a monotonous English winter day? — so like the days of all the other years that it was impossible to think of what was happening a few hours' journey away across the Channel. Impossible to think of it; yet the thick throb of her heart spoke to the full of its significance. She had told herself from the beginning — passionate, rebellious creature as, at bottom, she knew herself to be, always in need of discipline and only in these later years schooled to a control and submission that, in her youth, she would have believed impossible to her — she had told herself, when he had gone from her, that, as a soldier's widow, she must see her soldier son go to death. She must give him to that; be ready for it; and if he came back to her it would be as if he were born again, a gift, a grace, unexpected and unclaimed. She must feel, for herself as well as for her country, that these days of dread were also days of a splendor and beauty unmatched by any in England's history, and that a soldier's widow must ask for no more glorious fate for her son than death in such a cause. She had told herself all this many times; yet, as she sat there, her hands folded on her lap, her eyes on the stream below, she felt that she was now merely motherhood, tense, huddled, throbbing and longing, longing for its child.

Then, suddenly, she heard Jack's footsteps. They came, quick and light, along the garden path; they entered the wood; they were near, but softened by the fallen leaves. And, half rising, afraid of her own joy, she hardly knew that she saw him before she was in his arms; and it was better to meet thus, in the blindness and darkness of their embrace, her cheek pressed against his hair, his head buried close between her neck and shoulder.

'Jack! — Jack!' she heard herself say.

He said nothing, holding her tightly to him, with quick breaths; and even after she had opened her eyes and could look down at him, — her own, her dear, beautiful Jack, — could see the nut-brown head, the smooth brown cheek, the firm brown hand which grasped her, he did not for a long time raise his head and look at her. When, at last, he did look up, she could not tell, through her tears, whether, like herself, he was trying to smile.

They sat down together on the bench. She did not ask him why he had not wired. That question pressed too sharply on her heart; to ask might seem to reproach.

'Darling — you are so thin, — so

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much older, — but you look — strong and well.'

'We're all of us extraordinarily fit, mummy. It's wholesome, living in mud.'

'And wholesome living among bursting shells? I had your last letter telling of that miraculous escape.'

'There have been a lot more since then. Every day seems a miracle — that one's alive at the end of it.'

'But you get used to it?'

'All except the noise. That always seems to daze me still. Some of our fellows are deaf from it. — You heard of Toppie, mother?' Jack asked.

Toppie was Alan Thorpe, Jack's nearest friend. He had been killed ten days ago.

'I heard it, Jack. Were you with him?'

'Yes. It was in a bayonet charge. He did n't suffer. A bullet went right through him. He just gave a little cry and fell.' Jack's voice had the mildness of a sorrow that has passed beyond the capacity for emotion. 'We found him afterwards. He is buried out there.'

'You must tell Frances about it, Jack. I went to her at once.' Frances was Toppie's sister. 'She is bearing it so bravely.'

'I must write to her. She would be sure to be plucky.'

He answered all her questions, sitting closely against her, his arm around her; looking down, while he spoke, and twisting, as had always been his boyish way, a button on her coat. He was at that enchanting moment of young manhood when the child is still apparent in the man. His glance was shy yet candid; his small, firm lips had a child's gravity. With his splendid shoulders, long legs, and noble little head, he was yet as endearing as he was impressive. His mother's heart ached with love and pride and fear as she gazed at him.

And a question came, near the sharp one, yet hoping to evade it: —

'Jack, dearest, how long will you be with me? How long is the leave?'

He raised his eyes then and looked at her; a curious look. Something in it blurred her mind with a sense of some other sort of fear.

'Only till to-night,' he said.

It seemed confusion rather than pain that she felt. 'Only till to-night, Jack? But Richard Crawley has been back for three days already. I thought they gave you longer?'

'I know, mummy.' His eyes were dropped again and his hand at the button — did it tremble? — twisted and untwisted. 'I've been back for three days already. — I've been in London.'

'In London?' Her breath failed her. The sense of alien fear became a fog, horrible, suffocating. 'But — Jack — why?'

'I did n't wire, mummy, because I knew I'd have to be there for most of my time. I felt I could n't wire and tell you. I felt I had to see you when I told you. Mother — I'm married. — I came back to get married. — I was married this morning. — Oh, mother, can you ever forgive me?'

His shaking hands held her and his eyes could not meet hers.

She felt the blood rush, as if her heart had been divided with a sword, to her throat, to her eyes, choking her, burning her; and as if from far away she heard her own voice saying, after a little time had passed, 'There's nothing I could n't forgive you, Jack. Tell me. Don't be afraid of hurting me.'

He held her tightly, still looking down as he said, 'She is a dancer, mother, a little dancer. It was in London, last summer. A lot of us came up from Aldershot together. She was in the chorus of one of those musical comedies. Mother, you can never understand. But it was n't just low and vulgar. She

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was so lovely, — so very young, — with the most wonderful golden hair and the sweetest eyes. — I don't know. — I simply went off my head when I saw her. We all had supper together afterwards. Toppie knew one of the other girls, and Dollie was there. That's her name — Dollie Vaughan — her stage name. Her real name was Byles. Her people, I think, were little tradespeople, and she'd lost her father and mother, and an aunt had been very unkind. She told me all about it that night. Mother, please believe just this: it was n't only the obvious thing. — I know I can't explain. But you remember, when we read *War and Peace'* — His broken voice groped for the analogy — 'You remember Natacha, when she falls in love with Anatole, and nothing that was real before seems real, and she is ready for anything. — It was like that. It was all fairyland, like that. No one thought it wrong. It did n't seem wrong. Everything went together.'

She had gathered his hand closely in hers and she sat there, quiet, looking at her hopes lying slain before her. Her Jack. The wife who was, perhaps, to have been his. The children that she, perhaps, should have seen. All dead. The future blotted out. Only this wraith-like present; only this moment of decision; Jack and his desperate need the only real things left.

And after a moment, for his laboring breath had failed, she said, 'Yes, dear?' and smiled at him.

He covered his face with his hands. 'Mother, I've ruined your life.'

He had, of course, in ruining his own; yet even at that moment of wreckage she was able to remember, if not to feel, that life could mend from terrible wounds, could marvelously grow from compromises and defeats. 'No, dearest, no,' she said. 'While I have you, nothing is ruined. We shall see what can be done. Go on. Tell me the rest.'

He put out his hand to hers again and sat now a little turned away from her, speaking on in his deadened, bitter voice.

'There was n't any glamour after that first time. I only saw her once or twice again. I was awfully sorry and ashamed over the whole thing. Her company left London, on tour, and then the war came, and I simply forgot all about her. And the other day, over there, I had a letter from her. She was in terrible trouble. She was ill and had no money, and no work. And she was going to have a child — my child; and she begged me to send her a little money to help her through, or she did n't know what would become of her.'

The fog, the horrible confusion, even the despair, had passed now. The sense of ruin, of wreckage almost irreparable, was there; yet with it, too, was the strangest sense of gladness. He was her own Jack, completely hers, for she saw now why he had done it; she could be glad that he had done it. 'Go on, dear,' she said. 'I understand; I understand perfectly.'

'O mother, bless you!' He put her hand to his lips, bowing his head upon it for a moment. 'I was afraid you could n't. I was afraid you could n't forgive me. But I had to do it. I thought it all over — out there. Everything had become so different after what one had been through. One saw everything differently. Some things did n't matter at all, and other things mattered tremendously. This was one of them. I knew I could n't just send her money. I knew I could n't bear to have the poor child born without a name and with only that foolish little mother to take care of it. And when I found I could get this leave, I knew I must marry her. That was why I did n't wire. I thought I might not have time to come to you at all.'

'Where is she, Jack?' Her voice, her

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eyes, her smile at him, showed him that, indeed, she understood perfectly.

'In lodgings that I found for her; nice and quiet, with a kind landlady. She was in such an awful place in Ealing. She is so changed, poor little thing. I should hardly have known her. Mother, darling, I wonder, could you just go and see her once or twice? She's frightfully lonely; and so very young. — If you could. — If you would just help things along a little till the baby comes, I should be so grateful. And, then, if I don't come back, will you, for my sake, see that they are safe?'

'But, Jack,' she said, smiling at him, 'she is coming here, of course. I shall go and get her to-morrow.'

He stared at her and his color rose. 'Get her? Bring her here, to stay?'

'Of course, darling. And if you don't come back, I will take care of them, always.'

'But, mother,' said Jack, and there were tears in his eyes, 'you don't know, you don't realize. I mean — she's a dear little thing — but you could n't be happy with her. She'd get most frightfully on your nerves. She's just — just a silly little dancer who has got into trouble.'

Jack was clear-sighted. Every vestige of fairyland had vanished. And she was deeply thankful that they should see alike, while she answered, 'It's not exactly a time for considering one's nerves, is it, Jack? I hope I won't get on hers. I must just try and make her as happy as I can.'

She made it all seem natural and almost sweet. The tears were in his eyes, yet he had to smile back at her when she said, 'You know that I am good at managing people. I'll manage her. And perhaps when you come back, my darling, she won't be a silly little dancer.'

They sat now for a little while in silence. While they had talked, a golden sunset, slowly, had illuminated the western sky. The river below them was golden, and the wintry woodlands bathed in light. Jack held her hands and gazed at her. Love could say no more than his eyes, in their trust and sorrow, said to her; she could never more completely possess her son. Sitting there with him, hand in hand, while the light slowly ebbed and twilight fell about them, she felt it to be, in its accepted sorrow, the culminating and transfiguring moment of her maternity.

When they at last rose to go it was the hour for Jack's departure, and it had become almost dark. Far away, through the trees, they could see the lighted windows of the house that waited for them, but to which she must return alone. With his arms around her shoulders, Jack paused a moment, looking about him. 'Do you remember that day — when we first came here, mummy?' he asked.

She felt in him suddenly a sadness deeper than any he had yet shown her. The burden of the past she had lifted from him; but he must bear now the burden of what he had done to her, to their life, to all the future. And, protesting against his pain, her mother's heart strove still to shelter him while she answered, as if she did not feel his sadness, 'Yes, dear, and do you remember the hepaticas on that day?'

'Like you,' said Jack in a gentle voice. 'I can hardly see the plants. Are they all right?'

'They are doing beautifully.'

'I wish the flowers were out,' said Jack. 'I wish it were the time for the flowers to be out, so that I could have seen you and them together, like that first day.' And then, putting his head down on her shoulder, he murmured, 'It will never be the same again. I've spoiled everything for you.'

But he was not to go from her un-

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comforted. She found the firmest voice in which to answer him, stroking his hair and pressing him to her with the full reassurance of her resolution. 'Nothing is spoiled, Jack, nothing. You have never been so near me — so how can anything be spoiled? And when you come back, darling, you'll find your son, perhaps, and the hepaticas may be in flower, waiting for you.'

II

Mrs. Bradley and her daughter-in-law sat together in the drawing-room. They sat opposite each other on the two chintz chesterfields placed at right angles to the pleasantly blazing fire, the chintz curtains drawn against a rainy evening. It was a long, low room, with paneled walls; and, like Mrs. Bradley's head, it had an air at once majestic, decorated, and old-fashioned. It was a rather crowded room, with many deep chairs and large couches, many tables with lamps and books and photographs upon them, many porcelains, prints, and pots of growing flowers. Mrs. Bradley, her tea-table before her, was in her evening black silk; lace ruffles rose about her throat; she wore her accustomed necklace of old enamel, blue, black, and white, set with small diamonds, and the enamel locket that had within it Jack's face on one side and his father's on the other; her white hands, moving gently among the teacups, showed an ancient cluster of diamonds above the slender wedding-ring. From time to time she lifted her eyes and smiled quietly over at her daughter-in-law. It was the first time that she had really seen Dollie, that is, in any sense that meant contemplative observation. Dollie had spent her first week at Dorrington in bed, sodden with fatigue rather than ill. 'What you need,' Mrs. Bradley had said, 'is to go to sleep for a fortnight'; and Dollie had almost literally carried out the prescription.

Stealing carefully into the darkened room, with its flowers and opened windows and steadily glowing fire, Mrs. Bradley had stood and looked for long moments at all that she could see of her daughter-in-law, — a flushed, almost babyish face lying on the pillow between thick golden braids, sleeping so deeply, so unconsciously, — her sleep making her mother-in-law think of a little boat gliding slowly yet steadily on and on, between new shores; so that, when she was to awake and look about her, it would be as if, with no bewilderment or readjustment, she found herself transformed, a denizen of an altered world. That was what Mrs. Bradley wanted, that Dollie should become an inmate of Dorrington with as little effort or consciousness for any of them as possible, and the drowsy days and nights of infantine slumbers seemed indeed to have brought her very near.

She and Pickering, the admirable woman who filled so skillfully the combined positions of lady's maid and parlormaid in her little establishment, had braided Dollie's thick tresses, one on either side, — Mrs. Bradley laughing a little and both older women touched, almost happy in their sense of something so young and helpless to take care of. Pickering understood, nearly as well as Jack's mother, that Master Jack, as he had remained to her, had married very much beneath him; but at this time of tragic issues and primitive values, she, nearly as much as Jack's mother, felt only the claim, the pathos of youth and helplessness. It was as if they had a singularly appealing case of a refugee to take care of; social and even moral appraisals were inapplicable to such a case, and Mrs. Bradley felt that she had never so admired Pickering as when seeing that for her, too, they were in abeyance. It was a comfort to feel so fond of Pickering at

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a time when one was in need of any comfort one could get; and to feel that, creature of codes and discriminations as she was, to a degree that had made her mistress sometimes think of her as a sort of Samurai of service, a function rather than a person, she was even more fundamentally a kind and Christian woman. Between them, cook intelligently sustaining them from below and the housemaids helpful in their degree, they fed and tended and nursed Dollie, and by that eighth day she was more than ready to get up and go down and investigate her new surroundings.

She sat there now, in the pretty tea-gown her mother-in-law had bought for her, leaning back against her cushions, one arm lying along the back of the couch and one foot in its patent-leather shoe, with its sparkling buckle and alarming heel, thrusting forward a carefully arched instep. The attitude made one realize, however completely tenderer preoccupations held the foreground of one's consciousness, how often and successfully she must have sat to theatrical photographers. Her way of smiling, too, very softly, yet with the effect of a calculated and dazzling display of pearly teeth, was impersonal, and directed, as it were, to the public *via* the camera rather than to any individual interlocutor. Mrs. Bradley even imagined, unversed as she was in the methods of Dollie's world, that of allurement in its conscious and determined sense, she was almost innocent. She placed herself, she adjusted her arm and her foot, and she smiled gently; intention hardly went further than that wish to look her best.

Pink and white and gold as she was, and draped there on the chesterfield in a profusion of youth and a frivolity that was yet all passivity, she made her mother-in-law think, and with a certain sinking of the heart, of a Dorothy Perkins rose, a flower she had never cared for; and Dollie carried on the analogy in the sense she gave that there were such myriads more just like her. On almost every page of every illustrated weekly paper, one saw the ingenuous, limpid eyes, the display of eyelash, the lips, their outline emphasized by just that touch of rouge, those copious waves of hair. Like the Dorothy Perkins roses on their pergolas, so these pretty faces seemed — looped, draped, festooned — to climb over all the available spaces of the modern press.

But this, Mrs. Bradley told herself, was to see Dollie with a dry, hard eye, was to see her superficially, from the social rather than from the human point of view. Under the photographic creature must lie the young, young girl, — so young, so harmless that it would be very possible to mould her, with all discretion, all tenderness, into some suitability as Jack's wife. Dollie, from the moment that she had found her, a sodden, battered rose indeed, in the London lodging-house, had shown herself grateful, even humble, and endlessly acquiescent. She had not shown herself at all abashed or apologetic, and that had been a relief; had counted for her, indeed, in her mother-in-law's eyes, as a sort of innocence, a sort of dignity. But if Dollie were contented with her new mother, and very grateful to her, she was also contented with herself; Mrs. Bradley had been aware of this at once; and she knew now that if she were being carefully and commendingly watched while she poured out the tea, this concentration did not imply unqualified approval. Dollie was the type of young woman to whom she herself stood as the type of the 'perfect lady'; but with the appreciation went the proviso of the sharp little London mind, — versed in the whole ritual of smartness as it displayed itself at theatre or restaurant, — that she was a rather dowdy one. She was a lady,

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perfect but not smart, while, at the same time, the quality of her defect was, she imagined, a little bewildering and therefore a little impressive. Actually to awe Dollie and to make her shy, it would be necessary to be smart; but it was far more pleasant and perhaps as efficacious merely to impress her, and it was as well that Dollie should be impressed; for anything in the nature of an advantage that she could recognize would make it easier to direct, protect, and mould her.

She asked her a good many leisurely and unstressed questions on this first evening, and drew Dollie to ask her others in return; and she saw herself stooping thoughtfully over a flourishing young plant that yet needed transplanting, softly moving the soil about its roots, softly finding out if there were any very deep tap-root that would have to be dealt with. But Dollie, so far as tastes and ideas went, hardly seemed to have any roots at all; so few that it was a question if any change of soil could affect a creature so shallow. She smiled, she was at ease; she showed her complete assurance that a young lady so lavishly endowed with all the most significant gifts, need not occupy herself with mental adornments.

'You're a great one for books, I see,' she commented, looking about the room; 'I suppose you do a great deal of reading down here to keep from feeling too dull'; and she added that she herself, if there was 'nothing doing,' liked a good novel, especially if she had a box of sweets to eat while she read it.

'You shall have a box of sweets tomorrow,' Mrs. Bradley told her, 'with or without the novel, as you like.'

And Dollie thanked her, watching her cut the cake, and, as the rain lashed against the windows, remarking on the bad weather and cheerfully hoping that 'poor old Jack' was n't in those horrid trenches. 'I think war's a wicked thing, don't you, Mrs. Bradley?' she added.

When Dollie talked in this conventionally solicitous tone of Jack, her mother-in-law could but wish her upstairs again, merely young, merely the tired and battered refugee. She had not much tenderness for Jack, that was evident, nor much imaginativeness in regard to the feelings of Jack's mother. But she soon passed from the theme of Jack and his danger. Her tea was finished and she got up and went to the piano, remarking that there was one thing she *could* do. 'Poor mother used to always say I was made of music. From the time I was a mere tot I could pick out anything on the piano.' And placing herself, pressing down the patent-leather shoe on the loud pedal, she surged into a waltz as foolish and as conventionally alluring as her own eyes. Her inaccuracy was equaled only by her facility. Smiling, swaying over the keys with alternate speed and languor, she addressed her audience with altogether the easy mastery of a music-hall *artiste:* 'It's a lovely thing — one of my favorites. I'll often play, Mrs. Bradley, and cheer us up. There is nothing like music for that, is there? it speaks so to the heart.' And, wholeheartedly indeed, she accompanied the melody by a passionate humming.

The piano was Jack's and it was poor Jack who was made of music. How was he to bear it, his mother asked herself, as she sat listening. Dollie, after that initiation, spent many hours at the piano every day, — so many and such noisy hours, that her mother-in-law, unnoticed, could shut herself in the little morning-room that overlooked the brick wall at the front of the house and had the morning sun.

It was difficult to devise other occupations for Dollie. She earnestly disclaimed any wish to have proper music lessons, and when her mother-in-law, patiently persistent, arranged for a

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skillful mistress to come down twice a week from London, Dollie showed such apathy and dullness that any hope of developing such musical ability as she possessed had to be abandoned. She did not like walking, and the sober pageant of the winter days was a blank book to her. Sewing, she said, had always given her frightful fidgets; and it was with the strangest sense of a privilege, a joy, unhoped-for and now thrust upon her, that Mrs. Bradley sat alone working at the little garments that meant all her future and all Jack's. The baby seemed already more hers than Dollie's.

Sometimes, on a warm afternoon, Dollie, wrapped in her fur cloak, would emerge for a little while and watch her mother-in-law at work in her borders. The sight amused and surprised but hardly interested her, and she soon went tottering back to the house on the preposterous heels that Mrs. Bradley had, as yet, found no means of tactfully banishing. And sometimes, when the piano again resounded, Mrs. Bradley would leave her borders and retreat to the hazel-copse, where, as she sat on the stone bench, she could hear, through the soft sound of the running water, hardly more than the distant beat and hum of Dollie's waltzes; and where, with more and more the sense of escape and safety, she could find a refuge from the sight and sound and scent of Dollie, — the thick, sweet, penetrating scent that was always to be indelibly associated in her mother-in-law's mind with this winter of foreboding, of hope, and of growing hopelessness.

In her letters to Jack, she found herself, involuntarily at first, and then deliberately, altering, suppressing, even falsifying. While Dollie had been in bed, when so much hope had been possible of a creature so unrevealed, she had written very tenderly, and she continued, now, to write tenderly, and it was not false to do that; she could feel no hardness or antagonism against poor Dollie. But she continued to write hopefully, as every day hope grew less.

Jack, himself, did not say much of Dollie, though there was always the affectionate message and the affectionate inquiry. But what was difficult to deal with were the hints of his anxiety and fear that stole among the terse, cheerful descriptions of his precarious days. What was she doing with herself? How were she and Dollie getting on? Did Dollie care about any of the things she cared about?

She told him that they got on excellently well, that Dollie spent a good deal of time at the piano, and that when they went out to tea people were perfectly nice and understanding. She knew, indeed, that she could depend on her friends to be that. They accepted Dollie on the terms she asked for her. From friends so near as Mrs. Crawley and Lady Wrexham she had not concealed the fact that Dollie was a misfortune; but if others thought so they were not to show it. She still hoped, by degrees, to make Dollie a figure easier to deal with at such neighborly gatherings. She had abandoned any hope that Dollie would grow; anything so feeble and so foolish could not grow; there was no other girl under the little dancer; she was simply no more and no less than she showed herself to be; but, at this later stage of their relationship, Mrs. Bradley essayed, now and then, a deliberate if kindly severity, — as to heels, as to scents, as to touches of rouge.

'Oh, but I'm as careful, just as careful, Mrs. Bradley!' Dollie protested. 'I can't walk in lower heels. They hurt my instep. I've a very high instep and it needs support.' She was genuinely amazed that any one could dislike her scent and that any one could think the rouge unbecoming. She seemed to acquiesce, but the acquiescence was fol-

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lowed by moods of mournfulness and even by tears. There was no capacity in her for temper or rebellion, and she was all unconscious of giving a warning as she sobbed, 'It's nothing — really nothing, Mrs. Bradley. I'm sure you mean to be kind. Only — it's rather quiet and lonely here. I've always been used to so many people, — to having everything so bright and jolly.'

She was not rapacious; she was not dissolute; she could be kept respectable and even contented if she were not made too aware of the contrast between her past existence and her present lot. With an air only of pensive pride she would sometimes point out to Mrs. Bradley, in the pages of those same illustrated weeklies with which her mother-in-law associated her, the face of some former companion. One of these young ladies had recently married the son of a peer. 'She *is* in luck, Floss,' said Dollie. 'We always thought it would come to that. He's been gone on her for ages, but his people were horrid.'

Mrs. Bradley felt that, at all events, Dollie had no ground for thinking her 'horrid'; yet she imagined that there lay drowsing at the back of her mind a plaintive little sense of being caught and imprisoned. Floss had stepped, triumphant, from the footlights to the registrar's office, and apparently had succeeded in uniting the radiance of her past and present status. No, Dollie could be kept respectable and contented only if the pressure were of the lightest. She could not change, she could only shift; and although Mrs. Bradley felt that for herself, her life behind her, her story told, she could manage to put up with a merely shifted Dollie, she could not see how Jack was to manage it. What was Jack to do with her? was the thought that pressed with a growing weight on her mother's heart. She could never be of Jack's life; yet here she was, in it, planted there by his own generous yet inevitable act, and by hers, — in its very centre, and not to be evaded or forgotten.

And the contrast between what Jack's life might have been and what it now must be was made more poignantly apparent to her when Frances Thorpe came down to stay from a Saturday to Monday; Frances in her black, tired and thin from Red-Cross work in London; bereaved in more, her old friend knew, than dear Toppie's death; yet with her leisurely, unstressed cheerfulness almost unaltered, the lightness that went with so much tenderness, the drollery that went with so much depth. Dearest, most charming of girls, — but for Jack's wretched stumble into 'fairyland' last summer, destined obviously to be his wife, — could any presence have shown more disastrously, in its contrast with poor Dollie, how Jack had done for himself? She watched the two together that evening, — Frances with her thick, crinkled hair and clearly curved brow and her merry, steady eyes, leaning, elbow on knee, to talk and listen to Dollie; and Dollie, poor Dollie, flushed, touched with an unbecoming sulkiness, aware, swiftly and unerringly, of a rival type. Frances was of the type that young men married when they did not 'do for themselves.' There was now no gulf of age or habit to veil from Dollie her disadvantage. She answered shortly, with now and then a dry, ironic little laugh; and, getting up at last, she went to the piano and loudly played.

'He could n't have done differently. It was the only thing he could do,' Frances said that night before her bedroom fire. She did not hide her recognition of Jack's plight, but she was staunch.

'I would n't have had him do differently. But it will ruin his life,' said the mother. 'If he comes back, it will ruin his life.'

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'No, no,' said Frances, looking at the flames. 'Why should it? A man does n't depend on his marriage like that. He has his career.'

'Yes. He has his career. A career is n't a life.'

'Is n't it?' The girl gazed down. 'But it's what so many people have to put up with. And so many have n't even a career.' Something came into her voice and she turned from it quickly. 'He's crippled, in a sense, of course. But you are here. He will have you to come back to always.'

'I shall soon be old, dear, and she will always be here. That's inevitable. Some day I shall have to leave her to Jack to bear with alone.'

'She may become more of a companion.'

'No; no, she won't.' The bitterness of the mother's heart expressed itself in the dry, light utterance. It was a comfort to express bitterness, for once, to somebody.

'She is a harmless little thing,' Frances offered after a moment.

'Harmless?' Mrs. Bradley turned it over dryly and lightly. 'I can't feel her that. I feel her blameless if you like. And it will be easy to keep her contented. That is really the best that one can say of poor Dollie. And, then, there will be the child. I am pinning all my hopes to the child, Frances.'

Frances understood that.

Dollie, as the winter wore on, kept remarkably well. She had felt it the proper thing to allude to Jack and his danger; and so, now, she more and more frequently felt it the proper thing to allude, humorously, if with a touch of melancholy, to 'baby.' Her main interest in baby, Mrs. Bradley felt, was an alarmed one. She was a good deal frightened, poor little soul, and in need of constant reassurances; and it was when one need only pet and pity Dollie that she was easier to deal with. Mrs. Bradley tried to interest her in plans for the baby; what it should be named, and how its hair should be done if it were a little girl, — for only on this assumption could Dollie's interest be at all vividly roused; and Mrs. Bradley more than ever hoped for a boy when she found Dollie's idle yet stubborn thoughts fixed on the name of Gloria.

She was able to evade discussion of this point, and when the baby came, fortunately and robustly, into the world on a fine March morning, she could feel it as a minor but very real cause for thanksgiving that Dollie need now never know what she thought of Gloria as a name. The baby was a boy, and now that he was here Dollie seemed as well pleased that he should be a commonplace Jack, and that there should be no question of tying his hair with cockades of ribbon over each ear. Smiling and rosy and languid, she lay in her charming room, not at all more maternal — though she showed a bland satisfaction in her child and noted that his eyes were just like Jack's — yet subtly more wifely. Baby, she no doubt felt, with the dim instinct that did duty for thought with her, placed and rooted her and gave her final rights. She referred now to Jack with the pensive but open affection of their shared complacency, and made her mother-in-law think, as she lay there, of a soft and sleepy and tenacious creeper, fixing tentacle after tentacle in the walls of Jack's house of life.

If only one could feel that she had furnished it with a treasure! Gravely, with a sad fondness, the grandmother studied the little face, so unfamiliar, for signs of Jack. She was a helplessly clear-sighted woman, and remembrance was poignantly vivid in her of Jack's face at a week old. Already she loved the baby since its eyes, indubitably, were his; but she could find no other trace of him. It was not a Bradley

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baby; and in the dreamy, foreboding flickers of individuality that pass uncannily across an infant's features, her melancholy and steady discernment could see only the Byles ancestry.

She was to do all she could for the baby: to save him, so far as might be, from his Byles ancestry and to keep him, so far as might be, Jack's and hers. That was to be her task. But with all the moulding that could, mercifully, be applied from the very beginning, she could not bring herself to believe that this was ever to be a very significant human being.

She sent Jack his wire: 'A son. Dollie doing splendidly.' And she had his answer: 'Best thanks. Love to Dollie.' It was curious, indeed, this strange new fact they had now, always, to deal with; this light little 'Dollie' that must be passed between them. The baby might have made Jack happy, but it had not solved the problem of his future.

III

A week later the telegram was brought to her telling her that he had been killed in action.

It was a beautiful spring day, just such a day as that on which she and Jack had first seen Dorrington, and she had been working in the garden. When she had read, she turned and walked down the path that led to the hazel-copse. She hardly knew what had happened to her; there was only an instinct for flight, concealment, secrecy; but, as she walked, there rose in her, without sound, as if in a nightmare, the terrible cry of her loneliness. The dark wet earth that covered him seemed heaped upon her heart.

The hazel-copse was tasseled thickly with golden-green, and as she entered it she saw that the hepaticas were in flower. They seemed to shine with their own celestial whiteness, set in their melancholy green among the fallen leaves. She had never seen them look so beautiful.

She followed the path, looking down at them, and she seemed to feel Jack's little hand in hers and to see, at her side, his nut-brown head. It had been on just such a morning. She came to the stone bench; but the impulse that had led her here was altered. She did not sink down and cover her face, but stood looking around her at the flowers, the telegram still open in her hand; and slowly, with stealing calm, the sense of sanctuary fell about her.

She had lost him, and with him went all her life. He was dead, his youth and strength and beauty. Yet what was this strange up-welling of relief, deep, deep relief, for Jack; this gladness, poignant and celestial, like that of the hepaticas? He was dead and the dark earth covered him; yet he was here, with her, safe in his youth and strength and beauty for ever. He had died the glorious death, and no future, tangled, perplexed, fretful with its foolish burden, lay before him. There was no loss for Jack; no fading, no waste. The burden was for her and he was free.

Later, when pain should have dissolved thought, her agony would come to her unalleviated; but this hour was hers, and his. She heard the river and the soft whisperings of spring. A bird dropped lightly, unafraid, from branch to branch of a tree near by. From the woods came the rapid, insistent tapping of a woodpecker; and, as in so many springs, she seemed to hear Jack say, 'Hark, mummy,' and his little hand was always held in hers. And, everywhere, telling of irreparable loss, of a possession unalterable, the tragic, the celestial hepaticas.

She sat down on the stone bench now and closed her eyes for a little while, so holding them more closely — Jack and the hepaticas — together.

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QUESTIONS FOR PACIFISTS

BY H. M. CHITTENDEN

I

THE propaganda for universal peace has been one of the prominent world-movements of our time. Until recently it was apparently making substantial headway. A literature of immense volume, much of it of high intellectual quality, had developed; a great number of peace societies had been organized; 'foundations,' dedicating many millions of dollars to the cause, had been established; international conferences, embracing a wide variety of subjects, had been held, the most important being the historic Hague Conferences; arbitration treaties in increasing numbers had been entered into; and a powerful body of public opinion averse to war had been developed in all lands. There had indeed been warnings of impending danger, and there had been caution against trusting to theories which were liable to prove more visionary than practical; but on the whole the movement had met with amazing success, and many earnest minds had come to believe that such a thing as a general war among the nations was not a probability of the future.

In the midst of this summer sunshine of confidence and hope burst the terrible cyclone of the present war. As we look back upon those fateful days of July and August, 1914, how impossible and unreal seemed the drama then forming! How earnestly, to the last, men clung to the belief that it could not be! How incredible it seemed that such a 'crime,' as it was universally stigmatized, could be committed! It came to pass, nevertheless. Irresistibly it has gone on developing, until it has become the most stupendous of man's performances since history began. In following day by day with burning eagerness the course of events, we are overwhelmed on the one hand with the proof of man's collective power to do great things, and dismayed on the other at his impotence to deflect in the slightest degree the inscrutable course of fate. We have been undergoing an education — in geography, in history, in knowledge of races, of government, and of the times in which we live, and above all in the complexity of motives which control the affairs of men. Except among extremists, the cheerful assurance with which theories of public policy on these matters were set up and expounded only yesterday is less in evidence to-day. The problem of war and peace stands out in all its perplexing intricacies as has never been the case before, and men frankly confess that they know not whether to face the future with confidence or with despair.

Nevertheless, enlightened opinion on the subject of war has not changed in any essential respect as a result of the catastrophe which has befallen the world. It still holds that, in our civilization, war has become an anachronism; that some better way must be found; that, as man has met and overcome, or is surely overcoming, the scourges of pestilence, famine, and flood, so he must overcome this greatest of human scourges; and that, in

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particular, the gnawing canker of armed peace must in some way be purged from the body politic. Public feeling on this subject has been greatly intensified by the experience which the world is now undergoing, and the best minds of the age are studying the problem as never before. Peace organizations the world over, pacifist writers and speakers, and even trained political observers, have put forth, with greater confidence than prudence, perhaps, their particular theories for its solution. Here are a few taken at random from as many published programmes: 'world-state,' 'supreme court of nations,' 'confederacy of European states,' 'league of peace,' 'international police force,' 'national disarmament,' 'nationalization of armament manufacture,' 'abolition of secret diplomacy,' 'elimination of economic causes of war,' 'no war indemnities,' 'no changes of territory without consent of inhabitants,' and so forth.

It is the purpose of this article to examine as closely as may be in so brief a space some of these tenets of the peace propagandists; to estimate their value as practical working hypotheses; and to inquire if their almost negative record of achievement thus far is to be taken as a reasonable prognostication of their future success.

II

In the medley of purposes outlined above, one idea stands prominently forth, — that, namely, of a world-organization which shall take over and handle these complicated international problems. The model which is generally in mind, particularly here in America, is the federal system of the United States, in which matters of interstate concern are managed by the individual states; and in which there is a judicial tribunal for the determination of controversies between the states. Inasmuch, however, as such a consummation is admittedly a matter of the distant future, lesser ends of more immediate promise, but stepping stones to the ultimate goal, are proposed. Among these are the world-court, the league of peace, and the international police force, just referred to. They all partake in some degree of world-authority, and imply some surrender of individual state authority. It is therefore desirable, at the outset, to inquire what are the chief obstacles liable to be encountered in applying to the problem in hand this fundamental principle which to the pacifist seems so logical and so ideal.

The distinctive characteristic of the state is its sovereignty. It recognizes no higher authority than itself. Some states have greater power than others, and are able, by its arbitrary exercise, to impose their will upon weaker states; but there is no such acknowledged right. Now to bring into existence any form of world-organization, or to recognize an international police force, is to surrender *pro tanto* this sovereignty. It would be in itself a complete revolution in human affairs. It is difficult to estimate what this means, particularly to strong and vigorous states, proud of their nationality, intent on working out their separate destiny, biding their time, and watching their opportunity for greater development. Nothing is more repugnant to such a state than the thought of surrendering any of its prerogatives. It has been one of the most difficult things to accomplish, even on a relatively small scale. Our own country is an example. To-day we can scarcely appreciate the reluctance, the dread and suspicion with which our little original states gave up a part of their sovereignty to form a union, and their unwillingness to subject themselves to the possibility of compulsion;

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and how for two generations, until quenched in a mighty war, the claim of the right to assert this sovereignty persisted. The history of the long process of merging the many German states into a single empire is full of examples of this unwillingness to give up any portion of independence. How much stronger must this feeling be where states are so much more unrelated than in the examples cited, — often of different races, languages, systems of religion and government, and estranged by historic antagonisms and prejudices! One cannot expect such a consummation among such states except as a result of slow evolution. It may come — it would seem that ultimately it must come in some form — but it will not be to-day or to-morrow or at the close of the present war.

It is impossible to exaggerate the force of this consideration. It is the one which embraces all others. Special objections to this or that feature of the general scheme invariably come back to the objection that the sacrifice of a great principle is being made; that ideals are being surrendered. The guiding spirits of most of the great powers, while they may not take the extreme view of Treitschke that 'the idea of a world-state is odious,' do nevertheless feel that, however beautiful as an ideal, it is not yet a practical ideal.

Of the lesser measures to which reference has been made, the world-court comes least into conflict with the principle of sovereignty, and may be looked to as a promising development of the near future. A strong movement for its advocacy has already been organized in this country. Even if resort to such a court be entirely voluntary, and without any infringement of state sovereignty, increasing use and the winning of public confidence may gradually develop it into a powerful agency for peace. Akin to this method in principle is that of arbitration, which is already firmly established in practice and which will continue until the growth of the world-court shall absorb its functions.

The defect of these methods is the very quality which recommends them as initial measures, — their voluntary character. There is nowhere any superauthority to compel states to resort to them and to abide by their decrees. They are the voice of persuasion rather than the voice of command. They undoubtedly promote peace, but they have no power to prevent war. Moreover, so long as national rivalry in military strength continues unchecked, it would seem that neither method can bring much relief from the burden of armed peace. To accomplish these ends the power of coercion must reside somewhere, and this recognized necessity is the *raison d'être* of the much-talked-of league of peace. Its fundamental purpose is to *enforce peace* among states by the use of military force, if failure of pacific methods makes it necessary. The future organization of such a league is as yet inchoate and only dimly discerned. The nearest approach to a definite proposition which has fallen under the writer's observation is contained in a recent pamphlet issued by the American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes. It makes the concrete suggestion that the league should embrace 'all or nearly all' of the progressive states, but not the non-progressive; that it should be executive in character, leaving the determination of controversies to some form of court, and confining itself to enforcement of the court's decisions and to the maintenance of order; and that its police force (which should be both army and navy) 'should be a federal force, supported and controlled by the league . . . and overwhelmingly stronger than the military and naval forces of any one mem-

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ber of the league.' What the nature of the compact forming this league is to be, or how its powers, resources, and obligations are to be defined, there is nowhere vouchsafed any suggestion, for the reason, no doubt, that no one has yet succeeded in devising a workable plan.

With a caution born of long experience, Great Britain's distinguished Premier recently referred to this subject as follows: 'It [the result of the war] ought to mean, perhaps, by a slow and gradual process, the substitution for force, for the chaos of competition, for groupings and alliances and a precarious equipoise—the substitution for all these things of a real European partnership, based on the recognition of equal rights, and established and enforced by a common will.' But Mr. Asquith does not enlighten us as to how this 'European partnership' will differ, except in the numbers embraced, from the alliances and *ententes* which it is intended to replace. As to this supremely important matter we are everywhere left in the dark.

It must, we think, be assumed that, to start with, the proposed league of peace would be strictly in the nature of an alliance among its members, subject to the weakness and uncertainties of such alliances. If it were considered indispensable that all the great powers be members, the project would no doubt be so emasculated by mutual concessions necessary to unanimous consent as to lose all force and vitality from the outset. If the league were limited to such of the powers as could agree on a reasonably efficient working plan, the question of the extent of its activities would at once assume serious importance. It is suggested by some that its functions be limited to the preservation of peace among its own members. This might fall far short of effective results, particularly if it excluded those nations which are the chief disturbers of the peace. If, as some others suggest, it assumed police power over non-members, it might succeed with non-progressive and lawless states, and utterly fail with a highly efficient military power. In any case, attempted coercion, whether against members or against outsiders, would mean war pure and simple, probable invasion of territory, and all the accompanying evils of armed strife. It is doubtful if any league could stand the strain of such a situation. The more one attempts to figure out in detail how such a scheme could be made to work practically, the more one's doubts of its feasibility increase.

Let us now pass to a consideration of the agency or means by which the league of peace is to carry its purposes into effect. It is apparent at the outset that the ultimate reliance of such a league must be physical force — coercion. It will, if necessary, make war to maintain peace. Recalcitrant states are to be held in line by military force, if conciliation fails. An international police force is therefore an indispensable agency of the league, and its probable organization becomes interesting to examine. The idea itself is backed by very high authority, and indeed something of this kind appears to be necessary to the existence and efficiency of the league itself. But the moment we descend from generalities to particulars we land in serious difficulty. How would such a force be made up? If of already organized units — vessels of war, regiments, and so forth—contributed by the several states, there would be the complicated question of command, with its fruitful sources of friction; the liability, if not certainty, of defection of any contingent whose state might be the subject of coercion; and other embarrassments which readily suggest themselves. If, on the other hand, the force should be an entirely

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new and self-contained organization, 'supported and controlled by the league,' there would have to be an independent sovereign power in the league itself to bring it into existence at all. This is important, in view of the discussion in the paragraphs immediately preceding, as showing to what lengths the league organization must go before it would have the power to create an international police. Assuming that it had progressed far enough for that purpose, the force would presumably be recruited from all the world, certainly from all the states constituting the league; but even then, differences of language and custom would necessitate organizing the units by nationality, with the risks and uncertainties just pointed out.

On whom would such a force rely for munitions of war and all the vast equipment necessary to make it efficient? To whom would it look for funds? If dependent upon contributions and without power to enforce them, its existence would be precarious. Where would be its rendezvous, or base of operations? Surely not scattered among the different states, and no state would consent that it be located in any other. Some independent situation would have to be provided. Would such a force be military and naval? Or naval only? How strong would it be? If 'overwhelmingly stronger than the military and naval forces of any one member of the league,' — and this is indeed a logical conclusion, if the force is to be really effective, — we can imagine what it would mean if Great Britain and Germany, with their normal establishments, were members. Is it not certain that the burden of armed peace would be greatly increased? Such a result must necessarily follow unless a way is found to curtail materially existing military and naval establishments. This brings us directly to that feature of the problem which is the most difficult and complicated of all, yet the most important and the one on which the success of the whole movement depends, — a substantial reduction of existing armaments.

III

The writer should perhaps state his grounds for the opinion just expressed, that the armament question is the most important in the whole war-and-peace problem. War itself is of short duration; it produces results, and relief and recuperation follow. But armed peace is a never-ceasing loss, and the hopeless feature of it is that it never arrives. It is a constant outlay without commensurate return. With the utmost that can be done, the *relative* strengths of states are changed but slightly if at all. Possibly the weaker states profit by this preparation as compared with their more powerful neighbors, but even this is doubtful. It may in some cases tend to preserve peace; in others it certainly makes for war. It does one or the other according to its purpose and the strenuosity with which it is carried on. When war-preparation is purely from a defensive motive, and not aggressive, as may truthfully be said of nations like the United States and Switzerland, it certainly has a tendency to deter aggression and to make for peace. But when such preparation is made with war as an object of national policy, or to keep up a rivalry of military or naval power, its tendency is to arouse suspicion of motive, to foster the belief that such preparation means war, and thus directly to lead to the likelihood of war.

The impossible feature of the situation lies in the absence of any criterion or mutual understanding among the powers as to the lengths to which each may go. Indeed, such an understanding seems supremely difficult to arrive

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at. Fear, suspicion, and the imperative duty of self-defense cause each rival state to meet every move of its neighbor, and if possible to surpass it. Unrestrained rivalry constantly sets new standards, and leads onward from one excess to another, until there seems no end except in the capacity of genius to devise and of national wealth to construct. It is a sort of mathematical series with infinity as its limit. It grows by its own growth. A departure or addition at one point provokes one at another. Rival nations, in their strenuous efforts to outdo one another, keep up a mad race which has no attainable goal.[1] Implements of war, which, when built, were considered the last word in their line, suddenly become antiquated through some new discovery and achievement, and have to be superseded. The 'obsolete' contingent in national armaments is something stupendous, not so much because armament wears out as because it is outgrown by newer devices. To no other subject is the ingenuity of the race so incessantly and intensely applied. The drain itself is perpetual and enormous. If it achieved results things would be different, but it does not, for it leaves the nations relatively where they were before.

It is not intended to argue that this system should be done away with simply for the relief of the taxpayer. No greater mistake could be committed by a state than to make that an object of policy. Every citizen should sacrifice something for the public good — it is really for his own good. A few less entertainments, circuses, drinks, and cigars would more than cancel the burden, and the individual himself would be better off. The toll of the 'movies' last year is given by a high authority as $275,000,000, or more than the annual cost of the American army and navy. The great misfortune is that no strictly national purpose except defense seems adequate to call forth these efforts. The Panama Canal came nearest it. It is not the burden itself of armed peace, but the uselessness of it, that the writer condemns. There may be some compensations (apart from the very necessary ones of self-defense and proper standing with other powers), such as the discipline and education of universal military service in Europe, and the reflected advantage to industrial life of scientific discoveries for military purposes; but on the whole it is without adequate compensation, or anything approaching it, and some degree of relief from it should be a primary object of statesmanship.

It is not surprising, in view of the magnitude of the evil aimed at, that all peace programmes demand a reduction of armament and armed forces. It *is* surprising that none of them is specific as to how it is to be accomplished. The end is obvious enough, the means are not obvious at all. It may be suggested that reduction be upon the basis of equal armaments for all the great powers. But A says, 'That will not do for me: I rely upon my navy for protection, and I must maintain my superiority on the sea.' Should a reduction proportionate to present strength then be suggested, B protests that it is as great a state as A, and that it cannot, in keeping with its own dignity, admit the right of A to a greater control of the sea than its own. If A can keep for itself that control, well and good, but no compact can be entered into that will make it secure. Paraphrasing Wordsworth, — 'Let him take who has the power, and let him keep who can.' And there you are; how is the consenting mind to be obtained?

The suggestion that land forces be limited to the police necessities of the

[1] 'A satire and reflection upon our civilization.' — Sir Edward Grey.

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various states is a precarious one. B would judge its necessities very much by what C was doing; and conversely, C would estimate its requirements very much by the standards maintained by its neighbors. Who would decide, and how would the decision be enforced?

It may also be suggested that land forces be established on a basis of a certain percentage of the population. But the small state would protest that that would be to sign and seal its inferiority from the outset. Being a weaker state, it stands more in need of protection than a large one, and must be allowed to meet the situation to the full extent of its ability. Thus, in Switzerland every man is a soldier. This argument is reasonable, nay conclusive, and there is no sufficient answer.

Closely related to the question of the reduction of armament is the demand that its manufacture be nationalized. The purpose is to eliminate the element of private profit in such manufacture, and the assumed tendency on the part of the manufacturer to favor military expenditures in order to increase opportunities for gain. Those who advocate this policy are doubtless convinced that it is directed against a real evil. A manufacturer of war material is naturally not displeased at receiving profitable orders from his government, just as other manufacturers welcome orders for dredges, building materials, and so forth. But it would be difficult to establish any political influence of consequence emanating from such a source, and it is scarcely conceivable that public policy is determined by such considerations.

Admit for the moment, however, the existence of the evil; is the proposed remedy a practical one? What, in the first place, is it to embrace? Naval vessels, presumably, of all descriptions; likewise ordnance, from the heaviest cannon down; armor plate; aviation material; stores and munitions of war in all their enormous variety, and so forth. If the alleged influence of private profit is to be eliminated, all these things must be included. Now it is undoubtedly an advantage for a state to have plants for its more important war material sufficient to form a considerable reliance independent of private interests. Besides the advantage of control in time of war, they serve as a check on private contractors. But until general industry is nationalized more than it is likely to be for some time to come, such an extreme measure as that proposed would be very wasteful. The reason is plain. Private plants embrace a wide field of enterprise and are not dependent, as government plants would be, on a single line of work. With equal efficiency in both cases, the operation of the private plant should be the more economical. Then it would be wholly inadmissible to impose any such requirement upon smaller states; but that probably is not contemplated by its advocates. For both large and small states, therefore, any absolute requirement on these lines would seem unwise. Partial reliance, at least, on the outside, or on private establishments, would probably be considered indispensable by any state.

But if the proposition were accepted in principle, how could it be put into practice? The manufacture of material and munitions of war is an even more important necessity than the training of men. Men can be trained in a few months, but plants require years for creation. The government which should provide itself with the most complete plants might have a more decisive power in war than if it had a few regiments, dreadnoughts, or forts more than its rivals. It would be necessary for the league of peace to regulate this matter quite as strictly as any other feature of armed equipment,

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and this would mean entering the domain of every such power and exercising supervisory control. As a practical proposition it is certainly not very promising.

At this point more appropriately, perhaps, than at any other, we may note one of the most fatuous policies of the ultra-pacifists. That is resistance to military preparedness of any sort, and insistence that individual states shall curtail armament irrespective of what others may do. In the perplexing difficulties of this question, the fact which stands out above all others is that nothing in this line can be done except by concert, tacit or positive, of the leading powers of the world. No one power can accomplish the work alone. And it is equally certain that the authority of any state in the council of nations will not be promoted by a self-adopted policy of disarmament. Military power carries respect and authority. Pending the accomplishment of some effective concert of action, it is the duty of every state to provide against eventualities. 'It is idle,' as Lloyd George once said, 'to talk of disarming in the midst of an armed camp.' And Viscount Bryce, at one of the Lake Mohonk Conferences, said, 'Every nation must be prepared to repel all dangers at all likely to threaten.' Franklin himself has left a similar record, and we know what Washington's opinion was. It is impossible to get away from this necessity. While laboring assiduously to bring all nations into some common agreement in this matter, every state is in duty bound to keep itself prepared for what may befall.

And this brings out very forcibly certain inconsistencies of the various peace programmes, particularly of those originating in this country. They all indorse the idea of a league of peace, and its corollary, an international police force. The United States, being one of the most populous and wealthy of the great powers, and an acknowledged leader in the cause of peace, would naturally be expected to have a prominent share in this police force. What would have to be our contribution in men, ships, munitions of war, and money? By any possible consideration not based upon visionary assumptions, it would mean a material increase over our present establishment. Is it not incongruous, almost to the verge of absurdity, that those who oppose the necessary means for self-protection here at home, while our country minds its own business, commit themselves, in theory, at least, to providing a greater force to be used in regulating the affairs of other nations?

The peace organization quoted a little way back, which seems to have gone into the subject more thoroughly than most of them, is of the opinion that the league of peace, though limited to the 'progressive' states, should nevertheless coerce the non-progressive states into maintenance of order. Yet this society, in common with all other peace organizations, would instantly repudiate the suggestion that the United States coerce Mexico into the maintenance of order.

All peace organizations commend with unstinted praise the time-honored policy of this country in holding aloof from European entanglements; yet by their very advocacy of a league of peace and an international police force, they avowedly would commit their country to interference in every international controversy on the globe which should assume the character of armed conflict.

These points are not raised as an argument for intervention in Mexico, or against a league of peace, and the United States playing its full part therein; but to show how inconsistent with their own theories are those who are trying

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to keep their government from taking measures which are essential to its safety and its standing among the nations of the earth, and to the performance of self-assumed obligations on this continent.

IV

Only one other feature of the pacifist propaganda is it possible to consider here; but it is typical of the rest in the absence of any critical analysis by its proponents of its merits as a working proposition. With practical unanimity peace advocates demand that hereafter there shall be no transfers of territory as a result of war except with the consent of the inhabitants. And yet, despite this unanimity, it may be safely asserted that scarcely any other tenet of the peace propaganda has so little to support it, and that, as a workable scheme, it is impossible, and would be undesirable even if it could be carried out. It is based on erroneous premises. It assumes, as a matter of course, that the chief interest concerned is the population of the territory in question. That may or may not be the case. It certainly is not in many instances, some of which will be cited presently.

The interest of the inhabitant is mainly the sentimental one of partiality for the language, laws, and government to which he has been accustomed. It is a sentiment entitled to all the weight that may be given it without imperiling the greater interests of the world at large. These broader questions the average local resident is absolutely unqualified to pass upon, and it has happened more than once that transfers which were unwelcome to him have proved best even for his own personal interests. A plebiscite is, of all methods, the least rational for deciding such questions. Certain portions of a territory may be strong on one side, others on the other. How absurd to say that a majority of perhaps a few votes, influenced no doubt at the time by terrific pressure, is the proper criterion for determining the broad issues involved! Forcible conquest and subjugation of territory are to be avoided in the future, and public opinion is in no mood to permit them any longer; but that is very different from preventing (as the plebiscite method might do) such transfers as shall satisfy racial conditions, restore relations broken off by former violence, remove pregnant causes of unrest, and perhaps accomplish great ends in the economical, commercial, and social well-being of many related communities. For the determination of these questions there is still no better agency than an enlightened statesmanship, and the more closely the subject is studied, the more will this truth impress itself. Let us consider a few examples.

The cession of Louisiana to the United States was as much a result of military pressure as if compelled by the arms of this country. The Mississippi Valley had been inhabited nearly a century, even St. Louis being founded long before the Revolution. The transfer was a cause of much regret and sadness among the French inhabitants, who would certainly have voted against it, if given a chance. Yet that change was in the interest of a whole future empire of millions of people. To have permitted the wishes of the inhabitants to control in that matter would have been folly and really against their own interest. The same would have been true when the oldest American colony, Florida, was transferred to the United States, and likewise when was transferred the extensive region embracing the second oldest settlement, Santa Fé. In fact, in any of the territorial acquisitions of the United States (except possibly Texas) no such course was even

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considered or would have been wise. It may be said that the circumstances were exceptional, but where is the line to be drawn? They were all old settlements, even if the number of inhabitants was small; and they were of different language, nationality, religion, and customs from the state to which they were transferred.

Consider the changes now imminent in European Turkey. The rearrangement of that territory, if the Turks lose in the present war, will certainly be a difficult problem; but if there is one agency to which it should not be left, it is the inhabitants themselves. The farmer of southern Russia and the consumer in France and England have a greater interest in the control of the shores of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles than has any one else. The spectacle in 1912, when the commerce of empires was held up in those straits, and the interests of millions of people in regions near and remote were jeopardized, — when at one time nearly 200 vessels laden with the varied commerce of civilization were riding idly at anchor because of the whim of a decadent government, — is one proof of the utter impossibility of leaving the destiny of that territory to the people who now happen to occupy it.

The case of Alsace-Lorraine is doubtless the one which advocates of this proposition have in mind. The conscience of the world has never approved the course of Germany in 1871. It is the one shining example in which a plebiscite might have wrought substantial justice, for the people were of one mind and there were no vital extraneous interests at stake. The situation would be different now, if the question were to come up again. The population would probably be nearly equally divided upon any question of transfer. Moreover, if the suggestion so frequently being made, that these provinces be erected into a neutral state in the interests of European peace, should seem advisable of adoption, would not the question assume a far-reaching character which would entirely overshadow the desires of the few who might throw an election one way or another?

And consider the very different case of Africa, the future destiny of which is in the hands of European civilization. Would a proposition to leave the political status of the vast interior of that continent to a vote of the native inhabitants in the approaching readjustment, be much more commendable than would have been a similar proposition to leave the political destiny of North America to a plebiscite of its original population?

Evidently this question is peculiarly one of details, to be decided only upon a thorough understanding of the circumstances of each particular case.

V

In the foregoing review of some of the articles of the pacifist creed, we have rejected the philosophy of the ostrich and have openly scrutinized our surroundings. If that scrutiny has disclosed things which we would rather not see, nevertheless, if they are there, it is better that we know it. Perhaps it may lead us to be more sparing in our censure of those charged with the handling of this great problem, and to admit that possibly the fault of slow accomplishment is not with them but with the infinite complexity of the problem itself. Indeed, we venture to assert that there has never existed in this world at any one time the combined wisdom adequate for its solution. Only by the slow process of gradual development — the work of years, perhaps of centuries, and of a multitude of minds — can the vast result be ultimately secured.

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'But,' exclaims the impatient pacifist, 'are we then helpless? Must things go on in this way forever? Here, at the beginning of this twentieth century, are we to confess our civilization a failure by its inability to avert a scourge like that now afflicting the earth?'

With a sense of misgiving which the vastness and complexity of the problem must needs inspire, the writer will undertake, in answer to this earnest protest, to state what seems to him the limit of accomplishment to which we may reasonably look in the near future.

To the moderatists in the peace cause the events now taking place in Europe, terrible as they are in outward manifestation, are full of promise. To speak of this struggle as a 'war that shall end war' is of course extravagant, but it is perfectly legitimate to expect from it the elimination of many causes of war previously existing. The scope of the struggle is so all-embracing that it will bring up for settlement pretty nearly all the questions which have hitherto endangered the peace of Europe. If it is carried to the point where real results are assured, and if wise statesmanship cements these results into just treaties, removing some of the causes which have been a perennial source of peril, avoiding any semblance of enforcing humiliation in defeat, recognizing the natural aspirations of rival states, and dealing with the whole problem in an attitude of concession which has been too absent in councils of the past, then the war may well mark a mighty advance in the cause of peace. No true friend of peace will seek to stop the war until these issues shall have been decided. To do so would simply be to render future wars inevitable, just as would have been the case in our Civil War if the misguided pacifists of that day had stopped it, as they tried to do, before it had accomplished its purpose. Can it be that those who would, if they could, bring about an immediate end of the war realize that principles are here being fought for which far transcend, in importance to the human race, the question of African slavery, over which our nation once struggled for four long years? Dreadful as the war is, it must proceed to its appointed end, if lasting results are to be achieved.

There is every reason to expect that the development of a world-court, to which misunderstandings among nations may be referred, will make substantial progress after the war. It is eminently a practical measure, and one which states can support and resort to without any sacrifice of sovereignty.

The organization of a league of peace and an international police force at the close of this war, only the over-sanguine need even hope for. If it comes so soon, it will certainly be one of the most astounding developments of all history. Mr. Asquith, in the statement quoted earlier in this paper, goes no further than to suggest that his 'real European partnership' can come only as a result of 'a slow and gradual process.' Friends of peace throughout the world should bend their present efforts, not so much to the doubtful early attainment of this end, as to assistance in every possible way toward a rational settlement of the present war. Everything depends upon that. It may be that an alliance including nations among whom causes of dispute are least likely to occur — say, to begin with, Great Britain, the United States, France, and Japan — could be formed for the control of the high seas, and the prevention of hostile operations thereon. The sea being common property, without frontiers, and readily accessible in all its parts, a degree of control might be feasible there which would be entirely out of the question on land. A beginning of this sort, if wholly free

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from prejudice against individual states, might eventually draw to itself the co-operation of all nations. But one can readily understand that the attempt would be largely experimental, and would be fraught with perils which not even the wisest can foresee.

Concerning the vexed question of armed peace, the more carefully it is analyzed, the more it becomes evident, that disarmament under stress of coercion in any form — whether by a single dominant power, a group or alliance, or even by a league of peace — would be a perilous undertaking. The writer confesses that the only measures which appeal to him as offering the least promise of success in this direction are those which must proceed from the people themselves of the several states, acting directly upon their governments. Such a policy must emanate mainly from the working classes, but cannot fail to receive support from professional and business classes. It must be based on international understandings and must be made effective through national legislatures. International social forces, already strong before the war, will be greatly strengthened by the war itself. A recent message of the wood-workers of Germany to their brethren in France (if press reports are correct) is an indication of this spirit of tacit co-operation. While it was full of loyalty to the Fatherland, it recognized the same right and the same spirit among those who, for the moment, were in the rôle of enemies, and asserted its faith in the solidarity of human brotherhood. Whatever the working classes may at heart think of this war, their strategy in regard to it has been perfect: by their unquestioning support, they have placed their governments under eternal obligations to them, and they must be listened to in the future as they have not been in the past.

The obstacles in their way are formidable, but not insuperable. National jealousies and the doctrine of fear will be brought to bear upon them, not without effect, while in some states the voice of the people is as yet scarcely audible. Full coöperation of the kind suggested will have to await the further development of popular rule in such states. The obvious advantage of this method, however, is that it will be free of the hateful principle of military compulsion involved in the international-police idea. Though based upon international understandings, it will still be entirely voluntary on the part of the different states.

Such, in crude outline, is our prognostication of the future of the peace cause. If it falls short of the expectations of some, we can only repeat, what we have already several times suggested, that the peace problem is a case for evolution, not revolution.

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THE COMING OF THE ENGLISH

ADVENTURES IN THE LITTLE HOUSE ON THE MARNE[1]

BY MILDRED ALDRICH

HUIRY-SUR-MARNE,
September 5, 1914

YOU can get some idea of how exhausted I was on that night of Wednesday, September 2, when I tell you that I waked the next morning to find that I had a picket at my gate. I did not know it until Amélie came to get my coffee ready. She also brought me news that they were preparing to blow up the bridges on the Marne; that the post-office had gone; that the English were cutting the telegraph wires.

While I was taking my coffee, quietly, as if it were an everyday occurrence, she said, —

'Well, madame, I imagine that we are going to see the Germans. Père is breaking an opening into the underground passage under the stable, and we are going to put all we can out of sight. Will you please gather up what you wish to save, and it can be hidden there.'

I don't know that I ever told you that all the hill is honeycombed with those old subterranean passages, like the one we saw at Provins. They say that they go as far as Crécy-en-Brie, and used to connect the royal palace there with one on this hill.

Naturally I gave a decided refusal to any move of that sort, so far as I was concerned. My books and portraits are the only things I should be eternally hurt to survive. To her argument that the books could be put there — there was room enough — I refused to listen. I had no idea of putting my books underground to be mildewed. Besides, if it had been possible I would not have attempted it. I felt a good deal like the Belgian refugees I had seen, — all so well dressed; if my house was going up, it was going up in its best clothes. I had just been uprooted once — a horrid operation — and I did not propose to do it again so soon. To that my mind was made up.

Later I found that, in spite of my orders, Amélie was busy putting my few pieces of silver, and such bits of china from the buffet as seemed to her valuable — her ideas and mine on that point do not jibe — into the waste-paper baskets to be hidden under ground.

I was too tired to argue. While I stood watching her there was a tremendous explosion. I rushed into the garden. The picket, his gun on his shoulder, was at the gate.

'What was that?' I called out to him.

'Bridge,' he replied. 'The English divisions are destroying the bridges on the Marne behind them as they cross. That means that another division is over.'

I asked him which bridge it was, but of course he did not know. While I was

[1] This is an authentic letter written by an American lady to a friend in this country. Earlier letters in the correspondence were published in the July number. — THE EDITORS.

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standing there, trying to locate it by the smoke, an English officer, who looked of middle age, tall, clean-cut, came down the road on a chestnut horse, as slight, as clean-cut and well groomed as himself. He rose in his stirrups to look off at the plain before he saw me. Then he looked at me, then up at the flags flying over the gate, saw the Stars and Stripes, smiled, and dismounted.

'American, I see,' he said.

I told him I was.

'Live here?' said he.

I told him that I did.

'Staying on?' he asked.

I answered that it looked like it.

He looked me over a moment before he said, 'Please invite me into your garden and show me that view.'

I was delighted. I opened the gate, and he strolled in and sauntered with a long, slow stride — a long-legged stride — out on to the lawn and right down to the hedge, and looked off.

'Beautiful,' he said, as he took out his field-glass, and turned up the map case which hung at his side. 'What town is that?' he asked, pointing to the foreground.

I told him that it was Mareuil-on-the-Marne.

'How far off is it?' he questioned.

I told him that it was about two miles, and Meaux was about the same distance beyond it.

'What town is that?' he asked, pointing to the hill.

I explained that the town on the horizon was Penchard — not really a town, only a village; and lower down, between Penchard and Meaux, were Neufmortier and Chauconin.

All this time he was studying his map.

'Thank you. I have it,' he said. 'It is a lovely country, and this is a wonderful view of it, the best I have had.'

For a few minutes he stood studying it in silence — alternately looking at his map and then through his glass. Then he dropped his map, put his glasses into the case, and turned to me — and smiled. He had a winning smile, sad and yet consoling, which lighted up a bronzed face, stern and weary. It was the sort of smile to which everything was permitted.

'Married?' he said.

You can imagine what he was like when I tell you that I answered right up, and only thought it was funny hours after, — or at least I shook my head cheerfully.

'You don't live here alone?' he asked.

'But I do,' I replied.

He looked at me gravely a moment, then off at the plain.

'Lived here long?' he questioned.

I told him that I had lived in this house only three months, but that I had lived in France for sixteen years.

Without a word he turned back toward the house, and for half a minute, for the first time in my life, I had a sensation that it looked strange for me to be an exile in a country that was not mine, and with no ties. For a penny I would have told him the history of my life. Luckily he did not give me time. He just strode down to the gate, and by the time he had his foot in the stirrup I had recovered.

'Is there anything I can do for you, captain?' I asked.

He mounted his horse, looked down at me. Then he gave me another of his rare smiles.

'No,' he said, 'at this moment there is nothing that you can do for *me*, thank you; but if you could give my boys a cup of tea, I imagine that you would just about save their lives.' And nodding to me, he said to the picket, 'This lady is kind enough to offer you a cup of tea.' Then he rode off, taking the road down the hill to Voisins.

I ran into the house, put the kettle

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on, ran up the road to call Amélie, and back to the arbor to set the table as well as I could. The whole atmosphere was changed. I was going to be useful.

I had no idea how many men I was going to feed. I had seen only three. To this day I don't know how many I did feed. They came and came and came. It reminded me of hens running toward a place where another hen has found something good. It did not take me many minutes to discover that these men needed something more substantial than tea. Luckily I had brought back from Paris an emergency stock of things like biscuit, dry cakes, jam, and so forth, for even before our shops were closed there was mighty little in them. For an hour and a half I brewed pot after pot of tea, opened jar after jar of jam and jelly, and tin after tin of biscuit and cakes, and although it was hardly hearty fodder for men, they put it down with a relish. I have seen hungry men, but never anything so hungry as these boys.

I knew little about military discipline and less about the rules of active service, so I had no idea that I was letting these hungry men — and evidently hunger laughs at laws — break all the regulations of the army. Their guns were lying about in any old place; their kits were on the ground; their belts were unbuckled. Suddenly the captain rode up the road and looked over the hedge at the scene. The men were sitting on the benches, on the ground, anywhere, and were all smoking my best Egyptian cigarettes, and I was running round as happy as a queen, seeing them so contented and comfortable.

It was a rude awakening when the captain rode up the street.

There was a sudden jumping up, a hurried buckling up of belts, a grab for kits and guns, and an unceremonious cut for the gate. I heard a volley from the officer. I marked a serious effort on the part of the men to keep the smiles off their faces as they hurriedly got their kits on their backs and their guns on their shoulders, and rigidly saluting, dispersed up the hill, leaving two very straight men marching before the gate as if they never in their lives had thought of anything but picket duty.

The captain never even looked at me, but rode up the hill after his men. A few minutes later he returned, dismounted at the gate, tied his horse, and came in. I was a bit confused. But he smiled one of those smiles of his, and I got right over it.

'Dear little lady,' he said, 'I wonder if there is any tea left for me?'

Was there? I should think so; and I thought to myself, as I led the way into the dining-room, that he was probably just as hungry as his men.

While I was making a fresh brew he said to me, —

'You must forgive my giving my men Hades right before you, but they deserved it, and know it, and under the circumstances I imagine they did not mind taking it. I did not mean you to give them a party, you know. Why, if the major had ridden up that hill — and he might have — and seen that party inside your garden, I should have lost my commission and those boys got the guardhouse. These men are on active service.'

Then while he drank his tea he told me why he felt a certain indulgence for them, — these boys who were hurried away from England without having a chance to take leave of their families, or even to warn them that they were going.

'This is the first time that they have had a chance to talk to a woman who speaks their tongue since they left England; I can't begrudge it to them and they know it. But discipline is discipline, and if I had let such a breach

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of it pass they would have no respect for me. They understand. They had no business to put their guns out of their hands. What would they have done if the detachment of Uhlans we are watching for had dashed up that hill — as they might have?'

Before I could answer or remark on this startling speech there was a tremendous explosion, which brought me to my feet, with the inevitable, 'What's that?'

He took a long pull at his tea before he replied quietly, 'Another division across the Marne.'

Then he went on as if there had been no interruption, —

'This Yorkshire regiment has had hard luck. Only one other regiment in the Expedition has had worse. They have marched from the Belgian frontier, and they have been in four big actions in the retreat — Mons, Cambrai, St. Quentin, and La Fère. St. Quentin was pretty rough luck. We went into the trenches a full regiment. We came out to retreat again with four hundred men — and I left my younger brother there.'

I gasped; I could not find a word to say. He did not seem to feel it necessary that I should. He simply winked his eyelids, stiffened his stern mouth, and went right on; and I forgot all about the Uhlans.

'At La Fère we lost our commissary on the field. It was burned, and these lads have not had a decent feed since — that was three days ago. We have passed through few towns since, and those were evacuated,—drummed out; fruit from the orchards on the roadsides is about all they have had — hardly good feed for a marching army in such hot weather. Besides, we were moving pretty fast — but in order — to get across the Marne, toward which we have been drawing the Germans, and in every one of these battles we have been fighting with one man to their ten.'

I asked him where the Germans were.

'Can't say,' he replied. 'But our aeroplane tells us that a detachment of German cavalry crossed the Marne ahead of us. Whether this is one of those flying squads they are so fond of sending ahead just to do a little terrorizing, or whether they escaped from the battle of La Fère, we don't know. I fancy the latter, as they do not seem to have done any harm or to have been too anxious to be seen.'

I need not tell you that my mind was acting like lightning. I remembered in the pause, as I poured him another cup of tea, and pushed the jam-pot toward him, that Amélie had heard at Voisins last night that there were horses in the woods near the canal; that they had been heard neighing in the night; and that we had jumped to the conclusion that there were English cavalry there.

I mentioned this to the captain, but for some reason it did not seem to make much impression on him; so I did not insist, as there was something which seemed more important which I had been getting up the courage to ask him. It had been on my lips all day. I put it.

'Captain,' I asked, 'do you think there is any danger in my staying here?'

He took a long drink before he answered, —

'Little lady, there is danger everywhere between Paris and the Channel. Personally — since you have stayed until getting away will be difficult — I do not really believe that there is any reason why you should not stick it out. You may have a disagreeable time. But I honestly believe you are running no real risk of having more than that. At all events I am going to do what I can to assure your personal safety. As we understand it — no one really

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knows anything except the orders given out — it is not intended that the Germans shall cross the Marne *here*. But who knows? Anyway, if I move on, each division of the Expeditionary Force that retreats to this hill will know that you are here. If it is necessary, later, for you to leave, you will be notified and precautions taken for your safety. You are not afraid?'

I could only tell him, 'Not yet'; but as we walked out to the gate I asked him if there was anything else I could do for him.

'Do you think that you could get me a couple of fresh eggs at half-past seven and let me have a cold wash-up?'

'Well, rather,' I answered, and he rode away.

At about half-past six he rode hurriedly down the hill again. He carried a slip of white paper in his hand, which he seemed intent on deciphering. As I met him at the gate he said, 'Sorry I shall miss those eggs — I've orders to move east.' And he began to round up his men.

I foolishly asked him why. I felt as if I were losing a friend.

'Orders,' he answered. Then he put the slip of paper in his pocket, and leaning down, he said, 'Before I go I am going to ask you to let my corporal pull down your flags. You may think it cowardly. I think it prudent. They can be seen a long way. It is silly to wave a red flag at a bull. Any needless display of bravado on your part would be equally foolish.'

So the corporal climbed up and pulled down the big flags, and together we marched them off to the stable.

All this time the captain had been searching in a letter-case; finally he selected an envelope from which he removed the letter, passing me the empty cover.

'I want you,' he said, 'to write me a letter — that address will always reach me. I shall be anxious to know how you came through, and every one of these boys will be interested. You have given them the only happy day they have had since they left home. As for me — if I live — I shall sometime come back to see you. Good-bye and good luck.'

And he wheeled his horse and rode up the hill, his boys marching behind him; and at the turn of the road they all looked back and I waved my hand, and I don't mind telling you that I got into the house as quickly as I could — and wiped my eyes. Then I cleared up the tea mess. It was n't until the house was in order again that I put on my glasses and read the envelope that the Captain had given me: —

CAPTAIN T. E. SIMPSON,
KING'S OWN YORKSHIRE L. I.
13th Infantry Brigade,
15th Division,
BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

And I put it carefully away in my address book until the time should come for me to write and tell 'how I came through,' — the phrase did disturb me a little.

I did not eat any supper. Food seemed to be the last thing I wanted. I sat down in the study to read. It was about eight when I heard the gate open. Looking out, I saw a man in khaki, his gun on his shoulder, marching up the path. I went to the door.

'Good evening, ma'am,' he said. 'All right?'

I assured him that I was.

'I am the corporal of the guard,' he added. 'The commander's compliments, and I was to report to you that your road was picketed for the night and that all is well.'

I thanked him, and he marched

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away, and took up his post at the gate, and I knew that this was the commander's way of letting me know that Captain Simpson had kept his word.

I sat up a while longer, trying to fix my mind on my book, trying not to glance round constantly at my pretty green interior, at all my books, looking so ornamental against the walls of my study, at all the portraits of the friends of my life of active service above the shelves. In the back of my mind — pushed back as hard as I could — stood the question, what was to become of all this? Yet, do you know, I went to bed, and what is more, I slept well. I was physically tired. The last thing that I saw as I closed up the house was the gleam of the moonlight on the muskets of the pickets pacing the road, and the first thing I heard, as I waked suddenly at about four, was the crunching of the gravel as they still marched there.

I got up at once. It was the morning of Friday, the fourth of September. I dressed hurriedly, ran down to put the kettle on, and start the coffee, and by five o'clock I had a table spread in the road, outside the gate, with hot coffee and milk and bread and jam. I had my lesson, so I called the corporal and explained that his men were to come in relays, and when the coffee-pot was empty there was more in the house; and I left them to serve themselves, while I finished dressing. I knew that the officers were likely to come over, and one idea was fixed in my mind: I must not look demoralized. So I put on a clean white frock, white shoes and stockings, a big black bow in my hair, and I felt equal to anything — in spite of the fact that before I dressed I heard far off a booming — could it be cannon? — and more than once a nearer explosion, — more bridges down, more English across.

It was not much after nine when two English officers strolled down the road — Captain Edwards and Major Ellison of the Bedfordshire Light Infantry. They came into the garden, and the scene with Captain Simpson of the day before was practically repeated. They examined the plain, located the towns, looked long at them with their glasses; and that being over I put the usual question, 'Can I do anything for you?' and got the usual answer, 'Eggs.'

I asked how many officers there were in the mess, and he replied, 'Five'; so I promised to forage, and away they went.

As soon as they were out of sight the picket set up a howl for baths. These Bedfordshire boys were not hungry, but they had retreated from their last battle leaving their kits in the trenches, and were without soap or towels or combs or razors. But that was easily remedied. They washed up in relays in the court at Amélie's — it was a little more retired. As Amélie had put all her towels, and so forth, down under ground, I ran back and forward between my house and hers for all sorts of things, and, as they slopped until the road ran tiny rivulets, I had to change shoes and stockings twice. I was not conscious till afterward how funny it all was. I must have been a good deal like an excited duck, and Amélie like a hen with a duckling. When she was not twitching my sash straight, she was running about after me with dry shoes and stockings, and a chair, for fear 'Madame was getting too tired'; and when she was not doing that she was clapping my big garden hat on my head,' for fear Madame would get a sunstroke.' The joke was that I did not know it was hot. I did not even know it was funny until afterward, when the whole scene seemed to have been by a sort of dual process photographed unconsciously on my memory.

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When the boys were all washed and shaved and combed — and they were so larky over it — we were like old friends. I did not know one of them by name, but I did know who was married, and who had children; and how one man's first child had been born since he left England, and no news from home because they had seen their mail-wagon burn on the battlefield; and how one of them was only twenty, and had been six years in the army, — lied when he enlisted; how none of them had ever seen war before; how they had always wanted to, and 'Now,' said the twenty-year-older, 'I've seen it — good Lord — and all I want is to get home'; and he drew out of his breast pocket a photograph of a young girl in all her best clothes, sitting up very straight.

When I said, 'Best girl?' he said proudly, 'Only one, and we were to have been married in January if this had n't happened. Perhaps we may yet, if we get home at Christmas, as they tell us we may.'

I wondered whom he meant by 'they.' The officers did not give any such impression.

While I was gathering up towels and things before returning to the house, this youngster advanced toward me, and said with a half-shy smile, 'I take it you're a lady.'

I said I was glad he had noticed it — I did make such an effort.

'No, no,' he said, 'I'm not joking. I may not say it very well, but I am quite serious. We all want to say to you that if it is war that makes you and the women you live amongst so different from English women, then all we can say is that the sooner England is invaded and knows what it means to have a fighting army on her soil, and see her fields devastated, her homes destroyed, the better it will be for the race. You take my word for it, they have no notion of what war is like; and there ain't no Englishwoman of your class could have, or would have, done for us what you have done this morning. Why, in England the common soldier is the dirt under the feet of women like you.'

I had to laugh, as I told him to wait and see how they treated them when war was there; that they probably had not done the thing simply because they never had had the chance.

'Well,' he answered, 'they'll have to change mightily. Why, our own women would have been uncomfortable and ashamed to see a lot of dirty men stripping and washing down like we have done. You have n't looked as if you minded it a bit, or thought of anything but getting us cleaned up as quick and comfortable as possible.'

I started to say that I felt terribly flattered that I had played the rôle so well, but I knew he would not understand. Besides, I was wondering if it were true. I never knew the English except as individuals, never as a race. So I only laughed, picked up my towels, and went home to rest.

Just before noon a bicycle scout came over with a message from Captain Edwards, and I sent back by him a basket of eggs, a cold chicken, and a bottle of wine, as a contribution to the breakfast at the officers' mess; and by the time I had eaten my breakfast, the picket had been changed, and I saw no more of those boys.

During the afternoon the booming off at the east became more distinct. It surely was cannon.

When Amélie came to help get tea at the gate, she said that a man from Voisins, who had started with the crowd that left here Wednesday, had returned. He had brought back the news that the sight on the road was simply horrible. The refugees had got

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so blocked in their hurry that they could move in neither direction; cattle and horses were so tired that they fell by the way; it would take a general to disentangle them. My! was n't I glad that I had not been tempted to get into that mess!

Just after the boys had finished their tea, Captain Edwards came down the road, swinging my empty basket on his arm, to say 'Thanks' for his breakfast. He looked at the table at the gate: —

'So the men have been having tea — lucky men — and bottled water! What extravagance!'

'Come in and have some, too,' I said.

'Love to,' he answered; and in he came.

While I was making the tea he walked about the house, looked at the pictures, examined the books. Just as the table was ready there was a tremendous explosion. He went to the door, looked off, and remarked, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, 'Another division across. That should be the last.'

'Are all the bridges down?' I asked.

'All, I think, except the big railroad bridge behind you — Chalifert. That will not go until the last minute.'

I wanted to ask, 'When will it be the "last minute" — and what does the "last minute" mean?' but what was the good?

So we went into the dining-room. As he threw his hat on a chair and sat down with a sigh, he said, 'You see before you a very humiliated man. About half an hour ago eight of the Uhlans we are looking for rode right into the street below you, in Voisins. We saw them, but they got away. It is absolutely our own stupidity.'

'Well,' I explained to him, 'I fancy I can tell you where they are hiding. I told Captain Simpson so last night.' And I explained to him that horses had been heard in the woods at the foot of the hill since Tuesday; that there was a cartroad, rough and winding, running in toward Condé for over two miles; that it was absolutely screened by trees, had plenty of water, and not a house on it, — a shelter for a regiment of cavalry. And I had the impertinence to suggest that if the picket had been extended to the road below, it would have been impossible for the Germans to get into Voisins.

'Not enough of us,' he replied. 'We are guarding a wide territory, and cannot put our pickets out of sight of one another.' Then he explained that, so far as he knew from his aeroplane men, the detachment had broken up since it was first discovered on this side of the Marne. It was reported that there were only about twenty-four in this vicinity; that they were believed to be without ammunition; and then he dropped the subject, and I did not bother him with questions that were bristling in my mind.

'That cannonading seems much nearer than it did this morning,' I ventured a little later.

'Possibly,' he replied.

'What does that mean?' I persisted.

'Sorry I can't tell you. We men know absolutely nothing. Only three men in this war know anything of its plans, — Kitchener, Joffre, and French. The rest of us obey orders, and know only what we see. Not even a brigade commander is any wiser. Once in a while the colonel makes a remark, but he is never illuminating.'

'How much risk am I running by remaining here?'

He looked at me a moment before he asked, 'You want to know the truth?'

'Yes,' I replied.

'Well, this is the situation as near as I can work it out. We infer from the work we were given to do, — destroying bridges, railroads, telegraphic com-

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munications, — that an effort is to be made here to stop the march on Paris; in fact, that the Germans are not to be allowed to cross the Marne at Meaux, and march on the city by the main road from Rheims to the capital. The communications are all cut. That does not mean that it will be impossible for them to pass; they've got clever engineers. It means that we have impeded them and may stop them. I don't know. Just now your risk is nothing. It will be nothing unless we are ordered to hold this hill, which is the line of march from Meaux to Paris. We have had no such order yet. But if the Germans succeed in taking Meaux and attempt to put their bridges across the Marne, our artillery, behind you there, on the top of the hill, must open fire on them over your head. In that case the Germans will surely reply by bombarding this hill.'

He drank his tea without looking to see how I took it.

I remember that I was standing opposite him, and I involuntarily leaned against the wall behind me, but suddenly thought, 'Be careful. You'll break the glass in the picture of Whistler's Mother, and then you'll be sorry.' It brought me up standing, and he did n't notice. Is n't the mind a queer thing?

He finished his tea, and rose to go. As he picked up his cap he showed me a hole right through his sleeve, —in one side, out the other, — and a similar one in his puttee, where the ball had been turned aside by the leather lacing of his boot. He laughed as he said, 'Odd how near a chap comes to going out, and yet lives to drink tea with you. Well, good-bye and good luck if I don't see you again.'

And off he marched, and I went in to the library and sat down and sat very still. I pounded into myself lots of things like 'It has n't happened yet,' 'Sufficient unto the day,' and 'What is n't to be, won't be,' and found I was quite calm.

Luckily I did not have much time to myself, for I had hardly sat down quietly when there was another tap at the door and I opened to find an officer of the bicycle corps standing there.

'Captain Edwards's compliments,' he said, 'and will you be so kind as to explain to me exactly where you think the Uhlans are hidden?'

I told him that if he would come down the road a little way with me I would show him.

'Wait a moment,' he said, holding the door. 'You are not afraid?'

I told him that I was not.

'My orders are not to expose you uselessly. Wait there a minute.'

He stepped back into the garden, gave a quick look overhead, — I don't know what for, unless for a Taube. Then he said, 'Now you will please come out into the road and keep close to the bank at the left, in the shadow. I shall walk at the extreme right. As soon as I get where I can see the roads ahead, at the foot of the hill, I shall ask you to stop, and please stop at once. I don't want you to be seen from the road below, in case any one is there. Do you understand?'

I said I did. So we went into the road and walked silently down the hill. Just before we got to the turn, he motioned me to stop and stood with his map in hand while I explained that he was to cross the road that led into Voisins, take the cart-track down the hill, pass the washhouse on his left, and turn into the wood road on that side. At each indication he said, 'I have it.' When I had explained he simply said, 'Rough road?'

I said it was, very, and wet in the dryest weather.

'Wooded all the way?' he asked.

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I told him that it was, and, what was more, so winding that you could not see ten feet ahead anywhere between here and Condé.

'Humph,' he said, 'Perfectly clear, thank you very much. Please wait right there a moment.'

He looked up the hill behind him, and made a gesture with his hand above his head. I turned to look up the hill also. I saw the corporal at the gate repeat the gesture; then a big bicycle corps, four abreast, guns on their backs, slid round the corner and came gliding down the hill. There was not a sound, not the rattle of a chain or a pedal.

'*Thank you very much,*' *said the* captain. 'Be so kind as to keep close to the bank.'

When I reached my gate I found some of the men of the guard dragging a big, long log down the road, and I watched them while they attached it to a tree at my gate, and swung it across to the opposite side of the road, making in that way a barrier about five feet high. I asked what that was for. 'Captain's orders,' was the laconic reply. But when it was done, the corporal took the trouble to explain that it was a barricade to prevent the Germans from making a dash up the hill.

'However,' he added, 'don't you get nervous. If we chase them out it will only be a little rifle practice, and I doubt if they even have any ammunition.'

As I turned to go into the house he called after me, —

'See here, I notice that you've got doors on all sides of your house. Better lock all those but this front one.'

As all the windows were barred and so could be left open, I did n't mind; I went in and locked up. The thing was getting to be funny to me, — always doing something, and nothing happening. I suppose courage is a cumulative *thing, if only one has time to accumulate,* and these boys in khaki treated even the cannonading as if it were all 'in the day's work.'

It was just dusk when the bicycle corps returned up the hill. They had to dismount and wheel their machines under the barricade, and they did so prettily, dismounting and remounting with a precision that was neat.

'Nothing,' reported the captain. 'We could not go in far, — road too rough and too dangerous. It is a cavalry job.'

All the same, I am sure the Uhlans are there.

(*To be continued.*)

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UNION PORTRAITS

V. EDWIN M. STANTON

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

THE problem with Stanton is to find out how a man so thoroughly disliked and apparently objectionable could get the most important administrative position in the country and hold it through the greatest crisis in American life. Here, too, is a man with no political standing and very little executive experience, a clever practical lawyer, nothing more, who is set to handling hundreds of thousands of men and hundreds of millions of money, and does it. How? Why?

That Stanton was thoroughly disliked had better be made plain by beginning with two general quotations, of great vigor and significance. The first represents the result of Mr. John T. Morse's wide study of the man and his surroundings: 'Stanton's abilities commanded some respect, though his character excited neither respect nor liking. . . . In his dealings with men he was capable of much duplicity, yet in matters of business he was rigidly honest. . . . He was prompt and decisive rather than judicious and correct in his judgments concerning men and things; he was arbitrary, harsh, bad-tempered, and impulsive; he often committed acts of injustice and cruelty, for which he rarely made amends and still more rarely seemed disturbed by remorse or regret. . . . Undoubtedly Mr. Lincoln was the only ruler known to history who could have coöperated for years with such a minister.'

Beside this verdict of the historian let us place the contemporary judgment of Gideon Welles, — remembering, however, that the Secretary of the Navy viewed all his colleagues with a sternly critical eye. After reading his shrewd but acrid pages, I ask myself how Hamilton and Jefferson would have appeared under similar scrutiny, and more than once I am reminded of the cynical remark of Chancellor Oxenstiern: 'Here you see, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed.'

But on Stanton Welles is more severe than on any one else, even Seward; and the following comments are amplified again and again in the fifteen hundred pages of the Diary.

'He is impulsive, not administrative; has quickness, often rashness, when he has nothing to apprehend; is more violent than vigorous, more demonstrative than discriminating, more vain than wise; is rude, arrogant, and domineering toward those in subordinate positions if they will submit to his rudeness, but is a sycophant and dissembler in deportment and language towards those whom he fears.'

These general indictments are surely savage enough. But we can support them by much other testimony as to special phases. It is said that the Secretary had an unfortunate habit of interfering in technical military matters;

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and though his enthusiastic biographer believes him to have been born as great in strategy as in everything else, critics in general are not of this opinion. Moreover, whatever he set out to do, he persisted in, and he had an incredible reluctance to admit that he had made a mistake.

It is said, further, that, independent of excessive confidence in his own military judgment, Stanton liked to exercise authority in all things, big and little. 'Drunk with the lust of power,' Piatt calls him, somewhat rhetorically; and Grant, in more sober language, comments on his 'natural disposition to usurp all power and control in all matters that he had anything to do with.' Equally severe is the comment of Welles. 'Mr. Stanton was fond of power and its exercise. It was more precious to him than pecuniary gain to dominate over his fellow man.'

The passion for power naturally breeds jealousy of the power of others and dislike of those who resist one's authority or interfere with it. Seward told Bigelow that Stanton was of a jealous disposition. Blaine declares that the Secretary, with an uncontrollable greed for fame, had its necessary counterpart, jealousy and envy of the increasing reputation of others. Mr. Rhodes thinks that he was 'incapable of generosity to a prostrate foe.'

Also, in such a fiercely energetic nature, jealousy and animosity could not remain in the condition of sentiment, but were bound to be translated into accordant action. Those who thwarted the Secretary in his purposes had to suffer, all the more because he usually managed to identify his personal antagonists with the enemies of his country. 'He used the fearful power of the government to crush those he hated, while he sought, through the same means, to elevate those he loved,' says one who knew him well. Nor did he hesitate at methods, when the object to be attained was an important one. Thus, he is said to have abstracted bodily certain official records in which one of his favorites was harshly treated.

We do not expect charges of arbitrariness and violence to be combined with accusations of duplicity. It happens, however, with this much-abused man. There is Welles, of course, hacking away, as usual: 'He has cunning and skill, dissembles his feelings, in short, is a hypocrite, a moral coward, while affecting to be, and to a certain extent being, brusque, overvaliant in words.' But on this point Welles has many to sustain him. It is charged by some that Stanton entered Buchanan's Cabinet and then betrayed his chief to his Republican enemies. The general statement of McClellan, that the Secretary would say one thing to a man's face and just the reverse behind his back, may perhaps be attributed to McClellan's own state of mind. But it is difficult to set aside entirely the general's account of Stanton's extreme enthusiasm and even subservience in their early acquaintance, as compared with the steady opposition of a little later period. And it is much more difficult to set aside Stanton's explicit warning to McClellan that Halleck was probably the greatest and most barefaced villain in America, while at the very same time the Secretary was sending word to Halleck, through Hitchcock, that he had never had any other than the highest respect for him and hoped Halleck would not imagine that he ever had. In Stanton's suddenly high-handed treatment of Sherman as to his compact with Johnston at the close of the war, Sherman's brother, the senator, does not know whether to read profound duplicity or, as Mr. Rhodes does, a quick impulse of violent irritation. 'He manifested and assumed the intensest kindness for you,'

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John Sherman writes, 'and certainly showed it to me. I still think that with him it was mere anger — the explosion of a very bad temper.'

And as the accusation of duplicity almost necessarily implies, Stanton was further charged with truckling to those who had power and influence, just as he bullied those who had none. Welles declares that the Secretary of War regarded himself as the protégé of Seward and always treated him with obsequiousness and servility; that he was an adept at flattering and wheedling members of Congress and pandering to their whims and fancies; that he treated Andrew Johnson as fawningly at first as he did roughly at last. Welles adds further that he himself met Stanton's browbeating with a determined front and from that time on was treated with a deference shown to few members of the Cabinet. Mr. John T. Morse writes vividly, referring to the Sherman quarrel mentioned above: 'Stanton had that peculiar and unusual form of meanness which endeavors to force a civility after an insult.' And Blaine, who in other points praises Stanton highly, admits that he had great respect for men who had power, and considered their wishes in a way quite unusual with him in ordinary cases.

It is even asserted that the Secretary's bullying manner melted at once before conduct equally aggressive; and other experiences are told similar to that of Colonel Dwight, who went to get a pass for an old man to visit his dying son. The pass was refused, whereupon the colonel said, 'My name is Dwight, Walton Dwight, Lieutenant-colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers. You can dismiss me from the service as soon as you like, but I am going to tell you what I think of you.' He did, and got his pass.

Some go so far as to maintain that this appearance of moral cowardice was accompanied by a decided lack of mere physical courage. Such a charge is pretty strongly implied in Grant's accusation that Stanton's timidity made him keep the armies near Washington, that he could see the Union weakness but not that of the enemy, and that the Confederates would have been in no danger if Stanton had been in the field. Mr. Rhodes speaks quite frankly of the Secretary's 'lack of physical courage.' Welles had no doubt whatever upon the subject. His account of Stanton's behavior after the assassination of Lincoln should be read with care, though with a clear recollection that Welles did not know his associate at all intimately and saw him, as for that matter he saw himself, through a cloud of prejudice. Still another paragraph from the Secretary of the Navy's Diary I cannot resist quoting in full, for its vivid picture of Stanton and also its unconscious and thoroughly Pepysian portrayal of the writer. It refers to the wild excitement in the Cabinet, when it was feared that the Merrimac would advance on Washington: —

'In all that painful time my composure was not disturbed, so that I did not perhaps as fully realize and comprehend the whole impending calamity as others, and yet to me there was throughout the whole day something inexpressibly ludicrous in the wild, frantic talk, action, and rage of Stanton as he ran from room to room, sat down and jumped up after writing a few words, swung his arms, scolded, and raved. He could not fail to see and feel my opinion of him and his bluster, — that I was calm and unmoved by his rant, spoke deliberately, and was not excited by his violence.'

There must be something inspiring in the joyous, salt freedom of the sea which could impel two secretaries of

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the navy, separated by an interval of two hundred years, to expose themselves to posterity with such incomparable frankness.

II

But as to Stanton. After perusing with attention the above cheerful catalogue of amiable qualities, the reader must be inclined to ask, with Malcolm in *Macbeth*, 'If such a one be fit to govern, speak,' and to expect something like Macduff's answer, 'Fit to govern! no, not to live!'

We shall try a little later to emphasize some acts and characteristics of Stanton which may seem not wholly compatible with all these charges of his critics. Meanwhile, it must be evident, whether the charges are true, or, still more, if they are exaggerated and untrue, that the Secretary was not a man who went out of his way to be agreeable. He certainly was not. His position in itself forced him to acts that seemed harsh and even cruel. The Secretary of War had to tread on many toes and scorch many fingers. But it is possible to tread on toes so that the owner of them will remember it with tolerance, if not with a certain amiability. Stanton trod squarely and provoked a groan or an oath.

Indeed, there are many who agree with Grant that the Secretary took positive pleasure in refusing requests and disappointing suitors. If it is difficult to believe this, at least it cannot be denied that in the ordinary transaction of business he paid little attention to social amenities. Dana, who admired him much, admitted that he would have been a far greater man if he could have kept his temper. Chittenden, who admired him somewhat less, but knew him intimately, declares that few masters of literary denunciation were more apt at inflicting a bitter wound in a brief sentence. The same authority adds that attempts to ingratiate by compliment were rarely repeated; for the Secretary would repel the first one by a shaft of satire or a glance of contempt. His daily receptions appear at times to have been of the nature of shindies. In one case, recorded even by the enthusiastic biographer, an interview with a senator rose to such a pitch of vehemence that the Secretary dashed a full inkstand all over the floor, while in another he emerged from the office with his nose bleeding so freely that cracked ice was required to repair the damages.

There is abundant and most curious evidence as to the manifestation of these unamiable peculiarities in the Secretary's official intercourse with his subordinates. Soldiers are accustomed to treat one another with the precision of military civility, prefacing orders with salutation and politeness. Stanton had bells put into the different rooms of the War Office. When he wanted to call a general, he pulled a cord, as if he were calling a bell-boy. Generals did not like it.

Also, Stanton's manner of imparting information and receiving requests was not such as to inspire cordiality or gratitude. For instance, Schurz writes, inquiring if he is relieved from command. The Secretary replies, 'General Hooker is authorized to relieve from command any officer that interferes with or hinders the transportation of troops in the present movement. Whether you have done so, and whether he has relieved you from command, ought to be known to yourself.' When your cheek is slapped like that, it stings for some time after. Again, a fellow member of the administration politely suggested a young friend as a candidate for office. 'Usher,' was the sharp reply, 'I would not appoint the Angel Gabriel a paymaster, if he was only twenty-one.'

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Undoubtedly posterity has been most affected by Stanton's rudeness and violence as they concerned Lincoln. The display of these qualities began long before the war and before the two men had any official connection with each other. When they were scarcely acquainted, chance brought them together on the same side of a lawsuit, and Lincoln overheard Stanton say that he 'would not associate with such a d——, gawky, long-armed ape as that.' After the war had begun, Stanton, still keeping up an epistolary connection with his former chief, Buchanan, wrote, in terms more civil, but hardly more complimentary, 'An irretrievable misfortune and national disgrace never to be forgotten are to be added to the ruin of all peaceful pursuits and national bankruptcy, as the result of Lincoln's running the machine for five months.' And to Dix he expressed himself more frankly as to the 'painful imbecility' of the President. According to McClellan, his language in private conversation was franker still. Lincoln, he said, was the original gorilla, and Du Chaillu need not have gone to Africa to investigate that animal.

Such utterances are not recorded of the Cabinet officer, who had come to know the President more intimately. But the Secretary was just as ready as any one else to snub his chief in the course of business. Again and again he slighted and disregarded Lincoln's suggestions and recommendations, in well-authenticated cases going so far as to tear the President's notes and fling them into the waste basket before the eyes of the bearer, with an expression of perfect contempt. Also, the Secretary's admirers, and perhaps the Secretary himself to some degree, felt that he was the President's chief monitor and by peremptory argument could sway that amiable but somewhat spineless personage into the course dictated by true wisdom and patriotism. An instance of this, important if true, is the vehement persuasion by which Stanton is said to have modified the Second Inaugural, insisting that his superior was too ready to surrender power to the generals in the field. Lincoln, after listening to the Secretary's arguments, murmured, 'You are right,' seized the pen, and made the changes suggested.

In spite of occasional insolence, however, and a tendency to domineer in small matters, there can be no question that Stanton came early to recognize Lincoln's supremacy, and on all vital points, after due and energetic protest, submitted his own will to that of his chief. When Lincoln had fairly made up his mind to be obeyed, he was obeyed.

Many cases of sharp conflict can be summed up in the crucial one, narrated by Nicolay and Hay, in which the President backed a positive order by a personal interview. 'Mr. President,' said the Secretary, 'I cannot execute that order.' 'Mr. Secretary,' replied Lincoln, with perfect good-nature and with perfect firmness, 'I reckon you'll have to execute that order.' The order was executed.

And Stanton not only obeyed his leader, he admired and loved him. From a man so sparing of commendation, written words like the following mean much. They are full of significance, not only as to Stanton's own feeling, but as to the relations of the two men. 'Mr. Lincoln was never a good projector and frequently not a good manager; but his intuition was wonderful. He was one of the best of men to have by the side of a projector or manager. . . . Usually his mind was as free from bias as any I ever knew, and it was a genuine pleasure to consult him on new matters.' While the eulogy quoted from Chitten-

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den by Mr. Rothschild, in his admirable analysis, is one of the finest ever pronounced by one mortal man upon another. 'There lies the most perfect ruler of men I ever knew.'

And now how did Lincoln feel about Stanton? It would appear that the President selected this member of his Cabinet more for actual merit than almost any of the others. The War Department was the most important of all. Up to January, 1862, Cameron had failed in it entirely. The new man must be chosen, not for politics, although a War Democrat may have been desirable, nor for personal adaptability, but because he could do the work. Lincoln at the start had certainly no reason to feel any affection for Stanton. He must therefore have picked him out by divining his extraordinary usefulness.

Having chosen him, he proposed to leave him free, so far as possible. It is said that one disappointed applicant for secretarial favor brought back word that the only response he received was that the President was a damned fool. 'Did Stanton say that?' was Lincoln's serene comment. 'Then it must be true, for Stanton is usually right.' In many other cases it was made perfectly evident that, having appointed a strong man to a difficult place, the President felt that he could best get full measure out of him by letting him have his head almost — not quite — completely.

And Lincoln not only tolerated his subordinate, he defended him. When it was urged that Stanton's work might be done quite as well by some one else who would do it less disagreeably, the President replied, 'Find the man. Show me that he can do it. He shall.'

Also, there was love in that ample heart for the stern Secretary as well as respect and confidence. Does not all Lincoln's divine tenderness show in Stanton's own account of their last interview, just before Lincoln's death, when the Secretary, feeling that his task was done, offered his resignation, and the President refused it? 'Putting his hands on my shoulders, tears filling his eyes, he said, "Stanton, you cannot go. Reconstruction is more difficult and dangerous than construction or destruction. You have been our main reliance; you must help us through the final act. The bag is filled. It must be tied, and securely. Some knots slip; yours do not. You understand the situation better than anybody else, and it is my wish and the country's that you remain." '

It has, indeed, been suggested that Stanton's main use to his chief was as a shield or buffer. Most men dislike to say no. Certainly Lincoln did. Yet he had to, till he must sometimes have seemed to himself the negative personified. Now to say no is thought to have given Stanton real pleasure. And the President was delighted to have a deputy of such solid qualifications. Grant rejects this view on the ground that Lincoln did not need to borrow backbone from any one. We know he did not. Yet when life was made up so largely of doing disagreeable things, it was surely policy to use a man who did them with masterly ease and a connoisseur's perfection.

III

Yet probably no one living could have divined more keenly or appreciated more sympathetically the fine qualities of the subordinate than the leader who selected him and got out of him every ounce of his efficiency and usefulness. Let us go below the rough surface and distinguish more closely what some of those fine qualities were.

To begin with, in spite of his harsh, stern exterior, the man had wonderful depths of emotion and nervous sensibil-

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ity. I think you can see it in his face — when you have discovered it otherwise. It was he who made that most original and subtle observation, — enough in itself to mark an exceptional acuteness, — when some one objected to his criticism of the meanness in a man's face as being something for which the man was not responsible: 'Every man over fifty is responsible for his face.' Apply the criterion to its inventor, and you will see energy and determination in the brow and eyes and lines about the nose, but assuredly you will see sensibility about the large and mobile mouth.

Again, the voice matched the mouth. It is said to have been wonderfully gentle, sympathetic, and responsive, never more so than when uttering savage indignation or bitter criticism.

And back of the voice was a nervous, high-strung, responsive spirit. When good fortune came, the spirit was exuberant, cried out in triumph, embraced friends near and sent official telegrams of boyish exultation to friends distant. 'Good for the first lick! Hurrah for Smith and the one-gun battery!' Or when there was simply a relief from strain, the emotion was different but violent still. 'His real feeling came to the surface. Great tears welled up in his eyes and flowed over his careworn face.' With disappointment and failure the shock was no less, whether shown in tears of bitterness or in strange manifestations of excited and overwrought nerves. Such things both accompany and produce physical weakness, and during all the years of his great and strenuous service Stanton was apparently a broken man. It is said that even before the war he had been warned by skilled physicians that unless he pursued a regular and quiet life, he might die at any moment. A regular and quiet life!

One frequent concomitant of sensitive nerves, humor, seems to have been largely absent in Stanton. There are stories of his gayety in early youth, stories of mirth and laughter and social expansiveness. It is most interesting to find him telling Dickens that the novelist's works were his nightly resource and diversion and that he did not know how he could get through his task without them. We find an occasional jest on his lips, also. But the jests are apt to be bitter. The pettiness of even his vast labors, viewed under the aspect of eternity, did not strike him as constantly as it did Lincoln; and we learn from Chase that when the President prefaced the Emancipation Proclamation with choice extracts from Petroleum V. Nasby, — bells tinkling and clattering in that great tragic scene like the babble of the clown in *Lear*, — Stanton was the only Cabinet member present who did not laugh.

But if he had not the twinkle of laughter, he had the glow of deep affection. It is true, indeed, that he does not appear to have loved or trusted widely. Some, who had good opportunity for judging, have written that he permitted no one to know him well and that no man so widely known was ever so little known. I find also the assertion — startlingly characteristic about any man — that 'love was not necessary to him.'

This I do not believe to be true. Indeed, the evidence shows it to be emphatically untrue. Stanton was not one of those who dissipate their affection, but where he bestowed it entire, it was all the more overwhelming. One need only read the history of his first marriage to appreciate this. It was a pure love match, between a boy and girl, and the husband's devotion was as complete and lasting as was the father's delight when children came to him. Years afterward Stanton declared that 'the happiest hours of his life were

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passed in the little brick house on Third Street, holding [his daughter] Lucy on his knee while Mary prepared the meals.' The girl-wife's early death was the bitterest sorrow Stanton ever knew. For months he entirely gave up his legal work, spent hours at her grave, wandered into quaint and melancholy fancies which almost indicated lack of mental balance. His character is even said to have undergone a fundamental change, the natural gayety of his youth giving place to a settled austerity and gloom. But such changes as this grow in the imagination of those who report them.

One striking incident of a later time illustrates well the blend of intense passions in the heart of this volcanic creature. During his secretaryship he was sitting one day in his study, with his little daughter on his knee. A friend thought it a good opportunity to plead for a Southern father under sentence of death. The petitioner pointed out to Stanton the joy of his own fatherhood and the child's complete dependence upon him. Stanton assented with enthusiasm. 'But there are daughters in the South who cherish their fathers just as much.' 'I suppose there are,' was the indifferent reply. 'Now there 's Pryor —' The Secretary instantly pushed the child from his knee and thundered, 'He shall be hanged! Damn him!'

But it must not be inferred from this that Stanton's tenderness was confined to the domestic circle. Far from it. He may not have made friends widely, but he had a broad and generous kindliness, if one knew how to get at it and separate it from his temper and his prejudices. Above all, when his heart was touched, he would make any effort to relieve suffering. As a mere boy, he organized a charity league to watch with the sick and to relieve the poor. Once, when he was traveling to Pittsburg by boat, he found a poor Irishman with a broken leg on the way to have it set. The man was suffering cruelly, but no one paid much attention. Stanton went to the carpenter for tools, made a splint, set the leg and put the splint on with proper bandages, and sat by the patient, bathing his forehead, until the boat arrived.

Even in his official duties the Secretary tempered roughness with sympathy in a most notable manner. He was harsh to generals in epaulets, but when he saw a poor crippled soldier waiting patiently, he would listen to him first and speak gently, even if he could not say yes. In the same way, while he was often bitter to his subordinates, he at times also regretted his bitterness and would show his regret by some special kindness or unusual display of confidence. It is most curious to note, however, that he rarely apologized directly or admitted that he had been wrong, seeming to feel that such admission would compromise his dignity. In this he surely showed a most significant trait of character and stamped himself as something below the greatest.

It is interesting to have, not only the testimony of others to Stanton's mixture of sympathy with severity, but his own personal confession of the strain involved in the execution of his duty. Thus, he is said to have protested with the utmost solemnity, 'In my official station I have tried to do my duty as I shall answer to God at the great day, but it is the misfortune of that station that most of my duties are harsh and painful to some one, so that I rejoice at an opportunity, however rare, of combining duty with kindly offices.' Still more interesting is the dramatic account of one who was intimately familiar with the workings of the Department, and who one day, after watching the Secretary's stern, cold dealings

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with petitioners and resenting them as almost inhuman, followed without announcement into his private office and there found him bent over his desk, his head buried in his hands, shaken with sobs, and wailing in anguish, 'God help me to do my duty; God help me to do my duty.'

It seems hard to reconcile these things with the legend of Stanton's pleasure in saying no. Yet perhaps they are not wholly incompatible, after all. If so, such contradictions certainly make him a figure of extraordinary interest.

IV

Nevertheless, it may be granted that Lincoln did not select Stanton as minister of war for his sympathy or his gentleness. What, then, were the other qualities which made the President pick out this sturdy agent and stand by him?

First, he was a worker, an enormous worker. Welles denies this and proves by doing so that he did not know Stanton. For his inclination and his capacity for labor are beyond dispute. In his early law practice, at his Ohio home, he toiled early and late to get the facts, all the facts, even those irrelevant, with the hope of finding something neglected which would solve a difficulty, as he often did. When he was sent to California by the government, to investigate the old Mexican land-titles, it is confessed that his researches into records and documents were as far-reaching as they were fruitful. In the War Department he looked into everything himself, went into case after case with exhaustive and exhausting thoroughness, mastered the details of contracts, of supply, of equipment, of transportation, and saw that those details were attended to. Executive genius often consists in knowing how to make others work, and no doubt Stanton was expert in this function; but when anything was to be gained by doing work himself, he did it, as in the case, mentioned by Flower, of the cotton investigation in Savannah, in 1865. Stanton selected twenty witnesses out of a vast number present and wrote down the testimony of each, unabridged, though his assistants offered to do it for him. He held that by doing it himself he would get a knowledge of the subject which could not be filtered through any clerk.

Even more important than labor, and essential to fruitful labor, is method, system, organization. Stanton possessed this business instinct in the highest degree. From the moment he took hold of the war machine, he saw that every part was in order, so that his own work and others' work would not be thrown away. His procedure in this line was often vexatious, as when he arranged to have every telegraphic war dispatch from general to general, and even from the President to other members of the Cabinet, pass through his office and come under his eye, if necessary. But it was immensely thorough and effective. An exact routine governed his daily labors. During certain hours he stood at his desk and accorded a systematically proportioned allowance of minutes to the numerous visitors, who had each to state his business with absolute clearness and brevity and in a tone to be heard by the bystanders.

But often the visitor found his business stated for him. For the Secretary had little patience with many words, and had a marvelous gift of divining what was wanted; had, indeed, the most quick and piercing fashion of getting at the heart of any piece of business, before another would have stripped off even the husk of it. It was just this keenness of insight which enabled him, when not led astray by prejudice, to

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detect men of swift practical ability for the execution of his purposes.

And back of the labor, the system, the insight, was the animating soul, — an enormous, driving energy, which thrust right on through obstacles and difficulties, would not yield, would not falter, would not turn back. Sometimes this energy was misdirected and overzealous, as in some of the arbitrary arrests for treason, which may have done more harm than good. But lesser men, who stop to hesitate and question, cannot but wonder at its splendid, forthright, overpowering accomplishment. As Thurlow Weed wrote, divining the future, in 1861, 'While I was in the White House I looked over that new Attorney-General of ours. He is tremendous.'

This abounding vigor showed in the Secretary's words, written and spoken. 'The very demon of lying seems to be about these times, and generals will have to be broken for ignorance before they will take the trouble to find out the truth of reports.' It showed, too, constantly in his actions. When he went West at one time to push a military movement, the train was driven as it had never been driven before. 'Shall we get there?' asked Stanton, anxious to drive harder. 'Great God!' answered the engineer, 'you'll get through alive if I do.'

As you follow the different phases of Stanton's activity, you will be amazed to see this clear-eyed, ordered energy displayed in all of them. Supplies? He gets supplies on honest contracts, of the stipulated quality, and furnishes them, when and where needed. A navy? If he wants a navy on the western rivers, and Father Noah or Father Neptune — Welles, of the patriarchal beard, was known by either title — frets and fidgets over difficulties, he just makes a navy, out of nothing. Railroads? The very life and heart of the war depend on railroads. Stanton sees it and gets men like Haupt and McCallum out of civil life to do feats of engineering which commanded the admiration not of America only, but of the world.

Or, in another connection, take Stanton's handling of the state governors, so justly praised by Mr. Rhodes. Tact and patience were needed here to adjust endless tangles of red tape. The Secretary showed that, if required, he had the tact and the patience as well as the energy.

That a man of this stamp should have been a personal coward is very difficult to believe. I am inclined to think that any charges made against Stanton on this line are based on the vagaries of a highly excitable temperament, which may have momentarily betrayed its possessor in the quick presence of certain kinds of physical peril. However this may be, the man gave many proofs of complete indifference to death, while he was doing his duty. Thus, when defending a poisoner, in order to test the drug used he took a good dose of it himself and was dangerously ill in consequence. Again, when cholera was prevalent, he stepped right in and worked among the sick after priest and doctor had deserted them, and went so far as to open the coffin of a young girl, because he had some fear that she might have been buried alive. These are not exactly the actions of a coward.

Whether physically brave or not, Stanton assuredly did not in general lack the moral courage to say no. Graft, corruption, and dishonesty withered when they came within his touch. Welles, always resourceful and brought up in good traditions of New England thrift, declares that his colleague was utterly wasteful of public money and that anybody could be a great war minister who did not care what he spent.

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Perhaps the absurdity of the latter assertion may help to discredit the former, which is not generally made or accepted. At any rate, neither Welles nor any one else ever accused the Secretary of direct or indirect peculation, or even ventured to imply that the war brought him personal profit. On the contrary, he left office and died poorer than he was at an earlier period. Indeed, before his death he was in actual distress and obliged to borrow money for his immediate necessities. Yet he obstinately refused a large sum subscribed by his friends, not as charity, but in simple recognition of his splendid service to his country.

Thus it is evident that he was capable of great personal sacrifice, and this is true, not only as regards money, but as regards other things. During the time of his public service he gave up all social diversions, all amusement of any kind, that every minute might be devoted to the duties of his office. That his acceptance of a cabinet position was as entirely a matter of sacrifice as he asserted may be open to some doubt. The love of power and the ambition to exercise it were vital to his temperament, and to be the motive force in such an event as the Civil War was an opportunity no lover of power could despise. But it may be said with justice that Stanton was one of the few men of his caliber who never gave a thought to the presidency; and it is probable that, as the war progressed, every conscious personal preoccupation became merged in the daily and nightly struggle to perform tasks too mighty for any human brain or shoulders.

V

In the performance of these tasks we see Stanton rather as doer than as thinker. His keen intelligence was the servant of his will, not the master of it. And though he would have much preferred thinking on abstract problems to being quiet, his abstract thinking has little interest except as developing his character. In youth he ardently desired to write a book on the Poetry of the Bible, calling attention to the fact 'that God, in all his communications with man, clothed his language in the highest imagery.' I am very glad that he did not, as I should have had to read it.

Also, his intellectual quality, from the religious point of view, is well indicated in the account of his settlement of speculative difficulties. 'Mr. Stanton always had a profound reverence for the Supreme Being, but at one time he was disinclined to regard the Bible as an inspired work. Finally he took a copy of it into a room in his dwelling, and, turning the key, resolved not to come forth until he had satisfied himself on that point. He continued in his room so long a time that his young wife became alarmed, fearing he was going crazy. He emerged at last fully satisfied that the Bible is what it purports to be, the Word of God, and he never thereafter doubted.'

This is surely an edifying example of 'the will to believe.'

Stanton's general intellectual force is well gauged by the extraordinary paragraph in his letter to Dana, written in February, 1862. 'Much has been said of military combinations and organizing victory. I hear such phrases with apprehension. They commenced in infidel France with the Italian campaigns, and resulted in Waterloo. Who can organize victory? Who can combine the elements of success on the battlefield? We owe our recent successes to the spirit of the Lord that moved our soldiers to rush into battle and filled the hearts of our enemies with dismay.'

This sort of thing recalls the talk — not the action — of Stonewall Jack-

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son, and in some respects there was a striking resemblance between the two men. Neither was attractive in his ordinary relations with his fellows. Neither treated his subordinates with tact or tenderness. Each had the energy, the resistless rush, of a natural force, overcoming all obstacles in the indomitable effort to attain a simple end. That the likeness does not extend to actual military genius, it is hardly necessary to point out. Stanton's biographer does, indeed, maintain that his favorite showed himself a great general by capturing Norfolk. I am not aware that the conclusion is shared by any other writer about the Civil War. On the contrary, many hold that the Secretary had a singular gift for thwarting the military inspirations of others.

There can be no doubt as to the simple end toward which all Stanton's energies were directed. It was not personal advantage; it was not party triumph; it was not even the abolition of slavery; it was, constantly and above everything, the preservation and restoration of the Union. That he was always discreet or diplomatic in laboring for this end will be maintained by no one. Sometimes there was an element of pig-headed obstinacy in his effort, as in the contest with Andrew Johnson over the War Department in 1866, when the Secretary may have been right in principle, but appears almost as undignified as the President in actual method. Yet under all tactlessness and all indiscretion there lay the one passionate, masterful, consistent purpose, to fight over all things and through all things and beyond all things, that there might be on this North American Continent but one indissoluble, prosperous, peaceful nation, the United States of America.

'If the Cause fails, you and I will be covered with prosecutions, imprisoned, driven from the country,' said Morton to Stanton. And Stanton answered, in his softest voice, 'If the Cause fails, I do not care to live.'

Also, his own written words give a noble, an imperishable reiteration and elaboration of the same idea. 'I hold my present position at the request of the President, who knew me personally, but to whom I had not spoken from the 4th of March, 1861, until the day he handed me my commission. I knew that everything I cherished and held dear would be sacrificed by accepting office. But I thought I might help the country and for that I was willing to perish. If I wanted to be a politician or a candidate for any office, would I stand between the treasury and the robbers who are howling around me? Would I provoke and stand against the whole newspaper gang in the country, of every party, who to sell news would imperil a battle? I was never taken for a fool, but there would be no greater madness than for a man to encounter what I do for anything else than motives that overleap time and look forward to eternity. I believe that Almighty God founded this government, and for my actions in the effort to maintain it I expect to stand before Him in judgment.'

It is perhaps permitted to a man to be exceedingly disagreeable, when he feels and speaks and acts like that.

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BURIED TREASURE

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE

I

It was Saturday morning, and we three were together in Mrs. Handsomebody's parlor — Angel, and The Seraph, and I.

No sooner had the front door closed upon the tall, angular figure of that lady, bearing her market basket, than we shut our books with a snap, ran on tiptoe to the top of the stairs, and, after a moment's breathless listening, cast our young forms on the smooth walnut banister, and glided gloriously to the bottom.

Regularly on a Saturday morning Mrs. Handsomebody went to market, and with equal regularity we, her pupils, instantly cast off the yoke of her restraint, slid down the banisters, and entered the forbidden precincts of the Parlor.

On other week-days the shutters of this grim apartment were kept closed, and an inquisitive eye, applied to the keyhole, could just faintly discern the portrait in crayon of the late Mr. Handsomebody, presiding, like some whiskered ghost, over the revels of the stuffed birds in the glass case below him.

But on a Saturday morning Mary Ellen swept and dusted there. The shutters were thrown open, and the thin-legged piano and the haircloth furniture were furbished up for the morrow.

Moreover, Mary Ellen liked our company. She had a spooky feeling about the parlor. Mr. Handsomebody gave her the creeps, she said; and once when she had turned her back she had heard one of the stuffed birds twitter. It was a gruesome thought.

When we bounded in on her, Mary Ellen was dragging the broom feebly across the gigantic green-and-red lilies of the carpet, her bare red arms moving like listless antennæ. She could, when she willed, work vigorously and well, but no one knew when a heavy mood might seize her, and render her as useless as was compatible with retaining her situation.

'Och, byes!' she groaned, leaning on her broom. 'This spring weather do be makin' me as wake as a blind kitten! Sure, I feel this mornin' like as if I'd a stone settin' on my stomach, an' me head feels as light as thistledown. I wisht the missus'd fergit to come home an' I could take a day off — but there's no such luck for Mary Ellen!'

She made a few more passes with her broom and then sighed.

'I think I'll soon be leavin' this place,' she said.

A vision of the house without the cheering presence of Mary Ellen rose blackly before us. We crowded round her.

'Now, see here,' said Angel masterfully, putting his arms about her stout waist. 'You know perfectly well that father's coming back from South America soon to make a home for us, and that you are to come and be our cook, and make apple-dumplings, and have all the followers you like.'

Now Angel knew whereof he spoke, for Mary Ellen's 'followers' were a

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bone of contention between her and her mistress.

'Aw, Master Angel,' she expostulated, 'what a tongue ye have in yer head to be sure! Followers, is it? Sure, they 're the bane o' me life! Now git out o' the way o' the dust, all of yez, or I'll put a tin ear on ye!' And she began to swing her broom vigorously.

We ran to the window and looked out; but no sooner had we looked out than we whistled with astonishment at what we saw.

But first, I must tell you that the street on which we lived ran east and west. On the corner to the west of Mrs. Handsomebody's house was the gray old cathedral; next to it was the Bishop's house, of gray stone also, then a pair of dingy white brick houses exactly alike. In one of these we lived with Mrs. Handsomebody, and the other was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Pegg and their three servants.

To us they seemed every elegant, if somewhat uninteresting people. Mrs. Mortimer Pegg frequently had carriage callers, and not seldom sallied forth herself in a sedate victoria from the livery stables. But beyond an occasional flutter of excitement when their horses stopped at our very gate, there was little in this prim couple to interest us. So neat and precise were they as they tripped down the street together, that we called them (out of Mrs. Handsomebody's hearing) Mr. and Mrs. 'Cribbage' Pegg.

Now, on this morning in early spring when we looked out of the window, our eyes discovered an object of such compelling interest in the Peggs' front garden that we rubbed them again to make sure that we were broad awake.

Striding up and down the small enclosure was a tall old man wearing a brilliant-hued, flowered dressing-gown that hung open at the neck, disclosing his long brown throat and hairy chest, and flapped negligently about his heels as he strode.

He had bushy iron-gray hair and moustache, and tufts of curly gray beard grew around his chin and ears. His nose was large and sunburned; and every now and again he would stop in his caged-animal walk and sniff the air as though he liked it.

I liked the old gentleman from the start.

'Oo-o! See the funny old man!' giggled The Seraph. 'Coat like Jacob an' his bwethern!'

Angel and I plied Mary Ellen with questions. Who was he? Did he live with the Peggs? Did she think he was a foreigner?

Mary Ellen, supported by her broom, stared out of the window.

'For th' love of Hiven!' she ejaculated. 'If that ain't a sight now! Byes, it's Mr. Pegg's own father come home from somewheres in th' Indies. Their cook was tellin' me of the time they have wid him. He's a bit light-headed, y'see, an' has all his meals in his own room — th' quarest dishes iver — an' a starlin' for a pet, mind ye!'

At that moment the old gentleman perceived that he was watched, and saluting Mary Ellen gallantly, he called out, —

'Good morning, madam!'

Mary Ellen, covered with confusion, drew back behind the curtain. I was about to make a suitable reply when I saw Mrs. Mortimer Pegg, herself, emerge from her house with a very red face, and resolutely grasp her father-in-law's arm. She spoke to him in a rapid undertone, and, after a moment's hesitation, he followed her meekly into the house.

How I sympathized with him! I knew only too well the humiliation experienced by the helpless male when overbearing woman drags him ignominiously from his harmless recrea-

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tion. A bond of understanding seemed to be established between us at once.

The voice of Mary Ellen broke in on my reverie. She was teasing Angel to sing.

'Aw, give us a chune, Master Angel, before th' missus gets back! There's a duck! I'll give ye a pocketful of raisins as sure's fate!'

Angel was the possessor of a flute-like treble, and he could strum some sort of accompaniment on the piano to any song. It was Mary Ellen's delight on a Saturday morning to pour forth her pent-up feelings in one of the popular songs, with Angel to keep her on the tune and thump a chord or two.

It was a risky business. But The Seraph mounted guard at the window while I pressed my nose against the glass case which held the stuffed birds, and wondered if by chance any of them had come from South America where father was.

Tum-te-tum-te-tum, strummed Angel.

'Casey would waltz with the strawberry blonde,
And the — band — played — on.'

His sweet reedy tones thrilled the April air.

And Mary Ellen's voice, robust as the whistle of a locomotive, bursting with health and spirits, shook the very cobwebs that she had not swept down.

'Casey would waltz wid th' strawberry blonde,
And — the — band — play — don!'

Generally we had a faithful subordinate in The Seraph. He had a rather sturdy sense of honor. On this spring morning, however, I think that the singing of Mary Ellen must have dulled his sensibilities, for, instead of keeping a bright lookout up the street for the dreaded form of Mrs. Handsomebody, he lolled across the window sill, dangling a piece of string, with the April sunshine warming his rounded back.

And as he dangled the string, Mrs. Handsomebody drew nearer and nearer. She entered the gate — she entered the house — she was in the parlor!

Angel and Mary Ellen had just given their last triumphant shout, when Mrs. Handsomebody said in a voice of cold fury, —

'Mary Ellen, kindly cease that ribald screaming. David [David is Angel's proper name], get up instantly from that piano stool and face me! John, Alexander, face me!'

We did so tremblingly.

'Now,' said Mrs. Handsomebody, 'you three boys go up to your bedroom — not to the schoolroom, mind — and don't let me hear another sound from you to-day! You shall get no dinner. At four I will come and discuss your disgraceful conduct with you. Now march!'

She held the door open for us while we filed sheepishly under her arm. Then the door closed behind us with a decisive bang, and poor Mary Ellen was left in the torture-chamber with Mrs. Handsomebody and the stuffed birds.

II

Angel and I scurried up the stairway. We could hear The Seraph panting as he labored after us.

Once in the haven of our little room, we rolled in a confused heap on the bed, scuffling indiscriminately. Such a punishment was not new to us. It was a favorite one with Mrs. Handsomebody, and we had a suspicion that she relished the fact that so much food was saved when we went dinnerless. At any rate, we were not allowed to make up the deficiency at tea-time.

We always passed the hours of our confinement on the bed, for the room was very small and the one window stared blankly at the window of an unused room in the Peggs' house, which blankly returned the stare.

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But these were not dull times for us. As Elizabethan actors, striding about their bare stage, conjured up brave pictures of gilded halls or leafy forest glades, so we little fellows made a castle stronghold of our bed; or better still, a gallant frigate that sailed beyond the barren walls into unknown seas of adventure, and anchored at last off some rocky island where treasure lay hid among the hills.

What brave fights with pirates there were, when Angel as captain, I as mate, with The Seraph for a cabin boy, fought the bloody pirate gangs on those surf-washed shores, and gained the fight, though far outnumbered!

They were not dull times in that small back room, but gay-colored, lawless times, when our fancy was let free, and we fought on empty stomachs, and felt only the wind in our faces, and heard the creak of straining cordage. What if we were on half-rations!

On this particular morning, however, there was something to be disposed of before we got to business: to wit, the rank insubordination of The Seraph. It was not to be dealt with too lightly. Angel sat with up a disheveled head.

'Get up!' he commanded The Seraph, who obeyed wonderingly.

'Now, my man,' continued Angel, with the scowl that had made him dreaded the South Seas over, 'have you anything to say for yourself?'

The Seraph hung his head.

'I was on'y danglin' a bit o' stwing,' he murmured.

'String!' repeated Angel, the scowl deepening, 'dangling a bit of string! You may be dangling yourself at the end of a rope before the sun sets, my hearty! Here we are without any dinner, all along of you. Now see here, you'll go right over into that corner by the window with your face to the wall and stand there all the time John and I play! An' — an' you won't know what we're doing nor where we're going nor *anything* — so there!'

The Seraph went, weeping bitterly. He hid his face in the dusty lace window-curtain. He looked very small. I could not help remembering how father had said we were to take care of him and not make him cry.

Somehow that morning things went ill with the adventure. The savor had gone out of our play. Two were but a paltry company after all. Where was the cabin-boy with his trusty dirk, eager to bleed for the cause? Though we kept our backs rigorously turned to the window, and spoke only in whispers, neither of us was quite able to forget the presence of that dejected little figure.

After a bit, The Seraph's whimpering ceased, and what was our surprise to hear the chuckling laugh with which he was wont to signify his pleasure!

We turned to look at him. His face was pressed to the window, and again he giggled rapturously.

'What's up, kid?' we demanded.

'Ole Joseph-an'-his-bwethern,' he sputtered, 'winkin' an' wavin' hands wiv me!'

We were at his side like a shot, and there in the hitherto blank window of the Peggs' house stood the old gentleman of the flowered dressing-gown, laughing and nodding at The Seraph. When he saw us he made a sign to us to open our window, and at the same instant raised his own.

It took the three of us to accomplish it, for the window moved unreadily, being seldom raised, as Mrs. Handsomebody regarded fresh air much as she regarded a small boy, as something to be kept in its place.

At last the window rose, protesting and creaking, and the next moment we were face to face with our new acquaintance.

'Hello!' he said, in a loud, jovial voice.

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'Hello!' said we, and stared.

He had a strong, weather-beaten face, and wide-open, light eyes, blue and wild as the sea.

'Hello, boy!' he repeated, looking at Angel. 'What's your name?'

Now Angel was shy with strangers, so I usually answered questions.

'His name,' I replied then, 'is David Curzon; but mother called him Angel, so we jus' keep on doing it.'

'Oh,' said the old gentleman. Then he fixed The Seraph with his eye. 'What's the bantling's name?'

The Seraph, mightily confused at being called a bantling, giggled inanely, so I replied again.

'His name is Alexander Curzon, but mother called him The Seraph, so we jus' keep on doing it too.'

'Um-hm,' assented the old gentleman; 'and you — what's your name?'

'John,' I replied.

'Oh,' he said, with an odd little smile, 'and what do they keep on calling *you?*'

'Just John,' I answered firmly, 'nothing else.'

'Who's your father?' came the next question.

'He's David Curzon, senior,' I said proudly, 'and he's in South America building a railroad, an' Mrs. Handsomebody used to be his governess when he was a little boy, so he left us with her; but some day, pretty soon, I think, he's coming back to make a really home for us with rabbits an' puppies an' pigeons an' things.'

Our new friend nodded sympathetically. Then, quite suddenly, he asked,

'Where's your mother?'

'She's in heaven,' I answered simply. 'She went there two years ago.'

'Yes,' broke in The Seraph eagerly, 'but she's comin' back some day to make a *weally* home for us.'

'Shut up!' said Angel gruffly, poking him with his elbow.

'The Seraph's very little,' I explained apologetically; 'he does n't understand.'

The old gentleman put his hand in the pocket of his dressing-gown.

'Bantling,' he said with his droll smile, 'do you like peppermint bull's-eyes?'

'Yes,' said The Seraph, 'I like them — one for each of us.'

Whereupon this extraordinary man began throwing us peppermints as fast as we could catch them. It was surprising how we began to feel at home with him, as though we had known him for years.

He had traveled all over the world, it seemed, and he brought many curious things to the window to show us. One of these was a starling, whose wicker cage he placed on the sill where the sunlight fell.

He had got the bird, he said, from one of the crew of a trading vessel off the coast of Java. The sailor had brought it all the way from Devon for company; and he added, 'The brute had put out both its eyes so that it would learn to talk more readily; so now, you see, the poor little fellow is quite blind.'

'Blind — blind — blind!' echoed the starling briskly, — 'blind — blind — blind!'

He took it from its cage on his finger. It hopped up his arm till it reached his cheek, and there it began to peck at his whiskers, crying all the while in its shrill, lonely tones, 'Blind — blind — blind!'

We three were entranced; and an idea that was swiftly forming in my mind struggled for expression.

If this wonderful old man had, as he said, sailed the seas from Land's End to Ceylon, was it not possible that he had seen, even fought with, real pirates? Might he not have followed hot on the trail of hidden treasure? My cheeks

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burned as I tried to put the question.

'Did you —' I began, 'did you —'

'Well?' he encouraged. 'Did I what, John?'

'Oh, did you,' I burst out, 'ever see a pirate ship, an' pirates — real ones?'

His face lit up.

'Surely,' he replied casually, 'many an one.'

'Praps,' ventured Angel, with an excited laugh, 'praps you're one yourself!'

The old gentleman searched our eager faces with his wide-open, sea-blue eyes; then he looked cautiously into the room behind him, and, being apparently satisfied that no one could overhear, he put his hand to the side of his mouth, and said in a loud, hoarse whisper, —

'That I am. Pirate as ever was!'

I think you could have knocked me down with a feather. I know my knees shook and the room reeled. The Seraph was the first to recover, piping cheerfully, —

'I yike piwates!'

'Yes,' repeated the old gentleman, reflectively, 'pirate as ever was. The things I've seen and done would fill the biggest book you ever saw, and it'd make your hair stand on end to read it — what with fights, and murders, and hangings, and storms, and shipwreck, and the hunt for gold! Many a sweet schooner or frigate I've sunk, or taken for myself, and there is n't a port on the South Seas where women don't hush their children's crying with the fear of Captain Pegg!'

Then he added hastily, as though he feared he had gone too far, —

'But I'm a changed man, mark you — a reformed man. If things suit me pretty well here I don't think I shall break out again. It is just that you chaps seem so sympathetic, makes me tell you all this; but you must swear never to breathe a word of it, for no one knows but you. My son and daughter-in-law think I'm an archæologist. It'd be an awful shock to them to find that I'm a pirate.'

We swore the blackest secrecy, and were about to ply him with a hundred questions, when we saw a maid carrying a large tray enter the room behind him.

Captain Pegg, as I must now call him, gave us a gesture of warning and began to lower his window. A pleasant aroma of roast beef came across the alley. The next instant the flowered dressing-gown had disappeared and the window opposite stared blankly as before.

Angel drew a deep breath. 'Did you notice,' he said, 'how different he got once he had told us he was a pirate — wilder and rougher, and used more sailor words?'

'However did you guess it first?' I asked admiringly.

'I think I know a pirate when I see one,' he returned loftily. 'But oh, I say, would n't Mrs. Handsomebody be waxy if she knew?'

'An' would n't Mary Ellen be scared stiff if *she* knew?'

'An' won't we have fun? Hurray!'

We rolled in ecstasy on the much-enduring bed.

We talked excitedly of the possibilities of such a wonderful and dangerous friendship. And as it turned out, none of our imaginings equaled what really happened.

The afternoon passed quickly. As the hands of our alarm clock neared the hour of four we obliterated the traces of our sojourn on the bed as well as we could, and when Mrs. Handsomebody entered, she found us sitting in a row in the three cane-bottomed chairs on which we hung our clothes at night.

The scolding she gave us was even longer and more humiliating to our manhood than usual. She shook her hard white finger near our faces and

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said that for very little she would write to our father and complain of our actions.

'Now,' she said, in conclusion, 'give your faces and hands a thorough washing, and comb your hair, which is disgraceful; then come quietly down to tea.'

The door closed behind her.

'What beats me,' said Angel, lathering his hands, 'is why that one white hair on her chin wiggles so when she jaws us. I can't keep my eyes off it.'

'It wiggles,' piped The Seraph, as he dragged a brush over his curls, ''cos it's nervous, an' I wiggle when she scolds, too, 'cos *I'm* nervous.'

'Don't you worry, old man,' Angel responded gayly, 'we'll take care of you.'

We were in fine spirits despite our scolding. Indeed, we almost pitied Mrs. Handsomebody for her ignorance of the wonders among which she had her being.

Here she was, fussing over some stuffed birds in a glass case, when a live starling, who could talk, had perched near her very window-sill! She spent hours in conversation with her Unitarian minister, while a real pirate lived next door!

It was pitiful, and yet it was very funny. We found it hard to go quietly down to tea with such thoughts in our minds, and after five hours in our bedroom.

III

The next day was Sunday.

As we sat at dinner with Mrs. Handsomebody after Morning Service, we were scarcely conscious of the large white dumplings that bulged before us, with a delicious, sticky, sweet sauce trickling down their dropsical sides. We plied our spoons with languid interest around their outer edges, as calves nibble around a straw stack. Our vagrant minds scoured the Spanish Main with Captain Pegg.

Suddenly The Seraph spoke in that cocksure way of his.

'There's a piwate at Pegg's.'

Mrs. Handsomebody looked at him sharply.

'What's that?' she demanded.

At the same instant Angel and I kicked him under cover of the dining-table.

'What did you say?' repeated Mrs. Handsomebody, sternly.

'Funny ole gennelman at the Cwibbage Peggs',' replied The Seraph with his mouth full.

Mrs. Handsomebody greatly respected Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Pegg, and this play of words on the name incensed her.

'Am I to understand, Alexander,' she gobbled, 'that you are making *game* of the Mortimer Peggs?'

'Yes,' giggled the wretched Seraph, 'it's a cwibbage game. You play it wiv Peggs.'

'Leave the table instantly!' ordered Mrs. Handsomebody. 'You are becoming unbearable.'

The Seraph cast one anguished look at his dumpling and burst into tears. We could hear his wails growing ever fainter as he plodded up the stairs.

'Mary Ellen, remove that dumpling!' commanded Mrs. Handsomebody.

Angel and I began to eat very fast. There was a short silence; then Mrs. Handsomebody said didactically, —

'The elder Mr. Pegg is a much traveled gentleman, and one of the most noted archæologists of the day. A trifle eccentric in his manner, perhaps, but a deep thinker. David, can you tell me what an archæologist is?'

'Something you pretend you are,' said Angel, 'and you ain't.'

'Nonsense!' snapped Mrs. Handsomebody. 'Look it up in your John-

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son's when you go upstairs, and let me know the result. I will excuse you now.'

We found The Seraph lounging in a chair in the schoolroom.

'Too bad about the dumpling, old boy,' I said consolingly.

'Oh, not too bad,' he replied. 'Mary Ellen fetched it up the back stairs to me. I'm vewy full.'

That afternoon we saw Captain Pegg go for a walk with his son and daughter-in-law. He looked quite altered in a long gray coat and tall hat. Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Pegg seemed proud to walk with him.

The following day was warm and sunny. When lessons were over we rushed to our bedroom window, and to our joy we found that the window opposite was wide open, the wicker cage on the sill, with the starling inside swelling up and preening himself in the sunshine, while just beyond sat Captain Pegg smoking a long pipe.

He seemed delighted to see us.

'Avast, my hearties!' he cried. 'It's glorious sailing weather, but I've just been lying at anchor here, on the chance of sighting you. It does my heart good, y' see, to talk with some of my own kind, and leave off pretending to be an archæologist — to stretch my mental legs, as it were. Well — have you taken your bearings this morning?'

'Captain Pegg,' I broke out with my heart tripping against my blouse, 'you said something the other day about buried treasure. Did you really find some? And would you mind telling us how you set about it?'

'Yes,' he replied meditatively, 'many a sack of treasure trove I've unearthed — but the most curious find of all, I got without searching and without blood being spilt. I was lying quiet those days, about forty years ago, off the north of the Orkney Islands. Well, one morning I took a fancy to explore some of the outlying rocks and little islands dotted here and there. So I started off in a yawl with four seamen to row me; and not seeing much but barren rocks and stunted shrubs about, I bent over the stern and stared into the sea. It was as clear as crystal.

'As we were passing through a narrow channel between two rocky islands, I bade the men rest on their oars, for something strange below had arrested my attention. I now could see plainly, in the green depths, a Spanish galleon, standing upright, held as in a vice by the grip of the two great rocks. She must have gone down with all hands, when the greater part of the Spanish Armada was wrecked on the shores of Britain.

'"Shiver my timbers, lads!" I cried, "here'll be treasure in earnest! Back to the ship for our diving-suits! Booty for every one, and plum duff for dinner!"

'Well, to make a long story short, I and four of the trustiest of the crew put on our diving-suits, and soon we were walking the slippery decks once trodden by Spanish grandees and soldiers, and the scene of many a bloody fight, I'll be bound. Their skeletons lay about the deck, wrapped in sea-tangle, and from every crevice of the galleon tall red and green and yellow and purple weeds had sprung, that waved and shivered with the motion of the sea. Her decks were strewn with shells and sand, and in and out of her rotted ribs frightened fish darted at our approach. It was a gruesome sight.

'Three weeks we worked, carrying the treasure to our own ship, and I began to feel as much at home under water as above it. At last we set sail without mishap, and every man on board had his share, and some of them gave up pirating and settled down as innkeepers and tradesmen.'

As the sound of his deep voice ceased, we three were silent also, gazing long-

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ingly into his eyes, that were so like the sea.

Then — 'Captain Pegg,' said Angel, in a still small voice, 'I don't — s'pose — you'd know of any hidden treasure hereabouts? We'd most awfully like to find some. It'd be a jolly thing to write and tell father!'

A droll smile flickered over the bronzed features of Captain Pegg. He brought down his fist on the window-sill.

'Well, if you aren't chaps after my own heart!' he cried. 'Treasure about here? I was just coming to that — and a most curious happening it is! There was a cabin-boy — name of Jenks — a lad that I trusted and loved like my own son, who stole the greater part of my share of the treasure, and though I scoured the globe for him,' — the captain's eyes rolled fiercely, — 'I found neither trace of him nor the treasure, till two years ago. It was in Madagascar that I received a message from a dying man, confessing that, shaken by remorse, he had brought what was left of the plunder and buried it in Mrs. Handsomebody's back yard.'

'Mrs. Handsomebody's back yard!' We chanted the words in utter amazement.

'Just that,' affirmed Captain Pegg solemnly. 'Jenks found out that I owned the house next door, but he dared not bury the treasure there because the yard was smoothly sodded, and would show up any disturbance; while Mrs. H.'s yard, being covered with planks, was just the thing. So he simply raised one of the planks, dug a hole, and deposited the sack containing the last of the treasure, and wrote me his confession. And there you are!'

He smiled benignly on us. I longed to hug him.

The wind swooped and whistled down the alley, and the starling gave little sharp twittering noises and cocked his head.

'When, oh, when?' we burst out; 'to-night? May we search for it to-night, Captain Pegg?'

He reflected. 'No–o. Not to-night. Jenks, you see, sent me a plan of the yard with a cross to mark where the treasure lies, and I'll have to hunt it up so as not to waste our time turning up the whole yard. But to-morrow night — yes, to-morrow at midnight we'll start the search!'

IV

At dinner that day the rice-pudding had the flavor of ambrosia. By nightfall preparations were already on foot.

First, the shovel had been smuggled from the coal-cellar and secreted in a corner of the yard behind the ash-barrel, together with an iron crowbar to use as a lever, and an empty sack to aid in the removal of the treasure.

I scarcely slept that night; and when I did my mind was filled with wild imaginings. The next morning we were heedless scholars indeed, and at dinner I ate so little that Mrs. Handsomebody was moved to remark jocularly that somebody not a thousand miles away was shaping for a bilious bout.

At four o'clock Captain Pegg appeared at his window, looking the picture of cheerful confidence. He said it warmed his heart to be at his old profession again, and indeed I never saw a merrier twinkle in any one's eyes. He had found the plan of the yard sent by Jenks and he had no doubt that we should soon be in possession of the Spanish treasure.

'But there's one thing, my lads,' he said solemnly: 'I make no claim whatever to any share in this booty. Let that be understood. Anything we find is to be yours entirely. If I were to take any such goods into my son's

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house, his wife would get suspicious, and uncomfortable questions would be asked, and it'd be all up with this archæologist business.'

'Could n't you hide it under your bed?' I suggested.

'Oh, she'd be sure to find it,' he replied sadly. 'She's into everything. And even if they did n't locate it till I am dead, they'd feel disgraced to think their father had been a pirate. You'll have to take it.'

We agreed, therefore, to ease him of the responsibility of his strangely gotten gain. We then parted, with the understanding that we were to meet him in the alley between the two houses promptly at midnight, and that in the meantime, we were to preserve a calm and commonplace demeanor.

With the addition of four crullers and a slab of cold bread pudding filched from the pantry, our preparations were now complete.

We were well-disciplined little animals; we always went to bed without a murmur, but on this night we literally flew there. The Seraph ended his prayers with —'And for this piwate tweasure make us twuly thankful. Amen.'

The next moment we had dived under the bedclothes and snuggled there in wild expectancy.

From half-past seven to twelve is a long stretch. The Seraph slept peacefully. Angel or I rose every little while and struck a match to look at the clock. At nine we were so hungry that we ate all four crullers. At eleven we ate the slab of cold bread pudding. After that we talked less, and I think Angel dozed, but I lay staring in the direction of the window, watching for the brightness which would signify that Captain Pegg was astir and had lighted his gas.

At last it came — a pale and trembling messenger, that showed our little room to me in a new aspect — one of mystery and grotesque shadows.

I was on my feet in an instant. I shook Angel's shoulder.

'Up with you!' I whispered, hoarsely. 'The hour has come!'

I knew that drastic measures must be taken with The Seraph, so I just grasped him under the armpits and stood him on his feet without a word. He wobbled for a space, digging his knuckles in his eyes.

The hands of the clock pointed to ten minutes to twelve.

Angel and I hastily pulled on our trousers; and he, who liked to dress the part, stuck a knife in his belt and twisted a scarlet silk handkerchief (borrowed from Mary Ellen) round his head. His dark eyes glistened under its folds.

The Seraph and I went unadorned, save that he girt his trusty sword about his stout middle and I carried a toy bayonet.

Down the inky-black stairs we crept, scarcely breathing. The lower hall seemed cavernous. I could smell the old carpets and the haircloth covering of the chairs. We sidled down the back hall among goloshes, umbrellas, and Turk's-head dusters. The back door had a key like that of a jail.

Angel tried it with both hands, but though it grated horribly, it stuck. Then I had a try, and could not resist a triumphant click of the tongue when it turned, for Angel was a vain fellow and took a rise out of being the elder.

And when the moonlight shone upon us in the yard! — oh, the delicious freedom of it! We hopped for joy.

In the alley we awaited our leader. Between the houses we could see the low half-moon, hanging like a tilted bird's nest in the dark-blue sky, while a group of stars fluttered near it like young birds. The cathedral chimes sounded the hour of midnight.

Soon we heard the stealthy steps of Captain Pegg, and we gasped as we

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saw him, for in place of his flowered dressing-gown he wore breeches and top boots, a loose shirt with a blue neckerchief knotted at the throat, and, gleaming at his side, a cutlass.

He smiled broadly when he saw us.

'Well, if you are n't armed — every man-jack of you — even to the bantling!' he cried. 'Capital!'

'My sword, she's *weal*,' said The Seraph with dignity. 'Sometimes I fight giants.'

Captain Pegg then shook hands with each of us in turn, and we thrilled at being treated as an equal by such a man.

'And now to work!' he said, heartily. 'Here is the plan of the yard as sent by Jenks.'

We could see it plainly by the moonlight, all neatly drawn out, even to the ash-barrel and the clothes-dryer, and there, on the fifth plank from the end, was a cross in red ink, and beside it the magic word — 'Treasure'!

Captain Pegg inserted the crowbar in a wide crack between the fourth and fifth boards, then we all pressed our full weight upon it with a 'Yo heave ho, my hearties!' from our chief.

The board flew up and we flew down, sprawling on the ground. Somehow the captain, being versed in such matters, kept his feet, though he staggered a bit.

Then, in an instant, we were pulling wildly at the plank to dislodge it. This we accomplished after much effort, and a dark, dank recess was disclosed.

Captain Pegg dropped to his knees, and with his hand explored cautiously under the planks. His face fell.

'Shiver my timbers if I can find it!' he muttered.

'Let me try!' I cried eagerly.

Both Angel and I thrust our hands in also and fumbled among the moist lumps of earth.

Captain Pegg now lighted a match and held it in the aperture. It cast a glow upon our tense faces.

'Hold it closer!' implored Angel. 'This way — right here — don't you see?'

At the same moment we both had seen the heavy metal ring that projected, ever so little, above the surface of the earth. We grasped it simultaneously and pulled. Captain Pegg lighted another match. It was heavy —oh, so heavy! — but we got it out: a fair-sized leather bag bound with thongs. To one of these was attached the ring we had first caught sight of.

Now, kneeling as we were, we stared up in Captain Pegg's face. His wide blue eyes had somehow got a different look.

'Little boys,' he said gently, 'open it!'

There in the moonlight, we unloosed the fastening of the bag and turned its contents out upon the bare boards. The treasure lay disclosed then, a glimmering heap, as if, out of the dank earth, we had digged a patch of moonshine.

We squatted on the boards around it, our heads touching, our wondering eyes filled with the magic of it.

'It is treasure,' murmured Angel, in an awe-struck voice, 'real treasure trove. Will you tell us, Captain Pegg, what all these things are?'

Captain Pegg, squatting like the rest of us, ran his hands meditatively through the strange collection.

'Why, strike me purple,' he growled, 'if that scamp Jenks has n't kept most of the gold coins and left us only the silver! But here's three golden doubloons, all right, one apiece for ye! And here's ducats and silver florins, and pieces of eight — and some I can't name till I get the daylight on them. It's a pretty bit of treasure all told; and see here —'

He held up two old Spanish watches,

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just the thing for gentlemen adventurers.

We boys were now delving into the treasure on our own account, and brought to light a brace of antiquated pistols, an old silver flagon, a compass, a wonderful set of chessmen carved from ivory, and some curious shells, that delighted The Seraph. And other quaint things there were that we handled reverently, and coins of different countries, square and round, and some with holes bored through.

We were so intent upon our discovery that none of us heard the approaching footsteps till they were fair upon us. Then, with a start, we turned, and saw to our horror Mrs. Handsomebody and Mary Ellen, with her hair in curl-papers, and close behind them, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Pegg, scantily attired, the gentleman carrying a revolver.

'David! John! Alexander!' gobbled Mrs. Handsomebody.

'Now what d'ye think of that!' came from Mary Ellen.

'Father! Have you gone quite mad?' cried Mrs. Pegg. And — 'Oh, I say, governor,' stammered the gentleman with the revolver.

Captain Pegg rose to his feet with dignity.

'These young gentlemen,' he said, simply, 'have with my help been able to locate some buried treasure, which was stolen from me years ago by a man named Jenks, and has lain hidden here since two decades. I hereby renounce all claim to it in favor of my three brave friends!'

Mr. Pegg was bent over the treasure.

'Now, look here, sir,' he said, rather sharply, 'some of this seems to be quite valuable stuff —'

'I know the value of it to a penny,' replied his father, with equal asperity, 'and I intend that it shall belong solely and wholly to these boys.'

'Whatever are you rigged up like that for?' demanded his daughter-in-law.

'As gentlemen of spirit,' replied Captain Pegg, patiently, 'we chose to dress the part. We do what we can to keep a little glamour and gayety in the world. Some folk' — he looked at Mrs. Handsomebody —'would like to discipline it all away.'

'I think,' said our governess, 'that considering it is *my* back yard, I have some claim to —'

'None at all, madam — none at all!' interrupted Captain Pegg. 'By all the rules of treasure-hunting, the finder keeps the treasure.'

Mrs. Handsomebody was silenced. She did not wish to quarrel with the Peggs.

Mrs. Pegg moved closer to her.

'Mrs. Handsomebody,' she said, winking her white eyelashes very fast, 'I really do not think that you should allow your pupils to accept this — er — treasure. My father-in-law has become very eccentric of late, and I am positive that he himself buried these things very recently. Only day before yesterday, I saw that set of ivory chessmen on his writing table.'

'Hold your tongue, Sophia!' shouted Captain Pegg loudly.

Mr. Mortimer Pegg looked warningly at his wife.

'All right, governor! Don't you worry,' he said, taking his father's arm. 'It shall be just as you say; but one thing is certain, you'll take your death of cold if you stay out in this night air.'

As he spoke, he turned up the collar of his coat.

Captain Pegg shook hands with a grand air with Angel and me, then he lifted The Seraph in his arms and kissed him.

'Good-night, bantling!' he said, softly. 'Sleep tight!'

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He turned then to his son.

'Mort,' said he, 'I have n't kissed a little boy like that since you were just so high.'

Mr. Pegg laughed and shivered, and they went off quite amiably, arm in arm, Mrs. Pegg following, muttering to herself.

Mrs. Handsomebody looked disparagingly at the treasure. 'Mary Ellen,' she ordered, 'help the children to gather up that rubbish, and come in at once! Such an hour it is!'

Mary Ellen, with many exclamations, assisted in the removal of the treasure to our bedroom. Mrs. Handsomebody, after seeing it deposited there, and us safely under the bedclothes, herself extinguished the gas.

'I shall write to your father,' she said, severely, 'and tell him the whole circumstance. *Then* we shall see what is to be done with *you*, and with the *treasure*.'

With this veiled threat she left us. We snuggled our little bodies together. We were cold.

'I'll write to father myself, to-morrow, an' 'splain everything,' I announced.

'D' you know,' mused Angel, 'I b'lieve I'll be a pirate, 'stead of a civil engineer like father. I b'lieve there 's more in it.'

'I'll be an engineer just the same,' said I.

'I fink,' murmured The Seraph, sleepily, 'I fink I'll jus' be a bishop, an' go to bed at pwoper times an' have poached eggs for tea.'

REMINISCENCE WITH POSTSCRIPT

BY OWEN WISTER

S'il vient à point, me souviendra. — Bohier.

I

Not alone because of their good meat and drink are three meals shrined at the heart of these following impressions. Singly, each one did delightfully engage the palate, but the three together speak appealingly to sentiment. It is of a great house, a little inn, and of the fair region round about them that I shall mainly discourse — and whether I do or don't give a final *x* to the name of the house, there are people and documents to say I have spelt it wrong: which comes very near to saying that both ways are right. The *x* shall remain, the majority seems to favor it, and I at once beg that you share my relish of these posturing Renaissance lines, written by royal command in honor of Chenonceaux: —

> Au saint bal des dryades,
> A Phœbus, ce grand dieu,
> Aux humides nayades
> J'ai consacré ce lieu.

This highly plaster-cast lyric was recited during the 'triomphe' held at Chenonceaux to celebrate the arrival there of François II and Mary Stuart. The hostess was as distinguished as her visitors; and never, before I went to Chenonceaux, did I associate naiads and dryads and poems of welcome with Catherine de' Medici. But we must allow this monstrous personage an eye for good houses. She preferred Che-

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nonceaux to all her dwellings — she preferred it so much, indeed, that she made another lady get out of it, exchanging for it the decidedly inferior residence of Chaumont. And we have Catherine to thank (I fear) for the strangely felicitous fancy that placed upon the arches built from the rear of the house to the farther side of the river by her ejected predecessor, Diane de Poitiers, that enchanting hall or gallery, which rises three stories high, if you count the nine windows in the steeply and gracefully pitched slate roof.

> Basti si magnifiquement
> Il est debout, comme un géant,
> Dedans le lit de la rivière,
> C'est-a-dire dessus un pont
> Qui porte cent toises de long.

These verses bump down heavily upon the bridge, and, despite their scrupulous statistics as to its length, they scarcely measure the excellence of Chenonceaux, but rather the gap between French verse and French architecture in the sixteenth century. Villon could have come nearer the mark; but Villon was long gone before the ancient mill on the river Cher was transfigured by its purchaser into the château he did not live to complete. 'S'il vient à point,' said Thomas Bohier, and he graved it in many ornamental places of his edifice, 'me souviendra.'

And here am I writing his name and thinking about him, three hundred and ninety-two years after his death. What a pleasant reason for being remembered! What a quietly illustrious introduction to posterity: the originator of the mansion whose sheer beauty brought a succession of kings and queens and other great people to sojourn in it, whose walls have listened to the blandishments of François I, the sallies of Fontenelle and Voltaire, the sentimentalities of Rousseau. Do their ghosts walk here upon these terraces? Do they meet in the long gallery over the Cher? If they do not, they are less wise in the next world than they were in this. Almost might one envy some figure in a well-preserved piece of tapestry, hanging in any hall or chamber here and commanding a view out of any window that looked up or down the placid river. Embroidered thus for ever, amid high company, ladies and gentlemen of importance with hawks and feathers and armor and steeds richly caparisoned, ministered to by esquires and serfs, one would exist admired, valued, and carefully dusted. Daily sight-seers from all lands would be conducted into one's presence (Sundays included, 10–11 A.M., 2–6 P.M.), thus animating one's feudal leisure with sufficient variety. There one would be, an acknowledged masterpiece, for ever aloof from the unstable present, nevermore driven to enlist against the restless evils of the world. The trouble is, somebody from Pittsburg might buy one. Now I could no more brook living as tapestry in America than I could live as an American in Europe, expatriated and trivially evaporating amid beauties and comforts that were none of my native heritage.

Do you know the country where Chenonceaux stands? Do you know the river? Have you ever gone there from Tours, or come there the opposite way, from Bourges through Vierzon and Montrichard?

The region shares a secret with certain rare people, whom all of us are glad to count among our acquaintance. Certain men and women, immediately on our first meeting them, make us desire to meet them again; not because they have uttered remarkable thoughts or reminded us of Venus or Apollo: perhaps they have said nothing that you and I could n't say, and we may know people much better looking. But they

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radiate — what is it that they radiate? We feel it, we bask in it, it flows over us. It is n't sunlight or moonlight, but a fairy-light of their own. When these shining creatures come into the room, happiness enters with them. How do they do it? It gets us nowhere to say that there is 'something' in the tone of their voice, or 'something' in the look of their eyes: what is the something? I'm glad I don't know; mystery is growing so scarce, that I am thankful for anything which cannot be explained.

Now this rare quality (and don't flatter yourself that you understand it because you happen to know its name) is possessed not only by men and women, but also by places; and, no more than with people, has it anything to do with their being remarkable or beautiful. The White Mountains in New Hampshire have n't a trace of it; it fills the mountains of North Carolina; there is almost none along our Atlantic seaboard, but it hangs over and haunts nearly every foot of our Pacific Coast.

Whenever one of these happy spots has been long known to man, man has invariably cherished it in word and deed. His chronicles celebrate it; he sets it lovingly like a jewel in his romances, dramas, verse, prose, song; he graces it with his best in architecture; his roads and gardens bring it alike into his hours of work and of ease; in fine, he garlands it with his imagination, weaves it into his life century after century, until it comes to smile upon him from the heart of his History and Literature, as well as upon his daily present. That is what mankind has done beneath the spell of a place which has charm.

Thus Touraine to the Frenchman, — *beau pays de Touraine*, as the page in Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* sings of it in that opera's second act, which takes place at Chenonceaux. I suppose — indeed I remember — that rain falls in that country; yet, when I think about it, sunshine invariably sparkles through the picture — not the kind that glares and burns, but the kind that plays gently among leaves and shores and shadows; sunshine upon the twinkling, feathered silver of the poplars, the grapes in sloping vineyards, the green islands and tawny bluffs of the Loire, the quiet waters of the Indre and the Cher; a jocund harmony seems to play about the very names, — Beaulieu, Montrésor, Saint-Symphorien, — but were I to begin upon the music in the names of France, I should run far beyond the limits of Touraine and of your patience. Say to yourself aloud, properly, Amboise, Chateaurenault, La Chapelle-Blanche, Saint-Martin-le-Beau, and then say Naugatuck, Saugatuck, Pawtucket, Woonsocket, Manayunk, Manunkachunk, and you will catch my drift. Stevenson's joy in our names was at bottom purely that of the collector.

But have you ever seen the Loire and its tributary realm? I have already owned myself (together with all other men) as unable to explain the mystery of charm. No Niagara is hereabouts, nor Matterhorn, nor anything you could call sublime; nothing so lustrously beautiful as Bar Harbor, or the Berkshire Hills. Wildness is wholly absent, but so is tameness too. It is somehow through its very moderation that the glamour of this land is wrought. But we must nicely distinguish between the poetry and the prose of moderation: Princeton Junction, New Jersey, is perfectly moderate, and is also the type and pattern of hundreds of thousands of square, comfortable, unoffending miles in the United States which you would never wish to see again — indeed which you would never wish to see once; whereas, even as I write, I am homesick for Touraine, though it is n't my home.

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Once again I must draw the parallel between human qualities and the ways of our mother earth. We place at the top of our esteem those people who take chivalrously the heavy blows of life, who are not brave merely, but gallant. We draw scant inspiration from the sight of somebody who is all too obviously and dutifully bearing something; who goes, day after day, with a set and sombre expression that says as plainly as words: 'Just watch me carrying my Cross. Just wait till you have one.' We prefer those whose gayety so conceals the fact that they're behaving well, that we should never suspect it, did we not know what they have passed, and are passing, through. Thus also does Touraine conceal the tears and the blood she has known. Louis the Eleventh, Catherine de' Medici, the gibbet balcony of the Salle des Armes at Amboise, the iron cage and the black dungeons of Loches, — Touraine, with her smiling, high-bred elegance, keeps all this to herself, and gives you a bright welcome. Often as she has been the scene of Tragedy, often as the glaive and not the lute has been the instrument of her drama, she might well look in her glass and exclaim with Richard the Second, —

> Hath sorrow struck
> So many blows upon this face of mine,
> And made no deeper wounds?

Wearing no crape, betraying no scars, hinting naught of its dark experience of life, this realm, this *beau pays*, more than any in Europe, to my thinking, lies in the true key of high comedy, of masque and pastoral. If, here and there above its trees or upon its hills, the brooding frown of some tower, the gaunt stare of some donjon in ruins, fierce with memories, brings one up short, so that in joy's mid-current some smack of the bitter wells up — this is not Nature's doing. Look away from these works of man to the feathered poplars, the vineyards, the gentle waters, and see the earth's countenance, smiling and serene. Decorous it is always; only the irregularities of the Loire and its channel seem to bear any reference to the conduct of those beautiful historic ladies who dispersed their reputations in the vicinity. Even man did not always build a Langeais or a Loches. Urbane and gracious amid their parks or on their bluffs rise those dwellings planned when France's architectural genius was in its happiest mood — though not its loftiest. They look like the good society which once assembled in them; their mere aspect suggests the wits, the brilliant talkers and listeners of a day when conversation was a living art still, the day which furnishes us even now with those letters and memoirs which are the dainty wainscoting and mantelpieces, the interior decorations of Literature. You may wander almost anywhere among the poplars and the chestnuts in the valleys of the Loire's quiet tributaries; you can hardly go wrong; if the turrets of Ussé against their rising woodland do not regale your eye, it will be Azay-le-Rideau, or something less famous, or, best of all, Chenonceaux, to which I now return.

II

I saw it first upon an afternoon when no air was stirring, even in the poplars, when the green of Touraine was changing to gold: golden fruit, pears, and apples, where summer's fruit had been; golden leaves flickering down from high branches, or raked into golden heaps; while the faint sweet smoke of burning twigs hovered in the autumn day. It was the moment and scene of the year when, just because other things have ceased to grow, memories blossom in the mind; and on every golden heap of leaves retrospect seemed to be sitting. We visitors were three.

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I can recall the first sight of the château's yellow façade, framed by the distant end of the high, formal avenue into which we turned to approach it. All sorts of feet had stepped where we were walking: almost four centuries of distinguished feet had gone in and out of that beautiful front door; but over its appealing associations the still more appealing aspect of the wonderful house triumphed. If I knew about *Le Devin du Village* then, the scene of its first performance interested me much more because that long and many-windowed gallery was built right over the water, right across the Cher, upon arches that the glassy surface of the stream reflected symmetrically. I was captured then and for ever by the beauty and the originality of this residence. Our best country houses take earth and air into partnership, but this abode of grace possessed, embraced, a little river. To go in at your front door on one green margin and come out of your back door on the other; to dwell in a masterpiece that was house and bridge in one — I can still recover my first sensations of delight at this triumph of French art. Only — the concierge did n't let us go out of the back door; and my disappointment was cherished through long years, until its sequel, which I shall presently reach. This first afternoon became a chapter in the most delightful of guide-books, from which I quote the following: —

'We took our way back to the Grand Monarque, and waited in the little inn-parlor for a late train to Tours. We were not impatient, for we had an excellent dinner to occupy us; and even after we had dined we were still content to sit a while and exchange remarks upon the superior civilization of France. Where else, at a village inn, should we have fared so well? . . . At the little inn at Chenonceaux the *cuisine* was not only excellent, but the service was graceful. We were waited on by mademoiselle and her mamma; it was so that mademoiselle alluded to the elder lady, as she uncorked for us a bottle of Vouvray mousseux.'

On another page of this same guide-book you may read how, at the Hotel de l'Univers in Tours, the château of Amboise was described to us by an English lady of a type that I sadly miss today. One met her everywhere then. She was a more fragile sister of that robust, brick-complexioned spinster who used to climb all the Alps in practical but awful garments. She did n't often venture to speak to you for fear you were n't respectable, or might think she was n't. When she did, it was apt to be with explosive shyness, running all her words together, as she did about Amboise. 'It's-very-very-dirty-and-very-keeawrious!' Curious and furious she always pronounced to rhyme with glorious and victorious; and it invariably made me think of 'God Save the Queen.'

In my interest as to whether we should again have the excellent fare and graceful service which I so well remembered at the little inn, and whether now at last my long-cherished wish to step out of that back door on the river's farther side were to be gratified, Chenonceaux itself had so dropped out of my thoughts that it fairly burst upon my sight. Bursting is, of course, a thing which that delicate and restrained edifice could never really do, only I was n't thinking about it as our party (we were four on this second visit, and it was spring-time) came into the avenue. There at the other end stood the fair gay vision of the château, and its beauty and wonder so suddenly waked my admiration, that I exclaimed, 'How young it looks!'

Yes; it did n't look new, but it looked young: youth is the particular and essential note of this enchanted building.

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None of its neighbors have it, not even Azay-le-Rideau or Blois, which are its rivals, though never its equals. Chenonceaux was four hundred years old in January, 1915. Age makes one type of person decrepit, and so it is with houses. But Chenonceaux, if ever it come to show its years, will belong to the other type: it will look venerable. Did it, do you think, catch its secret from the ring of Charlemagne, by whose sorceries its mistress, Diane de Poitiers, was accused of preserving her youth? This lady's success with François Premier so disconcerted the amiability of the Duchesse d'Etampes, that she constantly reminded Diane she was born on the day Diane was married. — But I resist the temptation to dwell upon Diane and everybody else linked to Chenonceaux by history; it's all accessible to you in books; and I proceed with the visit our party of four made, this spring day.

Touraine was now all delicate in green; as lovely, as gracious, as discreet in its budding leaves as when the leaves had flickered down, spangling the air and grass and garden-walks with their gold. We had met at the little inn the same welcome, the same excellent *cuisine*, the same agreeable Vouvray mousseux. Mademoiselle was not there, but mamma was. Her premises and herself showed no ill effect from the prosperity brought to her through the guide-book I have already quoted. No guide-book in its author's plan, it was now become established as one, and he, petitioned in a letter from mamma, had corrected a certain error. In the first edition, page 60, you may read that we took our way back to the Grand Monarque; in later editions it is the Hôtel du Bon-Laboureur. The confusion to travelers, the injury to her custom, ensuing from the wrong name, madame had represented to the author; and now all was well. The inn was n't any larger, but more and more each season were pilgrims with expectant appetites led to her door.

'Tenez, monsieur,' she said to me eagerly, when I narrated to her how I had been present at the germination of her renown, 'tenez. Voilà!' She showed me the precious guide-book. She treasured it, though she could n't read it, because it was in English. And I came in for her smiles and cordiality, which really belonged to the author.

You will have perceived, our party this time took their *déjeuner*, not their dinner, at the Bon-Laboureur. The good omelette and cheese and fruit and wine, mamma's prosperity and her well-preserved state, — for now she was really an elderly woman, — all this had brought us in peaceful and pleased spirits to the château. When we had seen the rooms downstairs and the concierge was conducting the other sight-seers — some ten or twelve — to the second story, our party under my guidance stole away to the back door.

'Back door' implies no dishonorable passage through pantry and kitchen; we simply did n't go up the staircase in the wake of the concierge, but independently along the hall instead, and thus across the Cher through Catherine's celebrated gallery. *Le Devin du Village* came into my mind, and I wondered which figure was the more diverting, Jean-Jacques Rousseau composing opera, or Richard Wagner dabbling in philosophy.

The door was open. I emerged, the happy leader of my party, upon stone steps, crossed a little drawbridge, and our triumphant feet trod the grass beneath the trees which shaded the river's bank. I had my wish; and as my obedient band followed me, I fear my complacent back and Anabasis manner expressed some sentiment like this: 'Only observe how it pays to see France with a person who knows the ropes!' We

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sauntered, we expatiated, we paused before what I'll call by metonymy the tocsin — a great bell and chain suspended from strong framework; from this point the château, with its fine detached cylindrical donjon tower of the fifteenth century, looked, in the afternoon light, particularly well: those poor sheep with the concierge were n't getting this view. We must have lingered by the tocsin a quarter of an hour, enjoying ourselves, before returning to the back door.

It was shut. It was locked. Rattling made no impression upon it, nor shaking, nor kicking. We knocked then, fancying this to be an accident. Next we called, or rather, I, the party's personal conductor and competent guide, began to call. Nothing happened. I augmented my efforts. Catherine's gallery, famous scene of the first performance of Rousseau's *Devin du Village*, responded with cavernous echoes. Between these reigned silence, and a gentle breeze rustled the young leaves of the chestnuts. We abandoned the door and went a few steps down the river to where our gesticulations could be seen from the windows of Chenonceaux. We made these gesticulations with our four umbrellas, whilst I shouted continually. Not a window blinked. It might have been a sorcerer's palace, and we his four new victims, presently to be roasted, boiled, or changed into cats. We looked down the river — no escape; up the river half-a-mile was a bridge; but what impediment might n't lie between? And even if the way were clear, to go round by the bridge would lose us our train to Tours. One of us, in her deep voice, said that she hoped the robin-redbreasts would find her body and cover it with leaves. Again we flourished our four umbrellas, during vociferations from me, at the imperturbable château. Then, quite suddenly, something did happen. Out of a window in the donjon tower of the fifteenth century was thrust a head, and from across the river it wagged at us malevolently.

It was the concierge. The shock of discovering he had locked us out purposely in punishment of our independent excursion, threw me into extreme rage. My Anabasis manner had already dropped from me; but Xenophon got his party successfully back, and this same task was now searchingly, compellingly, 'up to me.' More malevolent wagging from the tower was all that resulted from my next demonstrations. In these I was now alone; my party, at the apparition of the concierge, had become abruptly quiet, thinking doubtless that loud calls and wavings would diminish my dignity less than theirs, whose years and discretion were more than mine. Therefore my companions brandished their umbrellas no more, but stood upon the banks of the Cher decorously, in a reserved attitude, patient yet stately, as if awaiting the tumbril; I, meanwhile, hurled international threats across the river. These wrought no change. In repose my French halts, but when roused it acquires both speed and point; yet none of my idioms disturbed the concierge at his window. And now I was visited by inspiration. I seized the chain and rang the tocsin. It sounded as if Attila were coming at once. Somebody would have come, undoubtedly, — the whole *arrondissement* I should think, — but after a few moments of that din, the head disappeared; in a few more the door was unlocked, and my companions preceded me with restraint yet with celerity across Catherine's gallery and out of Chenonceaux's front door and away, down the avenue to the railway, whilst I delivered some final idioms to the concierge. I am happy to record that these made him livid, and in the presence of a highly atten-

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tive audience. But — we had in truth small idea with whom we were dealing. Some time later we got final news of him. He had committed a murder, been caught, tried, convicted, sentenced, and executed.

You will remember the British lady at the Hôtel de l'Univers in Tours, who, in her description of Amboise, pronounced curious to rhyme with glorious. Her kind was still pervading the quieter hotels of the continent (the Hôtel de l'Univers was still quiet) while her more muscular sister was still climbing all the Alps in valiant weeds. This time, another of the identical type sat next me at the table d'hôte, and from the corner of my eye I perceived her to be making endless and surreptitious dives with her head at my bottle of Vouvray mousseux. Becoming sure that this was neither St. Vitus's dance nor kleptomania, but a desire to learn the name of my wine, I made her a slight bow, turning my bottle so that she could more easily read its label; at which she squeaked skittishly, 'I-didn't-think-you'd-see-me!'

III

The mid-Victorian spinster was gone, the automobile was come, the much expanded Hotel de l'Univers was quiet no more and had abandoned the table d'hôte for small tables when next I saw Chenonceaux. Eager as I had been to return to it, still more did I desire to enjoy that particular pleasure which one takes in introducing a scene one delights in to a friend. We were, this time, as we had been the first time, a party of three, and the day was July 4, 1914; but in the Cathedral of Bourges that morning, and at Montrichard and along the Cher that forenoon, firecrackers seemed remote. Later, the Hôtel de l'Univers had illuminations and national melodies for the benefit of its American patrons — these having now swelled to the lucrative proportions of invasion.

But Chenonceaux had n't changed, Chenonceaux looked just as young as ever. Its bright serene aspect showed no confusion at changing masters so often. To my friends it more than fulfilled my promises for it, while for me it was even fairer than my memory. The concierge, a woman this time, told her band of sightseers enough, but much less than she knew. She had acquired (one somehow divined and discerned) a certain scorn for her sightseers. She had found (one saw) the affluent automobile to be the chariot of well-informed stomachs, but seldom of intelligences which had ever heard, or would ever care to hear, about Madame Dupin and her many distinguished guests. They knew their Michelin, where to buy *pétrol* along the road, which roads to avoid; and the road they had particularly avoided was the one conducting to civilization. Some of them were present on this occasion with their goggles, their magenta veils, and their brass voices. To these the concierge imparted what she deemed them able to digest. She did n't mention the *Devin du Village* — but I did! This brought an immediate *rapprochement*, as we lingered with her behind the departing goggles. She knew and loved her Chenonceaux; her scorn fell from her; but she told us nothing so interesting as the fact that during the last twelvemonth *twenty thousand* visitors had given each their required franc to see the place. The château, at this rate, will pay its way down the ages.

But what of the Bon-Laboureur? If the mid-Victorian spinster and the table d'hôte had n't survived the pace of the new century, what had the automobile done to the innocent village inn? I hope you will be glad to learn that it had n't — as yet — done much.

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I have now reached the third of those meals which I mentioned at the outset. The Bon-Laboureur seemed a little larger, — people were lunching in two rooms instead of one, and out behind, kitchenward, there was a hint of bustle and of chauffeurs, and perhaps the personal note of welcome was fainter. But it was n't quite absent; and still the food was excellent, still the service was courteous, a pleasant young woman waiting; and I felt that here was a good, small tradition still somewhat holding out against the beleaguering pressure of the wholesale. So I spoke to the pleasant young woman and inquired if the old *patronne* were still living.

'Mais si, monsieur!' I was, to my astonishment, answered. 'A deux pas d'ici.'

The personal note of welcome warmed up on learning that I was an old visitor here; the patronne would value a call from one who remembered her good cooking; she was now very old; she had sold the business and the good-will; she lived very quietly; would I not go to see her? And her house was pointed out to me.

Along the street of the little white village I went, slowly, in the midsummer warmth. The grape-leaves, trailing and basking on the walls, the full-leaved trees, the light and laziness of earth and sky, conveyed the same hush of repose that had exhaled from the golden autumn and the delicate spring I remembered so well; in this July sunshine, also, the pleasant land lay dreamy and unvexed. At a door standing slightly open, I knocked. Though a pause followed, I felt I had been heard; then I was bidden to enter, by a very old voice. Two rooms were accessible from the tiny hall, but I entered the right one, and there by the window sat the patronne. I had remembered her as moving alertly round her table, quiet and vigorous, above average height. All of this was gone; and as her dark, feeble eyes looked at me, I felt in them a certain apprehension, and found myself unpremeditatedly saying, —

'Madame, I trust you will not think ill of an intruder when you learn why it is that he has ventured to knock at your door. They assured me you would like my visit. Here is my little story: One Sunday afternoon in September, 1882, three travelers came to the Bon-Laboureur. I was one of them; and never forgetting your excellent meal and service, I returned at my first opportunity, in April, 1896. Meanwhile that good meal of yours, and you its hostess, had been mentioned in a book by another of those three guests; and you told me of the prosperity this had brought you. Since that visit, thirty-two years ago, I have become a writer of books too. Of me you will not have heard, but you cannot have forgotten Mr. Henry James, whose praise brought so many guests to the Bon-Laboureur.'

Her eyes, during my speech, had awakened, and now she stood up.

'My servant is absent,' she said, 'or you would not have had to come in so. But my son lives close by in that large place. He will like very much to see you. I will call him.'

She would have gone for him on her trembling feet, but this I begged she would not do; I had but five minutes; friends were waiting for me.

'I am ninety years old,' she said. 'Ah, monsieur, il est bien triste de vieillir. One has nothing any more.' She became suddenly moved, and tears fell from her.

I need not recall the little talk we had then. Strangers though we were, we did not speak as strangers; the memories that rose in each of us, so separate, so different, flowed together in some way, united beneath our spoken words, and made them sacred. But

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I may record that she got out her old books to show me, her registry-books of the Bon-Laboureur, little old modest volumes, where in many handwritings through many years the names of her guests had been inscribed. They had come from almost everywhere in the world. No longer strong enough, she had parted with the business and the good-will; but from these tokens of her past she could not part. She clung to the inanimate survivals of her good days and her renown. And on a blank page of the last volume which she placed before me, putting a pen in my hand, I wrote briefly for her of my three pilgrimages to her *petit pays*. Of the international distinction of her son she was touchingly and justly proud: famous peonies have spread his name wide as their cultivator and producer. For this, too, was the Bon-Laboureur in its way responsible.

Perhaps I may not see it again, or its grand neighbor, the château, that secular shrine of a vivacious and select Past. But I shall need no Michelin, or Baedeker, or Joanne, to guide my memories thither. They are with me, every moment and breath of them, for my perpetual delight, a safe possession, unweakened and undimmed; and to conjure them before me it needs no more than the haunting syllables of Chenonceaux and the quaint, cherished volumes of the patronne.

IN CHENONCEAUX

My noiseless thoughts, if changed to their just sound
Amid these courts of silence once so gay
With love and wit, that here full pleasure found
Where Kings put off their crownèd cares to play,
Would shake in laughter at some jest unheard;
Would sing like viols in a saraband;
Would whisper kisses — but express no word
That would not be too dim to understand.

Like to a child, who far from ocean's flood
Against his ear a shell doth fondly hold
To hear the murmur that is his own blood,
And half believes the fairy-tale he's told,
So I within this shell mistake my sea
Of musing for the tide of History.

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A NEW AMERICAN POET

BY EDWARD GARNETT

A SHORT time ago I found on a London bookstall an odd number of *The Poetry Review*, with examples of and comments on 'Modern American Poets,' — examples which whetted my curiosity. But the few quotations given appeared to me literary bric-à-brac, the fruit of light *liaisons* between American dilettantism and European models. Such poetry, æsthetic or sentimental, — reflections of vagrant influences, lyrical embroideries in the latest designs, with little imaginative insight into life or nature, — abounds in every generation. If sufficiently bizarre its pretensions are cried up in small Bohemian coteries; if sufficiently orthodox in tone and form, it may impress itself on that public which reads poetry as it looks idly at pictures, with sentimental appetite or from a vague respect for 'culture.' Next I turned to some American magazines at hand, and was brought to a pause by discovering some interesting verse by modern American poets, especially by women whose sincerity in the expression of the inner life of love compared well with the ambitious flights of some of their rivals. I learned indeed from a magazine article that the 'New Poetry' was in process of being hatched out by the younger school; and, no doubt, further researches would have yielded a harvest, had not a literary friend chanced to place in my hands a slim green volume, *North of Boston*, by Robert Frost.[1] I read it, and reread it. It seemed to me that this poet was destined to take a permanent place in American literature. I asked myself why this book was issued by an English and not by an American publisher. And to this question I have found no answer.[2] I may add here, in parenthesis, that I know nothing of Mr. Robert Frost save the three or four particulars I gleaned from the English friend who sent me *North of Boston*.

In an illuminating paper on recent American fiction which I hope by and by, with the editor's permission, to discuss along with Mr. Owen Wister's smashing onslaught in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. W. D. Howells remarks, 'By test of the native touch we should not find genuine some of the American writers whom Mr. Garnett accounts so.' No doubt Mr. Howells's stricture is just, and certain American novelists — whom he does not however particularize — have been too affected in spirit by European models. Indeed Frank Norris's early work, *Vandover and the Brute*, is quite continental in tone; and it is arguable that his study of the French Naturalists may have shown beneficial results later, in the breadth of scheme and clarity of *The Pit*.

This point of 'the native touch' raises difficult questions, for the ferment of foreign influence has often marked the point of departure and rise of powerful native writers, such as

[1] *North of Boston*, by ROBERT FROST. London: David Nutt, 1914.

[2] I am told, after writing this, that an American edition has been published by Henry Holt & Co. — THE AUTHOR.

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Pushkin in Russia and Fenimore Cooper in America. Again, if we consider the fiction of Poe and Herman Melville, would it not be difficult to assess their genuineness by any standard or measure of 'native touch'? But I take it that Mr. Howells would ban as 'not genuine' only those writers whose originality in vision, tone, and style has been patently marred or nullified by their surrender to exotic influences.

So complex may be the interlacing strains that blend in a writer's literary ancestry and determine his style, that the question first to ask seems to me whether a given author is a fresh creative force, an original voice in literature. Such an authentic original force to me speaks from *North of Boston*. Surely a genuine New England voice, whatever be its literary debt to old-world English ancestry. Originality, the point is there, — for we may note that originality of tone and vision is always the stumbling-block to the common taste when the latter is invited to readjust its accepted standards.

On opening *North of Boston* we see the first lines to be stamped with the magic of *style*, of a style that obeys its own laws of grace and beauty and inner harmony.

> Something there is that does n't love a wall,
> That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,
> And spills the upper boulders in the sun;
> And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.
> The work of hunters is another thing:
> I have come after them and made repair
> Where they have left not one stone on stone,
> But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,
> To please the yelping dogs. . . .

Note the clarity of the images, the firm outline. How delicately the unobtrusive opening suggests the countryman's contemplative pleasure in his fields and woods. It seems so very quiet, the modern reader may complain, forgetting Wordsworth; and indeed, had Wordsworth written these lines, I think they must have stood in every English anthology. And when we turn the page, the second poem, 'The Death of the Hired Man,' proves that this American poet has arrived, not indeed to challenge the English poet's possession of his territory, but to show how untrodden, how limitless are the stretching adjacent lands. 'The Death of the Hired Man' is a dramatic dialogue between husband and wife, a dialogue characterized by an exquisite precision of psychological insight. I note that two college professors have lately been taking Mr. Ruckstuhl to task for a new definition of poetry. Let us fly all such debates, following Goethe, who, condemning the 'æsthete who labors to express the nature of poetry and of poets,' exclaimed, 'What do we want with so much definition? A lively feeling of situations and an aptitude to describe them makes the poet.' This definition, though it does not cover the whole ground, is apropos to our purpose.

Mr. Frost possesses a keen feeling for situation. And his fine, sure touch in clarifying our obscure instincts and clashing impulses, and in crystallizing them in sharp, precise images, — for that we cannot be too grateful. Observe the tense, simple dramatic action, foreshadowing conflict, in the opening lines of 'The Death of the Hired Man':

> Mary sat musing on the lamp-flame at the table
> Waiting for Warren. When she heard his step,
> She ran on tip-toe down the darkened passage
> To meet him in the doorway with the news
> And put him on his guard. 'Silas is back.'
> She pushed him outward with her through the door
> And shut it after her. 'Be kind,' she said.

'It's we who must be good to him now,' she urges. I wish I had space to quote the debate so simple in its homely force, so comprehending in its spiritual veracity; but I must restrict myself to these arresting lines and to the hushed, tragic close: —

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Part of a moon was falling down the west
Dragging the whole sky with it to the hills.
Its light poured softly in her lap. She saw
And spread her apron to it. She put out her
hand
Among the harp-like morning-glory strings
Taut with the dew from garden bed to eaves,
As if she played unheard the tenderness
That wrought on him beside her in the night.
'Warren,' she said, 'he has come home to die:
You need n't be afraid he'll leave you this time.'

'Home,' he mocked gently.

'Yes, what else but home?
It all depends on what you mean by home.
Of course he's nothing to us, any more
Than was the hound that came a stranger to us
Out of the woods, worn out upon the trail.'

'Home is the place where, when you have to go
there,
They have to take you in.'

'I should have called it
Something you somehow have n't to deserve.'

. . . . . .

'You'll be surprised at him — how much he's
broken,
His working days are done; I'm sure of it.'

'I'd not be in a hurry to say that.'

'I have n't been. Go, look, see for yourself.
But, Warren, please remember how it is:
He's come to help you ditch the meadow.
He has a plan. You must n't laugh at him.
He may not speak of it, and then he may.
I'll sit and see if that small sailing cloud
Will hit or miss the moon.'

It hit the moon.
Then there were three there making a dim row,
The moon, the little silver cloud, and she.

Warren returned — too soon, it seemed to her,
Slipped to her side, caught up her hand and
waited.

'Warren,' she questioned.

'Dead,' was all he answered.

Yes, this is poetry, but of what order? the people may question, to whom for some reason poetry connotes the fervor of lyrical passion, the glow of romantic color, or the play of picturesque fancy. But it is precisely its quiet passion and spiritual tenderness that betray this to be poetry of a rare order, 'the poetry of a true real natural vision of life,' which, as Goethe declared, 'demands descriptive power of the highest degree, rendering a poet's pictures so lifelike that they become actualities to every reader.' One may indeed anticipate that the 'honorable minority' will appraise highly the spiritual beauty of the lines above quoted.

But what of his unconventional *genre* pictures, such as 'A Hundred Collars'? Is it necessary to carry the war against the enemy's cardboard fortresses of convention by using Goethe's further declaration: —

'At bottom no subject is unpoetical, if only the poet knows how to treat it aright.' The dictum is explicit: 'A true, real, natural vision of life . . . high descriptive power . . . pictures of lifelike actuality . . . a lively feeling of situation' — if a poet possess these qualifications he may treat any theme or situation he pleases. Indeed, the more prosaic appears the vesture of everyday life, the greater is the poet's triumph in seizing and representing the enduring human interest of its familiar features. In the characteristic fact, form, or feature the poet no less than the artist will discover essential lines and aspects of beauty. Nothing is barred to him, if he only have *vision*. Even the most eccentric divagations in human conduct can be exhibited in their true spiritual perspective by the psychologist of insight, as Browning repeatedly demonstrates. One sees no reason why Browning's 'Fra Lippo Lippi' with all its roughcast philosophic speculation should be 'poetry' and Mr. Frost's 'A Hundred Collars' should not; and indeed the purist must keep the gate closed on both or on neither. If I desired indeed to know whether a reader could really detect the genuine poet, when he appears

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amid the crowd of *dilettanti*, I should ask his judgment on a typical uncompromising passage in 'A Hundred Collars,' such as the following: —

'No room,' the night clerk said, 'Unless —'

Woodville's a place of shrieks and wandering lamps
And cars that shook and rattle — and *one* hotel.

'You say "unless." '

'Unless you would n't mind
Sharing a room with some one else.'

'Who is it?'

'A man.'

'So I should hope. What kind of man?'

'I know him: he's all right. A man's a man.
Separate beds of course you understand.'

The night clerk blinked his eyes and dared him on.

'Who's that man sleeping in the office chair?
Has he had the refusal of my chance?'

'He was afraid of being robbed or murdered.
What do you say?'

'I'll have to have a bed.'

The night clerk led him up three flights of stairs
And down a narrow passage full of doors,
At the last one of which he knocked and entered.

'Lafe, here's a fellow wants to share your room.'

'Show him this way. I'm not afraid of him.
I'm not so drunk I can't take care of myself.'

The night clerk clapped a bedstead on the foot.
'This will be yours. Good night,' he said, and went.

. . . . . .

The Doctor looked at Lafe and looked away.
A man? A brute. Naked above the waist,
He sat there creased and shining in the light,
Fumbling the buttons in a well-starched shirt.
'I'm moving into a size-larger shirt.
I've felt mean lately; mean's no name for it.
I've found just what the matter was to-night:
I've been a-choking like a nursery tree
When it outgrows the wire band of its name-tag.
I blamed it on the hot spell we've been having.
'Twas nothing but my foolish hanging back,
Not liking to own up I'd grown a size.
Number eighteen this is. What size do you wear?'
The Doctor caught his throat convulsively.
'Oh-ah-fourteen-fourteen.'

The whole colloquy between this tipsy provincial reporter, Lafayette, and the scared doctor, will, at the first blush, seem to be out of court to the ordinary citizen trained from childhood to recognize as 'poetical,' say Bryant's 'Thanatopsis.' The latter is a good example of 'the noble manner,' but the reader who enjoys it does not therefore turn away with a puzzled frown from Holmes's 'The Wonderful One-hoss Shay.'

But is Mr. Frost then a humorist? the reader may inquire, seeing a gleam of light. Humor has its place in his work; that is to say, our author's moods take their rise from his contemplative scrutiny of *character* in men and nature, and he responds equally to a tragic episode or a humorous situation. But, like creators greater in achievement, his humorous perception is interwoven with many other strands of apprehension, and in his *genre* pictures, sympathy blends with ironical appreciation of grave issues, to endow them with unique temperamental flavor. If one styled 'Mending Wall' and 'A Hundred Collars' idyls of New England life, the reader might remark sarcastically that they do not seem very idyllic; but idyls they are none the less, not in the corrupted sense of pseudo-Arcadian pastorals, but in the original meaning of 'little pictures.' One may contend that 'The Housekeeper' is cast in much the same gossiping style as Theocritus's idyl, 'The Ladies of Syracuse,' with its prattle of provincial ladies over their household affairs and the crush in the Alexandrian streets at the Festival of Adonis. And one may wager that this famous poem shocked the academic taste of the day by its unconventionality, and would not indeed, please modern professors, were it not the work of a Greek poet who

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lived three hundred years before Christ.

It is not indeed a bad precept for readers who wish to savor the distinctive quality of new original talents to judge them first by the *human interest* of what they present. Were this simple plan followed, a Browning or a Whitman would not be kept waiting so long in the chilling shadow of contemporary disapproval. Regard simply the people in Mr. Frost's dramatic dialogues, their motives and feelings, their intercourse and the clash of their outlooks, and note how these little canvases, painted with quiet, deep understanding of life's incongruous everyday web, begin to glow with subtle color. Observe how the author in 'A Servant to Servants,' picturing the native or local surroundings, makes the *essentials* live and speak in a woman's homely confession of her fear of madness.

But it is best to give an example of Mr. Frost's emotional force, and in quoting a passage from 'Home Burial' I say unhesitatingly that for tragic poignancy this piece stands by itself in American poetry. How dramatic is the action, in this moment of revelation of the tragic rift sundering man and wife!

He saw her from the bottom of the stairs
Before she saw him. She was starting down,
Looking back over her shoulder at some fear.
She took a doubtful step and then undid it
To raise herself and look again. He spoke,
Advancing toward her: 'What is it you see
From up there always — for I want to know.'
She turned and sank upon her skirts at that,
And her face changed from terrified to dull,
He said to gain time: 'What is it you see,'
Mounting until she cowered under him.
'I will find out now — you must tell me, dear.'
She, in her place, refused him any help
With the least stiffening of her neck and silence.
She let him look, sure that he would n't see,
Blind creature; and a while he did n't see.
But at last he murmured, 'Oh,' and again, 'Oh.'

'What is it — what?' she said.

'Just that I see.'

'You don't,' she challenged. 'Tell me what it is.'

'The wonder is I did n't see at once.
I never noticed it from here before.
I must be wonted to it — that's the reason.
The little graveyard where my people are!
So small the window frames the whole of it.
Not so much larger than a bedroom, is it?
There are three stones of slate and one of marble,
Broad-shouldered little slabs there in the sunlight,
On the sidehill. We have n't to mind *those*.
But I understand: it is not the stones,
But the child's mound —'

'Don't, don't, don't, don't,' she cried.

He entreats his wife to let him into her grief, and not to carry it, this time, to some one else. He entreats her to tell him why the loss of her first child has bred in her such rankling bitterness toward him, and why every word of his about the dead child gives her such offense.

— 'And it's come to this,
A man can't speak of his own child that's dead.'

'You can't because you don't know how.
If you had any feelings, you that dug
With your own hand — how could you? — his little grave;
I saw you from that very window there,
Making the gravel leap and leap in air,
Leap up like that, like that, and land so lightly
And roll back down the mound beside the hole.
I thought, Who is that man? I did n't know you.
And I crept down the stairs and up the stairs
To look again, and still your spade kept lifting.
Then you came in. I heard your rumbling voice
Out in the kitchen, and I don't know why,
But I went near to see with my own eyes.
You could sit there with the stains on your shoes
Of the fresh earth from your own baby's grave
And talk about your everyday concerns.
You had stood the spade up against the wall
Outside there in the entry, for I saw it.'

'I shall laugh the worst laugh I ever laughed.
I'm cursed, God, if I don't believe I'm cursed.'

'I can repeat the very words you were saying.
"Three foggy mornings and one rainy day
Will rot the best birch fence a man can build."
Think of it, talk like that at such a time!
What had how long it takes a birch to rot
To do with what was in the darkened parlor.
You *could n't* care! The nearest friends can go
With any one to death, comes so far short

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They might as well not try to go at all.
No, from the time when one is sick to death,
One is alone, and he dies more alone.
Friends make pretence of following to the grave,
But before one is in it, their minds are turned
And making the best of their way back to life
And living people, and things they understand.
But the world's evil. I won't have grief so
If I can change it. Oh, I won't, I won't.'

Here is vision, bearing the flame of piercing feeling in the living word. How exquisitely the strain of the mother's anguish is felt in that naked image, —

'Making the gravel leap and leap in air,
Leap up like that, like that, and land so lightly.'

Perhaps some readers, deceived by the supreme simplicity of this passage, may not see what art has inspired its perfect naturalness. It is indeed the perfection of poetic realism, both in observation and in deep insight into the heart. How well most of us know, after we have followed the funeral and stood by the grave-side of some man near to us, that baffled, uneasy self-questioning, 'Why do I feel so little? Is it possible I have no more sorrow or regret to feel at this death?' But what other poet has said this with such moving, exquisite felicity?

I have quoted 'Home Burial' partly from the belief that its dramatic intensity will best level any popular barrier to the recognition of its author's creative originality. But one does not expect that even a sensitive taste will respond so readily to the rare flavor of 'The Mountain' as did the American people to Whittier's 'Snowbound,' fifty years back. The imagery of the Quaker poet's idyl, perfectly suited to its purpose of mirroring with faithful sincerity the wintry landscape and the pursuits and character of a New England farmer's family, is marked by no peculiar delicacy or originality of style. Mr. Frost, on the other hand, may disappoint readers who prefer grandeur and breadth of outline or magical depth of coloring to delicate atmospheric imagery.

But the attentive reader will soon discover that Mr. Frost's cunning impressionism produces a subtle cumulative effect, and that by his use of pauses, digressions, and the crafty envisagement of his subject at fresh angles, he secures a pervading feeling of the mass and movement and elusive force of nature. He is a master of his exacting medium, blank verse, — a new master. The reader must pause and pause again before he can judge him, so unobtrusive and quiet are these 'effects,' so subtle the appeal of the whole. One can, indeed, return to his poems again and again without exhausting their quiet imaginative spell. For instance, the reader will note how the feeling of the mountain's mighty bulk and hanging mass, its vast elbowing flanks, its watching domination of the near fields and scattered farmsteads, begins to grow upon him, till he too is possessed by the idea of exploring its high ravines, its fountain springs and granite terraces. One of the surest tests of fine art is whether our imagination harks back to it, fascinated in after contemplation, or whether our interest is suddenly exhausted both in it and the subject. And 'The Mountain' shows that the poet has known how to seize and present the mysterious force and essence of living nature.

In nearly all Mr. Frost's quiet dramatic dialogues, his record of the present passing scene suggests how much has gone before, how much these people have lived through, what a lengthy chain of feelings and motives and circumstances has shaped their actions and mental attitudes. Thus in 'The Housekeeper,' his picture of the stout old woman sitting there in her chair, talking over Estelle, her grown-up daughter, who, weary of her anomalous position in the household, has left John and gone off and married another man, carries with it a rich sensation of

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the women's sharp criticism of a procrastinating obstinate man. John is too dense in his masculine way to know how much he owes to them. This psychological sketch in its sharp actuality is worthy of Sarah Orne Jewett.

But why put it in poetry and not in prose? the reader may hazard. Well, it comes with greater intensity in rhythm and is more heightened and concentrated in effect thereby. If the reader will examine 'A Servant to Servants,' he will recognize that this narrative of a woman's haunting fear that she has inherited the streak of madness in her family, would lose in distinction and clarity were it told in prose. Yet so extraordinarily close to normal every-day speech is it that I anticipate some academic person may test its metre with a metronome, and declare that the verse is often awkward in its scansion. No doubt. But so also is the blank verse of many a master hard to scan, if the academic footrule be not applied with a nice comprehension of where to give and when to take. In 'A Servant to Servants' the tragic effect of this overdriven woman's unburdening herself of her load of painful memories and gloomy forebodings is to my mind a rare artistic achievement, — one that graves itself on the memory.

And now that we have praised *North of Boston* so freely, shall we not make certain stiff, critical reservations? Doubtless one would do so were one not conscious that Mr. Frost's fellow poets, his deserving rivals, will relieve one of the task. May I say to them here that because I believe Mr. Frost in *North of Boston* has found a way for himself, so I believe their roads lie also open before them. These roads are infinite, and will surely yield, now or to-morrow, vital discoveries. A slight defect of Mr. Frost's subtle realistic method, and one does not wish to slur it over, is that it is sometimes difficult to grasp all the implications and bearings of his situations. His language in 'The Self-seeker' is highly figurative, too figurative perhaps for poetry. Again in 'The Generations of Men,' his method as art seems to be both a little casual and long-winded. In several of his poems, his fineness of psychological truth is perhaps in excess of his poetic beauty, — an inevitable defect of cool, fearless realism. And the corollary criticism no doubt will be heard, that from the intensity with which he makes us realize things we should gain a little more pleasure. But here one may add that there is pleasure and pleasure, and that it seems remarkable that this New England poet, so absorbed by the psychological drama of people's temperaments and conduct, should preserve such pure outlines and clear objectivity of style.

Is his talent a pure product of New England soil? I take it that just as Hawthorne owed a debt to English influence, so Mr. Frost owes one also. But his 'native touch' is declared by the subtle blend of outspokenness and reticence, of brooding conscience and grave humor. Speaking under correction, it appears to me that his creative vision, springing from New England soil, and calmly handing on the best and oldest American tradition, may be a little at variance with the cosmopolitan clamor of New York. It would be quaint indeed if Americans who, according to their magazines, are opening their hospitable bosoms to Mr. Rabindranath Tagore's spiritual poems and dramas of Bengal life, should rest oblivious of their own countryman. To certain citizens Mr. Frost's poems of the life of inconspicuous, humble New England folk may seem unattractively homely in comparison with the Eastern poet's lofty, mystical dramas; but by American critics this view will doubtless be

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characterized as a manifestation of American provincialism. The critics know that a poet who has no 'message' to deliver to the world, whose work is not only bare of prettiness and sentimentality but is isolated and unaffected by this or that 'movement,' is easily set aside. Nothing is easier, since his appeal is neither to the interests nor caprices of the market. Ours indeed is peculiarly the day when everything pure, shy, and independent in art seems at the mercy of whose who beat the big drum and shout their wares through the megaphone. And knowing this, the critic of conscience will take for his watchword *quality*.

'Mr. Frost is a true poet, but not a *poetical* poet,' remarked a listener to whom I read 'A Servant to Servants,' leaving me wondering whether his verdict inclined the scales definitely to praise or blame. Of poetical poets we have so many! of literary poets so many! of drawing-room poets so many! — of academic and dilettanti poets so many! of imitative poets so many! but of original poets how few!

A GROUP OF POEMS

BY ROBERT FROST

BIRCHES

When I see birches bend to left and right
Across the lines of straighter darker trees,
I like to think some boy's been swinging them.
But swinging does n't bend them down to stay.
Ice-storms do that. Often you must have seen them
Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning
After a rain. They click upon themselves
As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored
As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.
Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells
Shattering and avalanching on the snow-crust —
Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away
You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.
They are dragged to the withered bracken by the load
And they seem not to break; though once they are bowed

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So low for long they never right themselves:
You may see their trunks arching in the woods
Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground
Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair
Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.
But I was going to say when truth broke in
With all her matter-of-fact about the ice-storm,
(Now am I free to be poetical?)
I should prefer to have some boy bend them
As he went out and in to fetch the cows —
Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,
Whose only play was what he found himself,
Summer or winter, and could play alone.
One by one he subdued his father's trees
By riding them down over and over again
Until he took the stiffness out of them
And not one but hung limp, not one was left
For him to conquer. He learned all there was
To learn about not launching out too soon
And so not carrying the tree away
Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise
To the top branches, climbing carefully
With the same pains you use to fill a cup
Up to the brim, and even above the brim.
Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,
Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.
So was I once myself a swinger of birches.
And so I dream of going back to be.
It's when I'm weary of considerations,
And life is too much like a pathless wood
Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs
Broken across it, and one eye is weeping
From a twig's having lashed across it open.
I'd like to get away from earth awhile
And then come back to it and begin over.
May no fate willfully misunderstand me

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And half grant what I wish and snatch me away
Not to return. Earth 's the right place for love:
I don't know where it's likely to go better.
I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,
And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk
Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,
But dipped its top and set me down again.
That would be good both going and coming back.
One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim
Because it was grassy and wanted wear,
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I marked the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I,
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

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THE SOUND OF TREES

I WONDER about the trees:
Why do we wish to bear
Forever the noise of these
More than another noise
So close to our dwelling place?
We suffer them by the day
Till we lose all measure of pace
And fixity in our joys,
And acquire a listening air.
They are that that talks of going
But never gets away;
And that talks no less for knowing,
As it grows wiser and older,
That now it means to stay.
My feet tug at the floor
And my head sways to my shoulder
Sometimes when I watch trees sway
From the window or the door.
I shall set forth for somewhere,
I shall make the reckless choice,
Some day when they are in voice
And tossing so as to scare
The white clouds over them on.
I shall have less to say,
But I shall be gone.

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A NEW PROFESSION FOR WOMEN

BY EARL BARNES

I

THE book trade in the United States is in a bad way. A few textbooks, like Fry's Geographies or Myers's Histories, have made their publishers rich, for these are sold by the million copies. Such sales do not, however, in any way represent the general book trade; they furnish a standard commodity required for all school-children, and the textbook publishers have a highly developed system of distribution, independent of the bookstores that handle general literature. But even among the one hundred and sixty-two educational publishers listed in the *Publishers' Weekly* for 1913, there are only a few that are winning such prizes, and most of them are making only a very moderate financial success.

In the regular lines of publishing, conditions are probably fairly represented in Mr. George P. Brett's article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1913. As president of the Macmillan Company, he is in a position to know; and he tells us that while the number of books printed in America increased from 8,000 in 1901 to 13,000 in 1910, the book trade was not appreciably greater in volume in 1910 than it was a decade earlier. In these ten years we had added 15,000,000 people to our population; but while the number of new books had increased, the editions had dwindled.

Our present Ambassador to England, Mr. Walter H. Page, has had a long and successful experience as editor and publisher, and he says that American men spend more for neckties and our women spend more for buttons than either of them spends for books. Mr. Joseph B. Gilder, who gathered the opinions of representative publishers on Mr. Page's dictum and gave the results in the New York *Evening Post* for June 20, 1914, found that most of them agreed that the per capita consumption of books in the United States is ridiculously small. Mr. W. W. Ellsworth, president of the Century Company, is on record as lamenting our slack sales and poor means of book-distribution.

That this difficulty is due to the fewness of buyers rather than to the multiplicity of publishers is shown by the recent estimate made by the Publishers' Coöperative Bureau, that, in the United States, but one person in 7300 buys a book in the course of a year, while in Great Britain, it is one in 3800; in France, it is about the same; in Germany and Japan, it is rather better; and in Switzerland, it is one in 872. Cheaper books, in paper covers, account for some of this difference; but, whatever the cause, it remains true that the Europeans buy twice as many books per capita as we do.

In the hope of saving themselves financially the publishers have tried many expedients. They have turned aside from general literature to periodicals and textbooks; but periodicals have been difficult to float of late and few of them represent easy money. Other reputable publishers have been driven to send out canvassers, selling

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special editions from house to house, and even offering premiums to buyers. But in spite of their efforts to increase their incomes, it is matter of public gossip that some of our largest book producers are passing dividends, while others are in actual financial difficulties.

On the other hand, any one who is acquainted with the country at large, and who occasionally buys books, knows how difficult it is to find even standard works on sale anywhere outside the largest cities. In two cities of the Middle West, each with a population of more than two hundred thousand, I recently tried in vain to find a copy of either the *Statesman's Year Book* or the *American Year Book*. They could be ordered from New York or Chicago, but they were not in stock.

In fact, bookstores are steadily disappearing in all of our cities and towns. The old-time bookstore, managed by a man who knew books and loved them, is now little more than a tradition. On the book-counters of the department stores, which have nominally taken the place of the old time bookstores, one finds big piles of the 'best sellers,' and, with a dozen marked exceptions, little else.

Cultivated men and women have always counted good books among their most valued possessions, and one cannot believe that this taste can be sacrificed without definite loss to our civilization. The spoken word can never supplant the written word; and in fact the present tendency is all toward substituting print for speech. Nor can reading in public places take the place of reading one's own books in the quiet of one's home. Books that are owned wait patiently on the reader's leisure; and to have just the book one wants, when one wants it, is and must remain one of the supreme luxuries of a cultivated life.

Books, too, when personally owned, gather around themselves a wealth of personal associations. The very binding, paper, and title-page recall the conditions under which the book came into our possession. As we open its pages we remember the last time we read it, the place and circumstances, and the people with whom we discussed it. Books have personality; and they must always remain the warm friends of their possessors.

In cultivated homes, even young children love and cherish their books more than they do their toys. Human nature is open to the appeal of books; but the taste for literature, like the taste for music or conversation, must be cultivated. Music may largely disappear in a community where it is neglected, though the natural instincts of man still demand it. Fiddles may become as rare as hoop-skirts, though music is not a fashion, but a primitive fact of man's nature. It is the same with literature and with the books which are its instruments. The taste for literature is persistent, deep-seated in the nature of cultivated people; but, being less exigent than the hungers for food and social intercourse, it may be greatly augmented or diminished through attention or neglect.

What then is the reason for our present neglect of good books? Many people claim it is the expense, but experiments in bringing out cheap editions in America do not encourage this view. The Macmillan Company recently republished forty volumes of successful works in fifty-cent editions; but even with abundant advertising it was found that they did not sell as well as in the more expensive form. Publishers sometimes think that authors demand too large royalties, and it is charged that they are sometimes unwilling to coöperate in bringing out cheaper editions by accepting a smaller share of the income from sales. But, at the same time,

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Mr. Brett says that a large publishing house accepts only about two per cent of the manuscripts that come to it and that many good books remain unprinted. Surely such competition should temper the avarice of authors. Englishmen are not richer than Americans, and English books are not very much cheaper than American books, but in England, as we have seen, twice as many books are sold per capita as with us.

When we are uncertain as to the cause of any social conditions that we regret, it is our national habit to blame the public schools. Personally, I feel that they have much to answer for in this case. The schools teach children how to read, and they do it admirably well; but they have never been successful in cultivating the habit of good reading so that it becomes a part of the daily life. A great institution like our state school system should turn out generations of art-appreciating, music-loving, book-reading, and book-buying graduates. In a recent examination of four thousand children, I found that while thirty-nine per cent chose reading as their favorite subject before the age of nine, while they were learning to read, after that the percentage fell off year by year, until at the age of fourteen, — when they leave the elementary school, — only six per cent chose reading as their favorite subject, while five per cent declared it the most disagreeable subject they had in school.

Possibly the multiplication of public libraries makes it unnecessary for most of our people to buy books; but our most thoughtful publishers and librarians feel that public libraries should strengthen private book-buying by strengthening the taste for reading and the consequent love of books. Some critics think that we are not a book-buying people because we read too many periodicals, ride about in automobiles, go to moving-picture shows, and have our music produced mechanically without any effort on our part; and that our power of application is thus weakened.

We are increasingly numerous, increasingly well educated, at least so far as schools can educate, and increasingly rich. Why, then, do we not buy books? May it not be mainly because of our imperfect means for bringing the books and the prospective purchasers into relations with each other which will encourage buying? Whether it be cause or effect, no one can doubt that the distributing facilities of the book trade are strangely lacking. It is true that we have book catalogues and reviews; but most of us would dislike buying our clothes from a printed advertisement, and with books even more than with clothes, immediate contact incites desire for possession.

A new book should find as ready an outlet from the publisher to the reader as there now is for a new kind of collar, a breakfast food, or a pill. Through the wholesale dealers in men's furnishings, groceries, or drugs we can cover the country in a few days. Through the system of small stores in all parts of the city, and at every important cross-roads in the country, the new product is brought to the attention of millions of people almost automatically. If advertising has prepared the way, the public looks at the new product, and, if it is attractive, buys it. These conditions are what we need in the book trade.

Meanwhile the Curtis Publishing Company and Mr. Hearst seem to have solved this problem for their periodicals. One finds them in every village and even at the railroad junctions. The resident and the traveling man buy them because the goods and the purchasers are both there; and neither of these publishers is on record as lamenting slack sales. The Curtis Publishing

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Company discovered schoolboys and studied their psychology. The writer of this article believes that if book publishers would discover university-trained women and study their psychology, terminal facilities for the book trade might be found that would bring books and their buyers close together.

II

We have in this country a large number of young women who have had the advantages of a college or university training. About 70,000 women are now undergraduate students in American institutions of higher learning. When they graduate, many of these women will face a period of unemployment. Of 1076 women who had graduated from Bryn Mawr in 1911, 27 per cent were married, 28.5 per cent were teaching, while 25.6 per cent were unmarried and without paid occupation.

College women are widely distributed, so that they are found in every city and considerable town in the United States. Their home connections make it desirable to remain in the localities where they were born; but in many cases there is nothing there for them to do, at least nothing which corresponds with their long academic preparation. Many of them belong to well-to-do families, and they generally command the respect and confidence of the public. When they first began coming home from the colleges they naturally went into teaching. The higher schools are now overcrowded with them; and teaching has not proved to be the open sesame to the larger life which many of them had hoped it would prove. In any case, that branch of work is greatly overcrowded and underpaid, with small chance for individual ability to make itself felt.

Some thirty years ago, the genetic theory of life brought public consciousness up to the point where it recognized the need for continuous education of all the people at all ages. It was seen that public libraries ought not to be mere book depositories; circulation, not saving, became the motto. If the people would not come to the libraries, then the libraries must go to the people. To do this they must find new terminal facilities. But this demanded a great increase in libraries and a large number of intelligent librarians not bred in the old traditions. Mr. Melvil Dewey, and others, discovered the college-bred young woman, conveniently distributed, and lacking only technical knowledge to take up the work. In 1887, the Columbia College School for Library Economy was started, with a three months' course, and it gradually developed a curriculum fitted to the needs of the new librarians. The course was soon extended to two years and the school was removed to Albany, while new ones grew up in connection with such technical schools as Pratt and Drexel, or in connection with summer schools like Chautauqua.

Young women found in this work an attractive field for their energies; and their bookish habits made them quick students in the technical courses of preparation. Exact statistics are lacking, but granting that we have 5000 public libraries, there must be at least three or four times that number of women engaged in library work. But that field is now in turn overcrowded, and many of these women, because they can live at home and the work is attractive, are serving the public for nominal salaries.

Still more recently, various fields of social service have been opened up in consequence of this same broadening social consciousness. Again there has been a demand for trained workers, and the educated young women, conveniently distributed and many of

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them unoccupied, have been drafted into service. As in the case of the librarians, technical knowledge was needed, and so special schools of philanthropy and of social service — some of them affiliated with older institutions of learning — have sprung up. They are gradually perfecting a curriculum, and their graduates are taking places with state departments of charity or correction, the Associated Charities, Public Playgrounds, College Settlements, and a score of other institutions that are shaping social service.

But here, again, the supply of young college women has proved inexhaustible, and pecuniary considerations have taken a secondary place. Many of the recruits are working for a nominal fee, or for nothing, and not infrequently the young woman who draws a fair wage in the published accounts turns a part or all of it back into the general treasury of the charity.

These women under consideration have certain qualities that especially fit them to serve as the connecting link between publishers of books and their readers. As has been said, they are widely distributed in every town and city; they wish to remain at home; they have an intimate acquaintance with their communities, and they are esteemed. In addition to this, they all have a bookish habit of mind. They have had eight years in an elementary school, four years in a high school, and four in college. Sixteen years of daily association with books and with abstract knowledge, in the impressionable years between six and twenty-two, must leave an impress upon any mind; the book habit must be at least begun in all these women.

Beyond this, such women have, almost always, a desire for social service. Brought up on abstract ideals, separated, in most cases, from the grind of daily work, at the marriageable age they instinctively desire to lose themselves in service. With the weakening of the older type of home they seek some new means of social connection through which they can influence the public life around them. And while they have not become sufficiently emancipated socially to break the home ties and go out and search for employment as easily as their brothers do, they still have a desire for economic independence. They at least feel that they should make some reasonable return to society for the food they eat and for the clothes they wear.

And meanwhile, the emancipated woman in all classes of society is facing grave difficulties in entering industrial life. We are all becoming conscious of woman's physical limitations, so ably presented in Mr. Louis D. Brandeis's brief in the Portland Laundry case, and public opinion will make it increasingly difficult for women to invade lines of work requiring long hours of standing and heavy lifting, such as mining, iron-working, and general transportation. The passage of special legislation limiting woman's working hours and debarring her from night-work, such as has now been passed in a dozen states, will automatically remove her from many positions where she has formerly worked and where occasional overwork or night-work is still thought necessary, or at least desirable. Agriculture and stock-raising will appeal to a limited number, and meanwhile the callings of teacher, librarian, and social worker are already over-supplied. What are educated young women going to do?

III

Why may they not establish bookstores in their own cities and towns in all parts of the country? Such stores would meet the need for a calling, and should yield a fair income. The wares

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are familiar to these women, who have at least a cultivated interest in them. Periodicals, music, photographs, and other art-products could be added to the stock, and the desire for social service could be met naturally by making the store a centre where people could meet, where they could examine books and periodicals while waiting, and where public opinion could be formed. The store might also sell tickets for concerts and lectures; and the right woman could exercise a large influence in directing the public taste in these matters.

It is clear that such enterprises, as in the case of the librarians thirty years ago and of the more recent social workers, would have not only to furnish what the public needs but would also have to educate the public to want what it needs. This would require skill and technical knowledge, exactly as in the case of the libraries and the social-service movement, and special schools would have to be developed to meet this need.

The young woman would have to know something about books as an industrial product, their paper, print, and binding. She should be acquainted with the great publishing centres, organizations of publishers and booksellers, and the present machinery for book distribution. Catalogues and trade-lists should be familiar tools to her. She should also know something of the lore of the bibliophile concerning old editions, fine bindings, rare copies, and the like. It would be even more important for her to know the psychology of book-buyers and the art of selling; and she must be prepared to make an intensive study of the mental and social conditions of her community. Added to this, she must know something of bookkeeping, banking, and general business usage.

Something more than a beginning has already been made in this direction. In New York City, a committee of the Booksellers' League, under the chairmanship of Mr. B. W. Huebsch, has established the Booksellers' School; and for three winters it has held meetings in various bookstores. Lectures have been given on 'The Making of a Book,' 'The Psychology of Salesmanship,' and similar subjects; and sometimes these lectures have been accompanied by demonstrations. Mr. Huebsch is now conducting a course in bookselling at the West Side Y.M.C.A. in New York.

As publishers, Mr. Huebsch and his associates have been anxious to train salesmen, in the hope of meeting the problem of establishing connections with the buyers. In Philadelphia, Mrs. L. L. W. Wilson, in the Girls' Evening High School, offered a course in bookselling during the past session; and in Cleveland similar work is projected. In Germany, such schools are already well established. The Leipzig School for Booksellers was founded in 1852, and in 1913, 430 students were enrolled. In this country, such schools may well have a development similar to that of the schools for librarians.

It is singular that in this work women have been so largely overlooked. There are a few women now in the business, some as successful proprietors, but most of them acting as buyers or clerks, mainly in the department stores. At a recent meeting of the Booksellers' Association of Philadelphia, where this general subject was discussed, not a single woman was present, and there was decided objection to encouraging women to enter the bookselling business. This is the more striking because in Philadelphia one of the best-informed and most capable booksellers is a woman, Miss Georgiana Hall, and many untrained women are now working at the book-counters of the Philadelphia

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department stores. At the thirteenth annual convention of the American Booksellers' Association in New York, in 1913, while there were three hundred and forty-three members enrolled, there were only about a dozen women present. Possibly booksellers do not want women competing in their business. If so, this would make the conquest of the field more difficult; but, as in the case of teachers, librarians, and social workers, the women would win if they could offer superior preparation, numbers, and consequent willingness to work for less money.

The most difficult factor still remains to be considered. How could all these small bookstores be financed? Most of these women whom we are considering possess little money, but they often belong to families that could put up a small capital, and, their reputations being good in their communities, they could float small loans more easily than men could float them in establishing similar industrial undertakings. Still this would not be enough; and probably this reason, together with the prejudice of young college women against commercialism, has so far prevented them from going into business on their own account. The steadily growing desire for economic independence must inevitably break down this prejudice against direct money-making, and then the need for initial capital must be faced.

Of course, in the last analysis, the American public should be more interested than any individual or group in increasing book-circulation; but it does not know its need. The publishers have the immediate need and they know it; they are fairly well organized, and, if the solution here offered would give them a large buying public, they ought, simply as a matter of self-interest, to reconsider even old and well-established practices. At present they demand that the seller shall purchase outright the books he proposes to sell; and they look with profound suspicion on any proposal that he shall be allowed, under any circumstances, to return any part of his unsold stock.

The publisher selects the books to publish which he thinks will sell; then he sends his salesman to the bookseller and induces him to buy as many copies as possible. The bookseller must be guided largely by the reputation of the author and of the publisher, and by the statements of the salesman, who is naturally eager to turn in a large order. In no other commodity does the retailer buy with so little real knowledge of what he is buying as in the book trade. If the books do not sell in that particular community, then the dealer has them on his hands; and in no other business does the left-over remnant represent such depreciation in value as in books.

In a paper which attracted great attention at the thirteenth annual convention of the American Booksellers' Association, Mr. W. H. Arnold urged that the publisher should allow the return of unsold copies within a year, under certain conditions. He suggested that they might credit the dealers with the money they had paid for the copies, less ten per cent. The proposal aroused great opposition; but if the publisher cannot satisfactorily market his books under present conditions, then he must at some time consider other possibilities.

Mr. Arnold's proposal is a modification of the system already existing on the continent of Europe. There the returning of unsold copies works more easily than it would here, because so many French and German books are bound in paper, thus making the recovering of soiled books possible at very slight cost.

The plan could be further modified

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with us so as not to disturb seriously the publishers' present relations with the booksellers. The venture might, for instance, be made by arrangement with one or two publishing houses. This would limit the 'on sale' account; and would lessen the need for immediate capital. The young woman who had the books of one or two publishers on sale, with the privilege of return, might sell any others, either through dummies or simply through catalogues and general orders.

A further modification might be made by which the young women might have two possible ways of handling their stock. If they had capital enough to invest outright, they could receive the usual bookseller's discount of approximately thirty-three and one third per cent; if the publisher bore the risk of returns and of damaged copies, then the retailer might receive a discount of something like twenty per cent.

In order to succeed, however, the plan would require the hearty coöperation of the book publishers of the country. A store here and there would produce little effect. Every important city and town in the country should have its store; and if large numbers of young women are to make the necessary preparation, and take the risk of time and money involved, they must have the sympathy and support of the publishing business.

The obvious objections to this plan seem easy to answer. To say that the dealer should know in advance whether he can sell a book is absurd. Even the publisher, who has carefully examined the manuscript and has had the advice of his critics, is never sure that a book will sell; and the retailer, having to cater to a smaller community and not knowing the books at first hand, must expect to buy some stock that will not sell. The difficulty in settling author's royalties could certainly be adjusted. The objection that the books would be spoiled through shipment and exposure on the shelves has validity; but Mr. Arnold claims that several years' experience shows that an initial advance of four per cent on the price charged the retailer, with the ten per cent penalty on returned volumes, would cover such losses, if reasonable precaution were exercised in stocking the retailer. Of course, annuals like *Who's Who* could be excepted from this arrangement, and other practical arrangements could be made.

If a book fails to sell in a particular locality, the one man in the country who ought to know where that book will sell, after a year's trial, is the publisher who brought it out, for he has presumably kept in contact with the public interest. The local dealer cannot seek an active market away from his own locality, but the publisher can. If the result were to make the publisher still more careful than he now is with regard to bringing out worthless books, that would be an end in itself desirable. If the publisher could establish vital relations with the book-buying public, he could certainly afford to take a fair amount of risk. As we have said, book-buying is not, like bread-buying, dictated by necessity. The public might stop buying books and still live comfortably; on the other hand the taste for reading one's own books might be vastly increased if we could find a way.

This plan would not require the publishers to capitalize the terminal bookstores. The books would still be bought as at present, probably subject to a slight increase in initial price to the retailer. But the local store would be relieved from the burden of dead stock which now makes a steadily increasing investment of capital necessary and makes a very complex and difficult business problem for the retailer. Under this plan, the retailer would need

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only the capital to buy the initial stock, and she could not lose in a single year more than her rent, her time, and ten per cent of her investment, even if she did not sell a single volume.

Of course, the traveling salesman would have a new problem to meet. Instead of trying to sell stock, regardless of the ability of the retailer to dispose of it, he would face the task of selling just what the local market would demand. Instead of being tempted to exploit and ultimately to destroy his own terminal facilities, he would be driven to aid the local dealer with his knowledge of the books; and in the long run such treatment would serve the best interests of every one concerned.

If some such system as this could be worked out, the capital required to stock a small store would not be greater than a woman of good reputation and standing in the community could hope to borrow; and if she could turn her capital once a year, and avoid dead stock, she ought to be able to make a financial success of the venture.

IV

The universal criticism raised to my plan at this point is that young college women have no financial skill and no interest in commercial life. Their whole tendency is to spend, and they are not only impatient of financial details but incapable of mastering them. This is undoubtedly too true as matters stand at present. The most educated women in the community are probably doing less to create an intelligent public attitude toward property than any other equivalent group of people in our midst. Many of them look down with a kind of contempt upon the money-getting which makes their own spending possible. But it is a shame that it should be so, and we must recognize that the same criticism holds, though possibly in a less degree, with regard to many men who leave college.

But once in the business world, the young college man often makes a very quick adjustment. Is it not possible that the women possess the same aptitude, and that, having had special training in the bookselling schools, a part of which will have dealt with business training, they may show skill equal to that of their brothers? It is remarkable how well women's clubs are now handling their budgets; and some of them represent large sums. With nearly eight million wage-earning women in the country, there must be a growing commercial sense reaching over even to college graduates.

And many college women have already demonstrated their ability to carry on an independent business. In every modern city we have restaurants like the Green Dragon in Philadelphia and the Tally-ho in New York, managed by women. In most of our smaller cities, young women are conducting candy and pastry shops, flower stores, or toy shops like the Mariana Kindermarkt in Harrisburg, that yield an income which most men would accept with complacence. For years, in all of our city markets women have tended stalls, where they have sold meat, butter, eggs, and vegetables, often with men acting as their assistants. Surely a college education does not destroy the executive qualities of a capable woman.

The critics must remember, too, that any one of these young women thinks herself able, when she marries, to handle her husband's income, or at least the part of it that goes into the household budget. Of course, she would have her husband's advice; but the young women we are considering would have no lack of good advisers among their friends. The women of America

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are spending the family funds; and there must be many young women who are as ready to begin a business life as their brothers are.

Such an undertaking would demand sound business sense from the woman who wanted to balance her accounts with a profit. She would have to recognize that her business engagements must take precedence over everything else, and she would have to put in regular hours of service. If she hoped to run the store as an interesting money-making incident in her day's activity, depending on clerks to handle the details, she would be almost sure to fail. If she wanted to make her store into a reception-room or an art museum, she would do well to cut out the bookselling part. Flowers, polished tables, cosy corners, easy chairs, and an attractive color scheme might be good business, if kept in absolute subordination to bookselling. If they came to be an end in themselves the proprietor might build up a large calling acquaintance and spend a series of pleasant afternoons, but she would be in a bad way when she came to balance her accounts at the year's end.

In the meantime the opportunity which would be thus opened for young women of the college class would help in every way to settle the vexed question of such women's relation to the economic life of the community. At present they confuse all of our thinking; they often imagine they are doing something important when they are not; and they drive to despair the woman who must support herself, through the fact that they live partly on unearned incomes from their homes, and so are willing to work for impossible wages as teachers, librarians, or social workers. In selling books, they would be face to face with their balance-sheet; and while they might still live at home and demoralize the labor market, they would be in no doubt as to what they were really worth in the economic world.

And, on the other hand, it would give young women of ability and devotion a wide range of useful exercise for their talents. As industrial agents, they would be handling goods that would make for larger intelligence and for social betterment. They could help individuals and the community at large. The work would be active and varied but not too laborious; and they would be meeting men and women under conditions of freedom and security which might naturally lead to their largest possible life. Even if it did not, it would still be an interesting and useful life, independent of the caprice of directors, and admirably fitted for youth, middle age, and old age.

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AN EDUCATIONAL FANTASY

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

When I look back upon a half century of wasted life, I find that there are no years that accuse me of neglected opportunity more poignantly than those between five and twelve. If only I had had the foresight then to apply myself with earnestness to the tasks set before me! If only now I possessed those priceless stores of knowledge that I feel sure must then have been pumped into me! That I must have received abundant elementary instruction I feel confident, although I do not in the least remember receiving it. My purely academic activities at this period remain wrapped in obscurity, while other memories are lively enough. I distinctly recall the scientific invention displayed in our efforts to produce new shades and colors in the soapy water with which we cleaned our slates. It was I who discovered that the yolk of an egg well beaten made a more satisfactory admixture than butter, even though both are equally yellow to begin with. I remember how one may by judicious spooning out with a pin, extract the inner riches of a chocolate drop without visible disturbance of the outer crust. Despite my scholastic indifference, I can have been no sluggard, without spirit, for of my fifty coevals there was not one who could tag me in the open except Percy Dent alone, and that only (but in my wisdom I never let him discover the fact) when I would let him; well do I recollect with what *éclat*, with what flutter of petticoats and pinafore, I could execute a *pas seul* at hop-scotch. These attainments, the thrill of which still warms me, prove me not without ambition; —

> Not for such hopes and fears,
> Annulling youth's brief years,
> Do I remonstrate,

but for

> Those obstinate questionings
> Of sense and outward things,

such as the multiplication table, and the capital of Arizona, and the difference between an adjective and an adverb, — questionings so obstinate that I am convinced that not even at ten years old did I know the answers; *hinc illæ lacrimæ*.

To some extent it is possible to go back and piece out the stitches dropped in the course of an education; only, one is not allowed to go back so far as I desire. Roughly speaking, I should say that life does not allow one to relearn what one has failed to learn before sixteen, whereas it is the knowledge belonging to eight years, and ten and twelve, after which I hunger and thirst. I wish some one would open a school for able-minded but ignorant grown-ups. Believe me, enough of us could be found to attend, enough of us glad to jump down from our college chairs, to leave our laboratories with their clutter of advanced research, our counting-houses with their problems, and gladly go to school, gladly learn once and forever how much nine times thirteen is, and build Vesuvius past and present out of clay, and follow out of doors some charming young lady who would tell us exactly what the birds and the wild waves are saying.

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But I stipulate at the outset that I will have no offensive superiority in my instructors. If I am to learn as a child I will be treated as a child. I will have no one caviling at me, for instance, because I do not know when Washington was born. I never did know when Washington was born, but I desire now to amend this my iniquity of ignorance, and I am even minded, if only my teachers will be patient, to plod on from the Revolution to the Civil War, and to learn the succession of battles thereof, and which side won them. I wish my instructors to understand that my humility of spirit needs no augmenting on their part. I wish them to be as sweetly patient and cheerily maternal as they would be to my daughter's daughter. I wish my teachers to administer boundary lines but mildly, and to give me their minimum doses of mental arithmetic; for in mathematics and geography my mind is willing but weak. I think I could promise that patience in my instructors would have a reward in a proficiency of pupil such as they could never hope to win from the iniquitous immature, on whose preoccupied minds and thankless hearts they squander such devotion.

What a joyous picture it is, as I conjure it up, this going to school again! What happiness to slip out of our grown-up households, and go forth into the morning, with book-strap and luncheon in hand, to meet by the way our harried and over-busy acquaintance, men and women, some white-headed in ignorance, perhaps, all skipping and dancing along to the same glad place. Gleeful, we enter a sunny room with geraniums on the window-sill, bright maps on the wall, and a beautiful young lady at the desk. We are no longer hard and hardened children: our hearts as well as our intellects are softened by the debility of age, and we appreciate the graciousness of our instructor with the rose in her belt, the milk of human kindness in her eye, and the carefully preserved smile upon her lips. It is with responsive smiles of gratitude that we feel arithmetic and history and geography trickling into our craniums from the cranium of our teacher. Then, when she feels that, still willing, we are perhaps grown weary with well-doing, she gives a signal, and with one accord we raise our cracked voices in ecstatic, yet instructive song, in which perhaps we are poetically informed of some new fact about the firefly, or the green grass, or perhaps our own gastronomy, or in glittering phrase we unweave the rainbow into the colors of the spectrum. Or, to forestall the *ennui* resulting from our too earnest effort, our instructor bids us stretch our cramped, rheumatic limbs, and with graceful contortions of her lithe young body, directs us as we prance stiffly through a calisthenic exercise.

But it is not on these diversions that my fancy lingers most fondly, but on those more solid parts of our education. How happy I should be, for example, if I could only add, both in my head and on paper! How many bewildered and distrustful moments would thus be eliminated from my existence! And if to a proficiency in addition I superadded an adeptness in subtraction, then perhaps on some proud day might my opinion of the bulk of my bank account approximate more nearly the opinion of the cashier. And if my rudimentary bump of mathematics were carefully manipulated according to the newest system of educational massage, I might even progress as far as percentage. I might learn how to be richer if I could once understand the allurements of compound interest. So much depends on the attitude of mind that I wonder whether, if I approached fractions in a spirit of friendliness rather than of enmity to the knife, they would

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reward me by allowing me an entrance into their intricacies, so that I could with impunity buy things on the bias, or estimate the reduction by dozen of merchandise that tags a half cent to its price when purchased singly. There are, besides, other valuable facts to be gleaned from the study of arithmetic, the possession of which would be matter for gloating. How proudly I should proclaim to some ignorant companion of a country stroll the number of feet in a mile! I should be happy to know under all circumstances the number of ounces in a pound, grocer's or apothecary's: how exalted I should be if I knew the exact amount of a scruple, that being a fact of which I am sure most of my friends are ignorant. An exhaustive knowledge of weights and measures would not only entitle one to distinction among one's acquaintance, but would open up many new avenues of interest in one's daily life.

History is another of the subjects for which I hanker; not history as it is administered to me now, spiced for the mature palate, with philosophy and evolution, the ebb and flow of tendencies, but history for the infant mind, the bread and milk of history, as it were. I have sometimes thought that historic research would be easier for me if sometimes I knew what men did before I was forced to understand why they did it; and a simple statement of what the actual fact is under consideration would clarify for me much of the historian's discussion of cause and effect. I have a distinct conception of the development of the great and glorious English people, but even such knowledge would be materially strengthened if I were able instantly to sort out all the Henrys and Edwards and stow them away in their proper cubby-holes among the embarrassment of decades. As to my own respected fatherland, I have discussed intelligently the growth of the spoils system, skipping from presidential term to presidential term with all a grown-up's airy superiority; but ask me by whom and when and why North Carolina was colonized, or just what Captain John Smith was about when Pocahontas intercepted the executioner, and you have me. I want to study history at last fairly and squarely, out of a dapper little textbook that I can stow away handily in my brain, with fine fair outlines at beginning and end of it, and all important events made salient by heavy type, and a brisk brushing together of one's information by a *résumé* after each chapter. Such a primer would greatly assist me in my study of the metaphysics of history.

Yet perhaps I do but hanker after impossibilities; perhaps this school I so happily image forth would refuse to teach me what I want to know. Possibly such information belongs only to the period of my negligent infancy. Perhaps my charming young teacher, exuding the wit and wisdom of the newest normal school, would refuse to stand and deliver the knowledge I long for. If I desired the facts of the French and Indian War, I might merely be set to building wigwams and drawing braves in war-paint with colored crayons on the blackboard. Perhaps after all there is nobody left who knows how to teach the things I have forgotten. For example, do they now acknowledge in the primary curriculum that fair, old-fashioned study called penmanship? I yearn to be put once more into a copybook. I long to set forth once more wise saws in round *v*'s and unquestioned *e*'s and *i*'s. My fingers long since became callous and conscienceless to distinguish *t* from *l*, *b* from *p*, and I wish somebody would reform the rascally old digits. It would be a great relief to my friends and myself if I could only become legible in my old age.

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One branch of knowledge little emphasized in my youth, however, I could be sure of receiving at the hands of my fair instructress of to-day, — I refer to that varied information known as nature-study. I am greatly deficient in nature-study. I own to an unanalytical habit of mind as regards out-of-doors. So long as the wild flowers make a glory at my feet, I have never cared much to shred them into pistil and corolla and stamen. So long as the small fowls make me melody I have never cared to know the color of their pin-feathers. But I would fain amend all this and die knowing something. I picture our band of eager grown-ups pouring over the country-side in the wake of our animated and instructive conductor, — peering into the grass to lay bare the soul in the sod, blinking our old eyes to discover the bird in his coverts, cocking our dull ears to classify the notes of his song. I see us disporting ourselves over the landscape, busily seeking some curious knowledge, and then scampering back to our teacher with treasure trove of leaf or flower or pebble or captured insect. Sweetly she commends our application, and explains the exact nature of our find. We swell with knowledge momentarily, and return to more prosaic tasks elate, having hung its proper label on blade and bush, bird and bough. What a satisfaction it would be, after having lived with nature for a lifetime in awesome ignorance, to feel that one had at last assailed her and ascertained her secrets!

As a young child, I must have been singularly limited in mental scope; I cannot otherwise explain my well-remembered aversion to geography. Those parti-colored maps streaked with inky rivers, and bordered by the wiggling lines of the Gulf Stream, filled me with loathing. The revolving globe, and that oft-repeated image which likens the earth to an orange flattened at the poles, seemed to me almost sickening. How bitterly do I repent my obstinacy! Besides, there is not one trace left now of my former aversion. In fact, geography appeals to me to-day as if it were a brand-new branch of study, so well did I succeed in not learning it as a child. I have tried ever since reaching maturity to make up my geographical deficiencies, but with small success. Often do I find myself relegated to the dunce-seat in the minds of the company present. Despite my constant effort there are certain countries that always elude my grasp, notably Burma and New Zealand, and there is always for me an airy insubstantiality about the entire continent of South America. Within my own beloved country, certain rivers have a way of turning up in unexpected states when I supposed that they had long comfortably emptied themselves into the ocean; and there are some cities which always flit with agility to and fro across the map.

I wonder if my early antagonism to geography might perhaps have been due to a shrewd sense of its uselessness to me at that stage of my existence. Stay-at-home as I was, why trouble myself with strange lands until necessary? Yet I was lacking in foresight, and should be grateful now if only I had packed away some information against the day I should need it, whereas nowadays I find traveling without any knowledge of geography stimulating but inconvenient. This observation leads me to a broader one on the topsy-turvy nature of our present educational sequence: those studies most astute and useless we put in the college curriculum, and those most immediate and practical to the college graduate about to grapple with life, we relegate to the elementary school, where the children neither desire nor need to master them. I would suggest a turning about. Let the college youth and maid

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who will suffer from a lack of practical arithmetic learn to add a column accurately; let the irresponsible infant sport with trigonometry and conic sections. These subjects unlearned or forgotten, one could still go through life unfretted by the loss. So with other subjects forever lost to us because entrusted to the intelligence of careless infancy. I would teach geography and handwriting in the senior year at college, and put philosophy in the primary school. So would the young collegian go forth upon life well equipped, and not come to fifty years burdened with regrets for knowledge lost forever, — as I. I have kept afloat in higher mathematics, I have delved into the mines of science, I have trod air with many a prancing philosopher, — therefore who so well fitted as I to appreciate at last the peace of having a foundation!

AFTER SEEING YOUNG SOLDIERS IN LONDON

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

I HAVE no Heaven for myself. My heart is Heaven here.
To unfold, to fade — it is enough, earth and a dream so dear.

But I craved Heaven for them, for them! Let there be Paradise!
They go to die ere they have lived, their youth within their eyes.

They go to die for the bond, the word, that the dream of dreams may grow.
It is their will. They say farewell, knowing where they go.

Though they have Heaven as they die, knowing they die so well,
Knowing the dream is dear enough, as all who live will tell,

Knowing this death is life — yet — youth is in their eyes!
O let them wake, laugh and unfold! For them, green Paradise!

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THE HOUSE ON HENRY STREET

VI. SOCIAL FORCES

BY LILLIAN D. WALD

I

It would be impossible in the space of a single chapter to give adequate presentation of those forces termed social which have hold upon our neighborhood. The poor and the unemployed, the sick, the helpless, and the bewildered, unable to articulate their woes, are with us in great numbers. These, however, comprise only a part of our diverse, cosmopolitan population. Many men and women are living on the East Side who give keen scrutiny to measures for social amelioration. They are likely to appreciate the sincerity of messages, whether these relate to living conditions, to the drama, or to music. Not only the East Side 'intellectuals,' but the alert proletariat, may furnish propagandists of important social reforms.

The contrast between the character of the religious influences of the remoter past, or even of twenty or thirty years ago, in our part of the city, and those of the present day, is marked in the church edifices themselves.

Across from the Settlement's main houses on Henry Street stands All Saints', with its slave gallery, calling up a picture of the rich and fashionable congregation of long ago. For years after its dispersal to other parts of the city, sentiment for the place, focusing on the stately, young-minded, octogenarian clergyman who remained behind, occasionally brought old members back; but now he too is gone and the services echo to empty pews. The Floating Church, moored to its dock near by, was removed but yesterday. Mariners' Temple and the Church of the Sea and Land still stand and suggest an invitation to the seafaring man to worship in Henry Street.

Occasionally a zealot seeks to rekindle in the churches of our neighborhood the fire that once brightened their altars, and social workers called thither one 'comrade' who ventured to bring the infamy of the red-light district to the knowledge of his bishop and the city. That bishop, humane and socially minded, came down for a short time to live among us; and in the evenings when he crossed the crowded street to call or to dine with us, he dwelt upon the pleasure he had in learning to know the self-respect and dignity of his East Side parishioners. He spoke with gratification of the fact that during his stay down town no begging letters had come to him from the neighborhood, nor had any one belonging to it taken advantage of his presence to ask for personal favors.

The neighborhood took his presence quite simply, regretting with him the spectacular featuring of his visit by the newspapers. Indeed, the only cynical comment that came to my ears was from a young radical who, upon hearing of the bishop's tribute, said,

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'That's nothing new. It's only new to a bishop.'

In the Catholic churches the change is most marked by the dwindling of the large Irish congregations and the coming of the Italians. Patron saints' days are celebrated with pomp and elaborate decoration. Arches of light festoon the streets; altars are erected on the sidewalk, and the image of the saint is enshrined on the church façade, high above the passers-by. Threading in and out of the throngs are picturesquely shawled women with lovely babes in arms, fakirs, beggars, and venders offering for sale rosaries, candles, and holy pictures. Mulberry Street, Elizabeth Street, and even Goerck Street's sordid ugliness are then transformed for the time and a clue is given to the old-world influence of the Church through the drama.

The change from the Russian Pale, where the rabbi's control is both civil and spiritual, to a new world of complex religious and political authority, or lack of authority, accentuates the difficulties of readjustment for the pious Jew. The Talmudic students, cherished in the old country and held aloof from all questions of economic needs because of their learning and piety, find themselves without anchor in the new environment and precipitated into entirely new valuations of worth and strength.

Freedom and opportunity for the young make costly demands on the bewildered elders, who cling tenaciously to their ancient religious observances. The synagogues are everywhere, — imposing or shabby-looking buildings, — and the *chevras*, sometimes occupying only a small room where the prescribed number meet for daily prayer. Often through the windows of a dilapidated house the swaying figures of the devout may be seen, with prayer-shawl and phylactery and eyes turned to the east. At high festivals every pew and bench is occupied and additional halls are rented where services are held for those men, women, and young people who, indifferent at other times, then meet and pray together.

But though the religious life is abundantly in evidence through the synagogues and the *Talmud-Torah* schools and *Chedorim*,[1] where the boys, confined for many hours, study Hebrew and receive religious instruction; and although the *Barmitzvah* or confirmation of the son at thirteen is still an impressive ceremony and the occasion of family rejoicing, there is lament on the part of the pious that the house of worship and the ritualistic ceremonial of the Jewish faith have lost their hold upon the spiritual life of the younger generation.

For them new appeals take the place of the old religious commands. The modern public-spirited rabbi offers his pulpit for the presentation of current social problems. Zionism with its appeal for a spiritual nationalism, socialism with its call to economic salvation, the extension of democracy through the enfranchisement of women, the plea for service to humanity through social work, stir the younger generation and give expression to a religious spirit.

Settlements suffer at times from the criticism of those who sincerely believe that, without definite religious propaganda, their full measure of usefulness cannot be attained. It has seemed to us that something fundamental in the structure of the settlement itself would be lost were our policy altered. All creeds have a common basis for fellowship, and their adherents may work together for humanity with mutual respect and esteem for the convictions of each, when these are not brought into controversy. Protestants, Catholics,

[1] The report of the Federal Bureau of Education for 1913 shows 500 of these schools in New York City. — THE AUTHOR.

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Jews, an occasional Buddhist, and those who can claim no creed have lived and served together in the Henry Street house contented and happy for many years, with no attempt to impose their theological convictions upon one another or upon the members of the clubs and classes who come in confidence to us.

II

During any election campaign the swarming, gesticulating, serious-looking street crowds of our neighborhood are multiplied and intensified.

During the recent almost riotous support of a governor who had been impeached (at the behest, it was generally believed, of an irritated 'boss' to whom he had refused obedience), many New Yorkers, who had come to count upon the East Side for insight and understanding, were perplexed at what seemed hero-worship of a man against whom charges of misappropriation of funds had been sustained. Those who knew the people discerned an emotional desire for justice mingled with some gratitude to the man who, while in Congress, had kept faith with his constituents on matters vital to them. Stopping at a sidewalk stand on Second Avenue, I asked the owner what it was all about. 'Oh,' said he, 'Sulzer ain't being punished now for bein' bad. Murphy's hittin' him for the good he done.'

Our first realization of the dominating influence of a political control upon the individual and collective life of the neighborhood came to us, naturally enough, through the gossip of our new acquaintances when we came to live down town, and we were not long oblivious to the power invested in quite ordinary men whom we met.

Two distinguished English visitors to America, keen students and historians of social movements, expressed a desire to learn of the methods of Tammany Hall from some one in its inner councils. A luncheon with a well-known and continuous officeholder was arranged by a mutual friend. When my interest was first aroused in the political life of the city, this man's position in the party had been cited as an example of the astuteness of the 'boss.' He had revolted against certain conditions and had shown remarkable ability in building up an opposition within the party. Ever after he had enjoyed unchallenged some high-salaried office.

Under the genial influence of our host, and perhaps because he felt secure with the English guests, the 'Judge' (he had at one time presided in an inferior court) talked freely of the details about which they were curious, — how the organization tested the loyalty of its members and increased their power and prestige as their record warranted it, — giving, incidentally, an interesting glimpse of the human elements in the great political machine. His success as a judge he attributed to the fact that he had used common sense where his highly educated colleagues would have used textbooks; and with keen appreciation of the humor of the situation he told how, when he was sworn in, a distinguished jurist had said he had come to his court 'to see Judge —— dispense with justice.' He defended the logic, from the 'boss's' point of view, of efficiently administering such patronage as was available, and made much of the kindness to the poor that was possible because of the district control. Comparing Tammany's attitude with what he supposed to be mine toward the poor, he added with a smile of comprehension, 'It's the same thing, only *we* keep books.'

So much genuine kindness is entwined with the administration of this district control that one can well comprehend the loyalty that it wins; and it

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is not the poor, jobless man who, at election time, remembers favors, of whom we are critical.

Opposed to the solidarity of the long-dominant party are the other party organizations and numerous cliques of radicals, independents, and reformers. These unite when the offenses of the party in power become most flagrant, and New York is temporarily freed from boss rule, to enjoy a respite of 'reform administration.' Into such 'moral campaigns' the House on Henry Street has always entered, and sometimes it has helped to initiate them, though steadily refusing to be brought officially into a political party or faction. Indeed it would be impossible to range residents or club members under one political banner. As is natural in so large a group, nearly every shade of political faith is represented.

A large proportion of the young people who come to the settlements are attracted to the independent political movements and are likely to respond to appeals to their civic conscience. While serving on a state commission I heard an up-state colleague repeat the rumor that Governor Hughes, then a candidate for reëlection, was to be 'knifed' by his party. We had seen in our part of the city no active campaign on his behalf. Posters, pictures, and flattering references were conspicuously absent. Governor Hughes had made a profound impression upon all but the advocates of rigid party control, because of his high-minded integrity and his emancipation from 'practical' political methods. I telephoned two or three of our young men that the time seemed ripe for some action in our neighborhood. In an incredibly short time a small group of Democrats, Republicans, and Socialists gathered in the sitting-room of the Henry Street house, and within twenty-four hours an Independent League was formed to bring the Governor's candidacy before the neighborhood. Financial and moral support came from other friends, and, before the end of the week, he addressed in Clinton Hall an enthusiastic mass meeting organized by this league without help from the members of his own political party.

The sporadic attempts of good citizens to organize for reform have, I am sure, given practical politicians food for merriment. One election night, dispirited because of the defeat of an upright and able man, I was about to enter the Settlement when one of the district leaders said, 'Your friends don't play the game intelligently. You telephone them *to-night* to begin to organize if they want to beat us next election. You got to begin early and stick to it.'

However, every sincere reform campaign is valuable because of its immediate and far-reaching educational effect, even when the candidates fail of election. The settlements have increasing authority because of the persistence of their interest in social-welfare measures. They accumulate in their daily routine significant facts obtainable in no other way. Governors and legislators listen, and sooner or later act on the representations of responsible advocates whose facts are current and trustworthy. The experience of the settlement-worker is often utilized by the state. At the twentieth anniversary of our Settlement the mayor drew attention to the fact that no less than five important city departments were entrusted to individuals qualified for public duty by administration of, or long-continued association with, the settlements.

Soon after our removal to Henry Street in 1895, messengers from the 'Association,' the important political club of the district, brought lanterns and flags with which we were requested to decorate in honor of a clambake to

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be given the next day. The event had been glaringly and expensively advertised for some time. The marchers were to pass our house in the morning and on their return in the evening. The young men glowed with the excitement of their recital, and I can still see the blank look of non-comprehension that passed over their faces when I tried to soften refusal by explaining, lamely, I fear, our reasons for avoiding the implications of participation. The courteous district leader of the other great party was equally at sea when, a short time after, he brought flags and decorations for their more humble celebration and met with the same refusal. The immediate conclusion appeared to be that we were enemies or 'reformers,' and the charge was held against us.

The gay and spirited clambake parade, with its bands and flying banners, the shooting rockets and loud applause of the friends of the marchers, had passed by when we were drawn to the windows to gaze upon another procession. Straggling, unkempt, dispirited-looking marchers returned our scrutiny and held aloft a banner bearing the legend 'Socialist Labor Party,' the portrait of a man, and beneath it the name 'Daniel De Leon.'

It was our first intimation of the Socialist movement in America. Students of its history will be able to identify this leader and recall the pioneer part he played in its early phases, his alliance with the once-powerful Knights of Labor, and the progress and decline of his society, now overshadowed by the present Socialist party.[1]

Meeting me on the Bowery one day about two years later, a neighbor stopped to explain that he was on his way to an interesting performance and invited me to accompany him. Together we walked along until we reached the Thalia Theatre, famous, under its old name of the Bowery, in the annals of the American stage. In this theatre Charlotte Cushman made her first appearance in New York, and here the elder Booth, Lester Wallack, and other distinguished players delighted the theatregoers of their day.

Venders of suspenders, hot sausages, and plaster statuettes surrounded the building, and placards on the Greek columns advertised the event as 'The Spoken Newspaper.' A huge audience was listening to editorials and special articles read by the authors themselves and the atmosphere was charged with intense purpose. Acquaintances gathered quickly and eagerly explained to me that members of labor organizations and 'intellectuals' of the neighborhood had united for the purpose of publishing a newspaper for Socialist propaganda and helping the cause of the working classes. They had little money, in fact were in debt. The men had contributed from their scanty wages; those who possessed watches had pawned them, and they were using this medium (The Spoken Newspaper) to raise money to pay the printer and other clamorous creditors, a charge of ten cents being made for admission to the theatre. A charter had been obtained under the name of 'The Forward Association,' but I was made to understand that this was not a stock corporation and was not organized for profit.

The genuinely social purpose of the organization held the men together through the lean years that were to follow. Finally, in 1908, the Association became self-supporting, and in 1911 the charter was amended to meet the enormously extended field. The Association now publishes a daily paper in Yiddish, with a regular circulation of 177,000, and a monthly periodical,

[1] See *History of Socialism in the United States*, by Morris Hillquit (Funk & Wagnalls). — The Author.

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and holds property estimated to be worth half a million dollars. From its funds it has aided struggling propagandist newspapers and has given help to labor organizations.

The hope of a more equal distribution of wealth bites early into the consciousness of the proletariat. Even the children, who cannot be excluded from any discussion in a tenement home, have opinions on the subject. Happening one day upon a club of youngsters, I interrupted a fiery debate on Socialism. Its twelve-year-old defender presented his arguments in this fashion: 'You see, gentlemen, it's this way. The millionaires sit round the table eating sponge cake and the bakers are down in the cellars baking it. But the day will come' — and here the young orator pointed an accusing finger at the universe — 'when the bakers will come up from their cellars and say, "Gentlemen, bake your own sponge cake." '

Mixed with my admiration for the impressive oratory was the guilty sense that the Settlement was probably responsible for the picture of licentious living manifested by the consumption of sponge cake — our most popular refreshment, with ice cream added on great occasions.

However one may question the party Socialists' claim that an economic and social millennium is exclusively dependent upon their dominance, few acquainted with those active in the movement will deny the sincerity of purpose, the almost religious exaltation that animates great numbers of the party.

Meyer London, the first Socialist Member of Congress from the East and the second in the United States, has been elected from our district; he is a man universally esteemed for his probity, and has a record of many years' unselfish devotion to the workingmen's cause.

It seems a far cry from that first unimpressive little parade that drew the Settlement family to the windows twenty years ago.

Recently the conviction that the extension of democracy should include women has found free expression in our part of the city. Miss Lavinia L. Dock, a resident of many years, has mobilized Russians, Italians, Irish, and native-born, — all the nationalities of our cosmopolitan community, — for the campaign; and when the suffrage parade marched down Fifth Avenue in 1913, back of the Settlement banner with its symbol of Universal Brotherhood there walked a goodly company carrying flags with the suffrage demand in ten languages.

The transition is significant from the position of women among Orthodox Jews to the motherly-looking woman who stands on a soap-box at the corner of Henry Street, and makes her appeal for the franchise to a respectful group of laboring men. The mere fact that this 'mother in Israel' is obliged to work in a factory six days of the week is an argument in itself; but intelligently and interestingly she develops her plea, and her appeal to the men's reason brings sober nods of approval.

III

If spiritual force implies the power to lift the individual out of contemplation of his own interests into something great and of ultimate value to the men and women of this generation and the generations to come, and if, so lifted, he freely offers sacrifices on the altar of the cause, it may be said that the Russian revolution is a spiritual force on the East Side of New York.

People who all through the day are immersed in mundane affairs — the earning of money to provide food and shelter — are transfigured at its appeal. Back of the Russian Jew's ardor

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for the liberation of a people from the absolutism that provoked terrorism, lies also the memory of pogroms and massacres.

Though I had agonized with my neighbors over the tales that crossed the waters and the pitiful human drift that came to our shores, I did not know how far I was from realizing the depths of horror until I saw at Ellis Island little children with sabre cuts on their heads and bodies, mutilated and orphaned at the Kishineff massacre. Rescued by compassionate people, they had been sent here to be taken into American homes.

George Kennan, who first focused the attention of Americans upon the political exiles through his dramatic portrayal of their condition in the Siberian prisons, is still the eager champion of their cause. Prince Kropotkin, who thrilled the readers of this magazine with his 'Autobiography of a Revolutionist'; Tschaikowksy, Gershuni, Marie Sukloff, — a long procession of saints and martyrs, sympathizers and supporters, — have crossed the threshold of the House on Henry Street and stirred deep feeling there. Katharine Breshkovsky [1] (Babushka, little grandmother), most beloved of all who have suffered for the great cause, is to many a symbol of the Russian revolution.

Who of those that sat around the fire with her in the sitting-room of the Henry Street house can ever forget the experience! We knew vaguely the story of the young noblewoman's attempt to teach the newly freed serfs on her father's estate in the early sixties; how her religious zeal to give all that she had to the poor was regarded as dangerous by the Czar's government, and how one suppression and persecution after another finally drove her into the circle of active revolutionists. Her long incarceration in the Russian prison and final sentence to the Kara mines and hard labor were known to us, and we identified her as the woman whose exalted spirit had stirred George Kennan when he met her in the little Buriat hamlet on the frontier of China so many years ago. And now, after two decades of prison and Siberian exile, she sat with us and thrilled us with glimpses of the courage of those who answered the call. Lightly touching on her own share in the tragic drama, she carried us with her on the long road to Siberia among the politicals and the convicts who were their companions, through the perils of an almost successful escape with three students to the Pacific a thousand miles away. She told of her recapture and return to hard labor in the Kara mines, of the unspeakable outrages, and the heroic measures her companions there took to draw attention to the prisoners' plight; and how, despite these things, she looked back upon that time as wonderful because of the beautiful and valiant souls who were her fellow prisoners and companions, — young women who had given up more than life itself for the great cause of liberty. Her arrest upon returning to Russia after the brief respite of her visit to America, her courageous address to the court that sentenced her to life exile, and her escape and recapture over a year ago, are well known to the world. From her prison at Irkutsk this woman, nearing her seventieth birthday, sends messages of cheer and hope, proclaiming her unquenchable faith that the cause is just and therefore must prevail.

When I last saw her, at the close of her stay in this country, she implored me never to forget Russia and the struggle there, and said, as we separated after a lingering embrace, 'Should you ever grow cold, bring before your

[1] See the sympathetic sketch, *Katharine Breshkovsky*, by ERNEST POOLE. Charles H. Kerr & Co. Chicago. — THE AUTHOR.

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mind the procession of men and women who for years and years have gone in the early dawn of their life to execution, and gladly, that others might be free.'

Our contact with the members of the Russian revolutionary committee in New York is close enough to enable us to be of occasional service to them, and some assurance of our trustworthiness must have penetrated into the prisons if the letters we receive and the exiles who come to us are an indication. An organization for the relief of Russian political prisoners has generous local support. The Friends of Russian Freedom, a national association with headquarters in New York, is composed of well-known American sympathizers, and, like the society of the same name in England, recognizes the spirit that animates Russians engaged in the struggle for political freedom and is watchful to show sympathy and give aid.

An occasion for this arose about eight years ago, when the Russian government demanded the extradition of one Jan Pouren as a common criminal. The commissioner before whom the case was brought acceded to Russia's demand, and Pouren was held in the Tombs prison to await extradition. Then this insignificant Lettish peasant became a centre of protest. Pouren, it was known, had been involved in the Baltic uprisings, and acquiescence in Russia's demand for his extradition would imperil thousands who, like him, had sought a refuge here, and would take heart out of the people who still clung to the party of protest throughout Russia. A great mass meeting held in Cooper Union bore testimony to the tenacity with which high-minded Americans clung to the cherished traditions of their country. Able counsel generously offered their services, and it was hoped that this and other expressions of public protest would induce the Secretary of State to order the case reopened.

My own participation came about because of a request from the active defenders that I present to President Roosevelt personally the arguments for the reopening of the case. The President appointed for my visit an hour just preceding the weekly Cabinet meeting. I took to the White House an extraordinary letter sent by Lettish peasants, now hard-working and law-abiding residents of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. It read, 'We hear that Jan Pouren is in prison; that he is called a criminal. We called him brother and comrade. Do not let him fall into the hands of the bloodthirsty vampire.'

To this letter were appended the signatures and addresses of men who had been in the struggle in Russia and who, by identifying themselves with Pouren, placed themselves in equal jeopardy should the case go against him. They offered to give sworn affidavits or to come in person to testify for the accused. With the letter had come a considerable sum of money which the signers had collected from their scanty wages for Pouren's defense.

I took with me also a translation of the report to the second Duma on the subject of the Baltic uprisings, wherein this testimony was recorded, in reference to the attempt of the government to locate those involved in the disturbances: 'They beat the eight-year-old Anna Pouren, demanding of her that she should tell the whereabouts of her father.'

The President and the secretaries concerned discussed the matter, and I left with the assurance that the new evidence offered would justify the reopening of the case. At the second hearing the commissioner's decision was reversed, and Russia's demand refused, on the ground that the alleged offenses

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were shown to be political and 'not in any one instance for personal grievance or for personal gain.' [1]

IV

There is not space in this chapter to do more than touch on our state and national policy concerning immigration, a subject of vital interest in American settlements. Illuminating anecdotes might be told of the storm and stress that often lie beneath the surface of the immigrant's experience, from the time he purchases his ticket in the old country till the gates at Ellis Island close behind him and the process of assimilation begins. That he has so often been exploited and left rudderless in strange seas is a chapter in the history of this 'land of opportunity' that cannot be omitted.

Once, in searching for a patient in a large tenement near the Bowery, I knocked at each door in turn. An Italian woman hesitatingly opened one, no wider than to give me a glimpse of a slight creature obviously stricken with fear. Her face brought instantly to my mind the famous picture of the sorrowing mother. 'Dolorosa!' I said. The tone and the word sufficed and she opened the door wide enough to let me enter. In a corner of the room lay two children with marks of starvation upon them.

Laying my hat and bag on the table to indicate that I would return, I flew to the nearest grocery for food, taking time while my purchases were being made ready to telephone to a distinguished Italian upon whose interest and sympathy I could rely, to meet me at the tenement, that we might learn the cause of this obvious distress.

My friend arrived before I had finished feeding the children, and to him the little mother poured forth her tale. She had arrived some days before, with three children, to meet her husband, who had preceded her and had prepared the home for them. One *bambina* was ill when they reached port and it was taken from her, — why, she could not explain. She was allowed to land with the other two and join her husband; and the following day, in answer to their frantic inquiries, they learned that the child had been taken to a hospital and had died there. Then her husband was arrested, and she, without acquaintance with a single human being in the city, found herself with two starving children, too frightened to open the door or to venture upon the street. She thought that her husband was imprisoned somewhere near by.

My friend and I went together to Ludlow Street Jail, and here a curious thing occurred. We merely inquired for the prisoner; we asked no questions. His cell door was opened and he was released. Later I learned that he had been arrested because of failure to make a satisfactory payment on a watch which he was purchasing on the installment plan. There must have been gross irregularity in the transaction, judging by the willingness to release him and the fact that his creditor failed to appear against him. It was hinted at the time that there was collusion between the installment-plan dealers and the prison officials.

The government's policy regarding the immigrant has been negative, concerned with exclusion and deportation, the head-tax, and the enforcement of treaties and international agreements. By our laws we are protected from the pauper, the sick, and the vicious; but only within very recent years has a hearing been given to those who have asked that our government assume an affirmative policy of protection, distri-

[1] U.S. Commissioner S. M. Hitchcock's decision, delivered March 30, 1909. — THE AUTHOR.

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bution, and assimilation. In turn the private banker, the employment agent, the ticket-broker, the lawyer, and the notary public have battened upon the helplessness of the immigrant. Our experience has convinced us that in the interest of the state itself the future citizen should be made to feel that protection and fair treatment are accorded by the state. The greater number of immigrants who come to us are adults for whose upbringing this country has been at no expense. It would seem only just to give them special protection during their first years in the country, to encourage confidence in our institutions and to promote assimilation.

Such thoughts lay back of the invitation to Governor Hughes to dine and spend an evening at the Settlement and there meet those colleagues who could speak authoritatively of the hardship to the immigrants and the mistake, for us, of leaving to chance philanthropy the problems of their first bewildered years of life here.

The Governor left us, armed with maps and documentary evidence. A few months later the Legislature authorized the creation of a commission to study the condition of aliens in New York State; and among its members were two women, Frances Kellor and myself. Upon the recommendation of that commission the New York State Bureau of Industries and Immigration of the Department of Labor was created. Miss Frances Kellor, first woman head of a state bureau, became its chief.

The Social Reform Club, organized in 1894, was a factor in helping to stimulate a more general public interest in matters of social concern.

The club aimed at the immediate future and labored solely for measures that had a fair promise of early success. Its members, wage-earners and non-wage-earners in almost equal numbers, were required 'to have a deep, active interest in the elevation of society, especially by the improvement of the condition of wage-earners.'

Ernest Crosby, Tolstoïan and reformer, was the first president, and the original membership comprised distinguished men and women, courageous thinkers who fully met the requirements of the society, and others, like myself, who were to gain enlightenment regarding methods and theories for the direct improvement of industrial and social conditions.

It was the time of excessive sweat-shop abuses, and from the windows of our tenement home we could look upon figures bent over the whirring foot-power machines. One room in particular almost unnerved us. Never did we go to bed so late or rise so early that we saw the machines at rest. And the unpleasant conditions where manufacturing was carried on in the over-crowded rooms of the families we nursed disquieted us more than the diseases we were trying to combat.

Our sympathies were ready for enlistment when working people whom we knew, and whose sobriety of habits and mind won confidence and esteem, discussed the possibility of improving conditions through organization. In another place I have told how the young girls first led us into the trade-union movement; but now, where the standard of the entire family was involved through the wage and working conditions of its chief wage-earner, it became to us a movement of greater significance.

We were accorded a doubtful distinction by acquaintances who had no point of contact with working people when we acknowledged friendship with 'demagogues' and 'walking delegates' (terms which they used interchangeably); and, inexperienced though we were, it was possible in a small way to help build a bridge of understanding.

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Through the years that have followed, the Settlement has from time to time been the neutral ground where both sides might meet, or has furnished the 'impartial third party' in industrial disputes.

Since those days cloaks are no longer made in the New York tenement homes, and the once unhappy sweated workers, united with other garment-makers, have been lifted into eminence because of the unusual character of their organization.

In 1910, after a prolonged strike, peace was declared under a 'Protocol'[1] wherein were combined unique methods devised for control of shops and adjustment of difficulties between the association of progressive manufacturers and the trade-unions. New terms — 'a preferential union shop' and the 'Joint Board of Sanitary Control' — were introduced. Under the latter, sanitary standards were to be enforced by the trade itself, for the first time in the history of industry. On this board, the expense of which is shared equally by the association of manufacturers and the trade-unions, are representatives of both organizations, their attorneys, and three representatives of the public unanimously elected by both parties to the agreement.

When I was asked to be one of the three representatives of the public, already laden with responsibilities, I was loath to accept another; but the temptation to have even a small share in the socializing of industries involving, in New York City alone, nearly 100,000 workers and several hundred millions of dollars, was irresistible.

[1] See reports and bulletins of the Joint Board of Sanitary Control (Dr. George Price, Director); also Bulletins Nos. 98, 144, 145 and 146 of the U. S. Department of Labor; and 'Sanitary Control of an Industry by Itself,' by L. D. Wald, in the report of the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography, 1913. — THE AUTHOR.

High sanitary standards and a living wage, with reasonable hours of employment, were assured so long as both parties submitted to the terms of the protocol. The world seemed to have moved since we shuddered over the long hours and the germ-exposed garments in the tenements; but while this chapter is being prepared for the press a movement is on foot by one of the parties to abrogate the protocol, to the sincere regret of those who are interested in what has been a most fruitful experiment.

The settlements have been before the public long enough to have lost the glamour of moral adventure that was associated with their early days. Yet many of the pioneers have remained, though sometimes realizing, as one of them has said, that 'high purpose has often been mocked by petty achievement.'

A characteristic and important service of the settlement lies in its opportunities for creating and informing public opinion. Its flexibility as an instrument makes it pliant to the essential demands made upon it; uncommitted to a fixed programme, it can move with the times. Out of the enthusiasms and out of the sympathies of those who come to it, though they be sometimes crude and formless, a force is created that makes for progress. For these, as well as for the helpless and ignorant who seek aid and counsel, the settlement performs a function.

The visitors who come from all parts of the world and exchange views and experiences prove how absurd are frontiers between honest men and women of different nationalities or different classes. Human interest and passion for human progress break down barriers centuries old. They form a tie that binds closer than any conventional relationship.

(The End.)

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DISTANT CONSCIOUSNESS

BY WALDO E. FORBES

WHEN we hear a new melody, the notes, as they come one by one, mean comparatively little to the unaccustomed ear; but with greater familiarity each note is attended alike by the memory of the last note, and by the anticipation of that which is to come. This suggests how much the richness of the present hour owes to the memory. In fact, when we consider the temporal nonentity of the actual present: that, in truth, the present and duration have nothing or all to do with one another; that the present moment lasts forever, and yet appears but as a point in the historical series of events; it seems strange that so much stress has been laid upon the importance of the present, as opposed to the past, and the potential present, or future.

We are told that 'time is fleeting,' 'the present is our all,' 'there is no time like the present.' 'Do it now!' Thus in exhortation and precept we are urged to improve the shining hour, with a certain disregard of the fact that many hours do not, and in the nature of things, cannot shine. For it is evident that 'the present is our all' only in the sense that the present has been lasting quietly along ever since time began, and will continue to last forever. But in the meanwhile, in the general haste to utilize this precious moment before its imaginary departure, there is a tendency to retrogress to a primitive biological condition where one time is like another, and the present loses its changing and dramatic quality. In the rush and roar of life, the lights fade, the din is ceaseless, and we get as used to a series of shocks and changes as we do to a more tranquil passage of time. Contrasting with this life is that in out-of-the-way towns, where, as often in the South and West, the great event of the day is the arrival of the daily train. Everybody is on the street, or railroad platform if there is one. Boys and girls, old men and women, come out cheerily like birds on a spring morning, and when the train is gone, the whole town sinks back into dullness for the rest of the day.

Such conditions are more characteristic of all life than we realize. Much of life must necessarily be spent in waiting, and if one reflects upon the daily occurrences of his existence, he can pick many a moment when the doctrine that the present is all is singularly lacking in significance. While he is brushing his teeth, or when he has got into an icy bed, and is wondering whether his circulation will prove adequate to stave off a momentarily threatening demise, a man stakes his soul, not on the present, but on the future. For the football player the last ten seconds before the kick-off of his big game, for the speaker waiting to be called upon for his maiden speech, the present moment has become almost completely subordinated to what it is about to produce.

Any given moment, like any note in music, derives its character from being a link in a chain, and the value of each moment is enhanced for the individual who enjoys it in proportion to

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his hold upon the past, and the clearness with which he foresees the future. Not less in pain than in joy can the power of the past and the future over the present be seen. When we know a pain is growing less, it is by that fact abated further. If we could know all pains to be like the momentary discords in music, which resolve themselves into more and more beautiful harmonies, we should endure them in a religious spirit impossible to one who cannot understand his pain or fears that it will become worse.

Yet clearly in one sense the present is all, and the emphasis laid upon the transiency of time has its use; for the point which is really emphasized is the importance of the rate at which we live. Our expenditure of energy, our power of work can be improved only by ceaseless effort during the hours of activity. There is no inconsistency between a wholesome devotion to the present moment, and a realization that almost any present moment is a trifling affair. One moment is not equal in value to another. Some hours are far better than the rest. Except rarely, the most precious resources of our consciousness lie outside of the present day and hour; and as the largest proportion of the visible world by many million times lies out of our sight at any one time, and always must, so also all but the most infinitesimal part of our lives lies at a greater or less distance from our consciousness; and, normally, all that has pained or consoled, stirred us or lulled us, lies asleep in the memory far away.

The whole subject of time is paradoxical and obscure. There is much in the simplest consideration of these questions which metaphysics is powerless to solve. In any case the past must be reckoned with as having some kind of actuality. In addition to the fact that there has been a past, in a sense, there still is one. 'Shakespeare is dead' is as valid an assertion as 'Kipling is alive.' The past is actual in another way than by virtue of memory; rather it is by virtue of this actuality that memory exists. Whatever has been, is as absolutely discoverable, could the perfect means be devised, as any present fact such as the topography of the Pamirs. Thus there is a larger existence stretching away in all directions from the little present which we pet and coddle.

In truth the present moment itself is enormously complex, extending as it does through the whole of space. The variety of points of view in one village, or one household even, indicates the richness of the life the world's present moment holds, which yet goes on at all times virtually outside the experience of any one individual's mind. There are many directions, besides spatial directions, in which consciousness stretches away from the centre we call self. In the same city scientists may work almost side by side with artists, and scarcely have any hint each of the others' thoughts; and what do the feverish ups and downs of Wall Street mean to either? Tastes and occupations wall us apart. If we could induce our neighbors to express their own thoughts with vividness, they might well carry us further afield than years of life circumscribed within our own narrow boundaries could do, or perhaps wake long-forgotten memories, or moods of which for many years we have caught no hint. To each one his own past life is a storehouse which he has not the wit and power to explore; but by the clue of sympathy we find ourselves upon the borders of a still richer region, — namely, the existing consciousness of other people. The voices, the faces of foreigners how often indicate perceptions and impressions alien to one's own understanding. There is a flavor in their lives which

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we cannot taste. Nor do we ever quite know to what extent we become one with them by study and travel.

Yet these considerations would perhaps be of slight significance if it were not that our powers may be developed, — powers, vital to us, of tapping reservoirs of experience not at first recognized as part of our resources. The circle of circumstances which hems us in can be pierced, our sympathies may become broader, and we may renew or relive the better elements of our own past.

Strange mental processes sometimes recall past impressions with a vividness wholly unbelievable at ordinary times, and our knowledge of how far these hints may be trusted seems hopelessly inadequate. To take them at their face value we could easily believe the possibility of an approximately perfect memory. The richness of the world is forgotten by the world. When a state of mind upon which we based a conviction is gone, we do not know how much is lost of the character and flavor which explained it. In the sphere of philosophy a haze seems to have spread across the higher mountain ranges of thought, and veiled the great peaks. But when these rare moments of clearer weather come, the striking feature of this mental geography is the infinite numbers of directions in which we can look. There is a profusion of paths which we are free to take in the happy hours of intellectual liberty.

But in this little present we take ourselves so seriously. The whole visual world is made known to us by vibrations that range in wave-length from about four one-thousandths to about ten one-thousandths of a millimetre. The great systems displayed to us by astronomy are more remarkable for the slightness of the evidence by which they are recognized than for the magnitude disclosed. The possibilities which are concealed from us in the field of radiation alone are stupendous. We are like bubbles on the crest of a deep-sea wave. Each one perceives a hemisphere which is his world. The scientist studies the ripples which jostle the bubbles and form a substratum for existence; while religious men have perceived the wind which causes wave, ripple, and bubble alike, and blows the bubbles along. But over this sea upon which we move, the mist is often so thick, that we have little to guide us but greater or smaller waves passing beneath us; as it is with a boatman in a fog, judging, by the ground swell, the direction of the open sea.

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VON HINDENBURG, GENERAL AND MAN

BY WILLIAM C. DREHER

I

On the night of August 29, 1914, a German writer strolled into the office of a newspaper of Hamburg to learn the news from the front. The day's bulletin of the General Staff had just arrived, with the following passage:—

'Our troops in Prussia under the command of Colonel-General von Hindenburg have defeated, after three days' fighting in the region of Gilgenburg and Ortelsburg, the Russian Narew Army, consisting of five army corps and three cavalry divisions, and are now pursuing it across the frontier.'

The editor tousles his hair upon reading this, reaches for the army list to see who Hindenburg is, finds that he has been a commanding general, but is now retired and living at Hanover. Then he addresses his visitor: 'Tell me, how does this man from Hanover come to be in command of the Eastern Army? What has happened? Hangs his silk hat on a peg, seizes the baton of a commanding general, and beats the Russians in a trice.—Now tell me, to whom shall I telegraph to find out something about this man?'

The incident is typical, for it was no more true of Byron himself than of Hindenburg that he awoke one morning and found himself famous. He was known very favorably indeed in the higher army circles, and civilians in towns where he had held appointments remembered him as an agreeable gentleman with a high reputation for military capacity. But the great masses of the people, like that Hamburg editor, were asking, Who is Hindenburg? The writer's own experience illustrates the suddenness with which the name broke upon the German people: although he had lived for more than twenty years in Germany and had been a diligent reader of the newspapers during all that time, he was not able to recall, when he read the war bulletin of August 29, that he had ever heard of Hindenburg.

And how did 'this man from Hanover' come to be in command? He himself gives this answer: 'A few weeks ago I was living on my pension at Hanover. Of course, I had tendered my services immediately after the war broke out; but since then I had heard nothing. The uncertainty of waiting seemed endless, and after a few weeks I had given up all hope of being reinstated in the army. Then suddenly came a dispatch informing me that His Majesty had given me the command of the Eastern Army. I had time only to get together the most necessary articles of clothing and have my old uniform put in condition for service.'

Late that night — it was August 22 — an extra train came through with his chief of staff and bore him to the east. He arrived at the front on the following afternoon. As he knew the military features of the East Prussian country thoroughly, he was not long in fixing his plan of battle. Only three days later the battle of Tannenberg began. (So the Germans call it, not because the village of that name figured in any marked way in the fighting, but

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for the sentimental reason that it was the scene of another battle of Tannenberg five hundred years ago, in which the old Teutonic Knights were crushingly defeated by the Poles.)

During the next few days after the publication of that bulletin the victory took on unheard-of proportions. Never had so many prisoners been taken in an open battle. It eclipsed Sedan in that respect, and the battle-ground was four-fold greater than that one. According to the first reports the prisoners numbered 30,000, but the number rose steadily for several days and finally exceeded 90,000. The victory was so immense that the German official reports were received with incredulity abroad. The editor of a New York newspaper treated them as examples of 'German romancing'; and when a few days later Hindenburg defeated and drove across the frontier another great Russian army, taking 30,000 prisoners, that editor regarded the report of this battle as merely a correction of the previous reports, as an admission that the figures of prisoners taken had been padded. 'First it was 30,000, then 60,000, later it jumped to 90,000, only to be finally put back to 30,000.'

But Hindenburg continued to strain the faith of foreign editors. In the series of battles fought during the Polish campaign he captured 130,000, and in the so-called 'Winter's battle' — the name given to the nine days' fighting in February in East Prussia and across the Russian frontier — he eclipsed his own achievement at Tannenberg by taking 104,000 prisoners. Within a half year after he assumed command of the Eastern Army he had taken about 500,000 prisoners, and the killed and wounded certainly exceeded that number. Hindenburg is quoted as saying that in the battle of Tannenberg alone at least 80,000 Russians were killed or drowned in the Masurian lakes and marshes.

This is a record of losses without parallel in the annals of warfare. In any previous war they would have meant irreparable defeat for the country that suffered them, a complete breakdown of its military position. That they have not meant this in the present case must be attributed to the unparalleled numbers that Russia has brought into the field, to the vastness of the theatre of war, and to the difficulties of moving troops in midwinter. But the results as they stand are certainly great enough to insure Hindenburg a permanent place among the world's great military commanders. It is therefore only natural that foreign countries have taken up the question raised in Germany last August: Who is Hindenburg? The writer has been asked to give an answer to that question.

II

The field marshal's full name is Paul Ludwig Hans Anton von Beneckendorff und von Hindenburg. He is thus twice a nobleman, — and thereby hangs a tale. The Beneckendorffs, while belonging to the lower aristocracy, are among the most ancient of Prussian families, the name occurring for the first time in documentary form more than six hundred years ago. The field marshal really holds a better title to it than to that of Von Hindenburg, which is of much more recent origin. He came by the second name in this way: his great-grandfather, a Von Beneckendorff, received in 1789 the legal right to add it to his own name, in order to comply with the wish of a great-uncle. This latter was a Von Hindenburg, the last of the name, who, in bequeathing his landed estates to his young kinsman, asked that he add the Hindenburg name to his own. In the lapse of time the Hindenburg half has become much more prominent than the

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older Beneckendorff half. The field marshal now signs himself simply Von Hindenburg, — probably an expression of his love of simplicity, his dislike of high-sounding pretentions.

And Hindenburg is also a soldier pure and simple. He has devoted his whole life to the military profession, and he loves and believes in it with all his heart. He comes too of a family of soldiers and grew up in a distinctly military atmosphere. His father had thirty years of service to his credit as an officer when he retired; and many others of his line were officers. His mother was the daughter of an army surgeon. Even his first nurse had held a sutler's post in the army, and it was her habit to cut short his infant wailings with the stern command, 'Silence in the company!' And the little boy had a military bent from the start. The field marshal has recently narrated that he still remembers how, when he was four years old, an aged gardener on the family estate, who had been a drummer-boy under Frederick the Great and had taken part in Napoleon's disastrous retreat from Russia, used to delight him with his tales of war. Somewhat later the child was ever appealing to his grandmother to 'tell me something about the war' — referring to the Napoleonic wars; and it was his habit, after having been stowed away for the night, to creep to the foot of the bed in order to hear better what his father was reading aloud to his mother. In those days too it was his joy to trot along by the side of his father's company while the men were drilling, drinking delight of battle by anticipation.

After a few years in a private school at Glogau, where the family was then living, he was sent away to a cadet school, as the lowest military schools are called in Germany. This was located at Wahlstatt in Silesia, where Blücher had his headquarters during the battle of the Katzbach — for all Germans one of the most cherished memories of the struggle against Napoleon. Hindenburg has recently recalled the fact that his windows at the school looked out over this field of battle. From those years at Wahlstatt we have another fact curiously illustrating the military leanings of the boy's mind. Writing to his parents, he sketches the following plan for decorating a shelf in his wardrobe: 'At the rear a big Prussian eagle on the wall; in the centre, on an elevation, "Old Fritz" and his generals; at the foot of the elevation a number of Black Hussars; in front a chain with cannon posted behind it; more in the foreground two watchman's booths, with two grenadiers of the time of Frederick the Great.' But close upon the description of this military shrine he sets down among his Christmas wishes a name that shows his kinship in spirit with American boys — Cooper's *Pathfinder*.

A few years later we find him trying to prevail upon a younger brother to adopt the soldier's career, 'which would make us all very happy.' When the Danish War broke out in 1864, he was a pupil at the chief Cadet House in Berlin, but not yet quite old enough to go into the war. It was with an evident feeling of envy that he reported to his parents the achievements of the older cadets, who had received commissions and had been sent to the front. His turn came two years later, with the outbreak of the war with Austria. Then eighteen and a half years old, he received a lieutenant's commission and at once joined the army. His mental state at that time is reflected in the following words written to his parents: 'I rejoice in this bright-colored future; for the soldier war is the normal state of things; and, moreover, I am in the hands of God. If I fall it is the most honorable and beautiful death.' The

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ardent young fellow thought it was 'high time that the Hindenburgs smelt powder again; unfortunately they have been singularly neglected in that respect.'

And he got what he was thirsting for. After the battle of Königgrätz (Sadowa) he wrote to his parents thus: 'I gratified my longings on the battlefield, — smelt powder, heard whistling around me projectiles of all kinds, — shells, shrapnel, canister, rifle-bullets; I was slightly wounded, thus becoming an interesting person; and I captured five cannon.' He goes on to tell that a bullet penetrated the eagle of his helmet, grazing his head and leaving him prostrate on the ground, while his faithful men gathered around him, thinking him dead. That helmet still adorns the walls of the field marshal's workroom, after having been preserved by his parents for years as a sacred relic, with an appropriate Bible verse attached to the eagle.

Hindenburg's next military experience was in the Franco-Prussian War. He took part in some of its bloodiest battles. In the fighting about Metz he was in the famous storming of St. Privat, where two German battalions were reduced to one fifth of their strength, and nearly three fourths of the officers were killed. After this terrible affair he wrote thus to his parents: 'God's mercy visibly shielded me. . . . I did not once dismount from my horse, and I only got a *mitrailleuse* bullet through the leg of my boot. . . . I do not myself understand how I could keep so cool throughout the whole action. I often looked at my watch and jotted down in my notebook at once all the phases of the fighting.' He also fought at Sedan and was before Paris throughout the siege.

Two years later we find him at the War Academy in Berlin, where German officers are fitted for higher military careers. His going there, however, appears not to have been due to his own initiative; like many others who had enjoyed the active life of campaigning in France, he apparently had no great desire to return to books and a desk. His brother, who has written a brief sketch of the field marshal's life, reports that he went under the persuasion of his parents, especially his mother. She had a deep influence upon his character, was ever spurring him on to the rigid performance of duty and holding up to him a high ideal of patriotism. His interest in his calling, however, had evidently not flagged, as is evident from a glimpse that we get of him as a student of the War Academy, supplied by General von Pochhammer, who was then professor of field fortifications there. At first, says Pochhammer, he was 'driven almost to desperation' by the fact that Lieutenant von Hindenburg, occupying a front seat, would spread out a General Staff map on his desk and begin studying it as soon as the lecture failed to interest him, — a thing that was quite contrary to the regulations. He would draw circles and make liberal use of his pencil, evidently directing the movement of troops and measuring artillery effects. The professor thereupon resolved to win attention by improving his lectures, by discarding his notes, and speaking directly to the big lieutenant. Apparently he succeeded, for later, when a military problem was to be solved, he appointed Hindenburg to the imaginary post of staff-officer to Oudinot. A quiet earnestness was regarded by the professor as the leading feature of Hindenburg's character as a student.

During the forty years that followed the Franco-Prussian War, Hindenburg was working out, quietly and with great diligence, his military education, rising from one post of responsibility to another in the army, and broadening

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his grasp of military problems. In 1881–83 we find him at Königsberg as staff-officer to a division. At that time he began his military studies of the Masurian Lake region, and he drew the plans for army manœuvres in the very country where he had later to do battle with shot and shell. His appointments took him to widely separated parts of the Empire, and carried him through the most varied ranges of military work, — gave him, in short, the best opportunities to prepare himself for the work that he is now doing. Besides being a staff officer in all the various capacities, he rose through all the various grades of troop commander, and finally reached the rank of commanding general in 1903, — the summit of a German general's hopes in times of peace. In 1911, being then sixty-four years old but still in full strength and vigor, he resigned, because, as his brother assures us, 'he had always believed that a commanding general should lay down his commission in good time, so as to make room for the younger men.'

Not the least important of Hindenburg's appointments remains to be mentioned. In 1886 he was assigned to a post in the General Staff and was at the same time a professor in the War Academy. Here he lectured for some seven years on applied tactics. During the latter part of this time he was also chief of the infantry department in the Prussian Ministry of War. Thus his experience covered, not only the practical work of commanding troops, but also the training of the younger officers, the administering of the affairs of the army, and the working out of theoretical problems at the General Staff. It is a highly interesting fact — probably more than a mere coincidence — that in his lectures he gave much attention to the Masurian Lake region, where three of his greatest battles were fought. He worked out a theoretical battle in that country and made it the basis of lectures to his students. One of these officers has recently told us about that particular work. It included a cavalry attack, and upon one occasion the young officers were looking in vain on their maps to find feasible roads around the dangerous lakes for that attack. Thereupon Hindenburg spoke up: 'I would ride with the whole bunch [the German is *Schlamm*, which is quite colloquial in this sense] right between the lakes; the devil himself would not look for us to come out from among those lakes.'

General von Pochhammer gives a characteristic illustration of how Hindenburg took his duties as commanding general. It is the custom of the army officers to hold conferences on winter evenings to listen to a military paper by one of their number. According to Pochhammer these conferences usually seem rather perfunctory; at the conclusion of the paper 'the commander thanks the speaker, and then they all go to the table.' Not so under Hindenburg: 'He appeared as often as possible, and as soon as the lieutenant had concluded he would ask first the captain, then the major, the colonel, and finally the generals of brigades and divisions to express their views; and he never failed to give his own opinion at the end.' He also tells us that Hindenburg's criticisms of the army manœuvres — always given to the officers immediately after the conclusion of these exercises — were widely known and discussed in military circles.

Wherever we get a view of Hindenburg's inner life during his active military career it is that of a man absorbed in his profession, taking a serious view of his work, and ever occupied with the possible tasks that the future might bring. 'When we had free evenings at the Hindenburg house' — so writes a

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woman friend of the family, who saw much of Hindenburg when he commanded a regiment in a country town — 'he would often sit pondering over maps spread out before him on a table, marking movements of troops, directing armies, fighting imaginary battles. . . . He often said it was the dream of his life to lead an army corps against an enemy.' When his only son was an infant, the proud father once tossed him up and addressed him thus: 'Boy, I am already rejoicing at the thought of seeing you with me around the bivouac fires in a war with Russia.' Later on, it was his habit to keep this boy's mind occupied with military thoughts, to accustom him to military language. In taking walks across country with his three children he would keep the boy playing at soldier, addressing him as 'Herr Lieutenant,' and ordering him to carry out evolutions with imaginary troops. His sister reports other walks on the old family estate at an earlier period, when the ardent young officer was there on furlough; he would at times halt the family party on the ridge of some eminence and unfold his plans for a battle there.

III

When Hindenburg was sent to East Prussia in August his mission was to defend it from two invading armies. It cannot be said that he adopted any novel principles in discharging his difficult task. He followed the well-established rule of German strategists that attack is the best defense. He knew that he was opposing an enemy who has traditionally shown a preference for defensive fighting, and that he could trust the Russian generals to take no bold aggressive steps. When Hindenburg arrived in East Prussia on August 23, two Russian armies had crossed the frontier, moving in the direction of Königsberg, evidently intending to effect a junction there and capture this stronghold. The Wilna army had crossed the frontier in the region of Eydtkuhnen, which lies on the main line of railway from Berlin to Petrograd; it had little difficulty, as it advanced westward, in shoving the small German *Landsturm* troops along before it. But, arrived at a line some thirty miles east of Königsberg, General Rennenkampf, its commander, grew cautious, intrenched himself, and awaited developments. The second or Narew army, under General Samsonoff, had advanced from the south by way of Mlawa and Soldau, and had occupied Allenstein; but he too grew apprehensive lest he were pushing ahead too vigorously, retired his lines somewhat toward the south, and had taken up positions among the western Masurian Lakes.

Hindenburg decided to attack this army at once by a double flanking movement. While there was nothing novel in this strategy, it was a daring venture against an enemy outnumbering the German forces, as Hindenburg himself has assured us, by three to one. Another striking display of boldness and the readiness to take big risks is seen in the fact that he drew away most of the troops that had been holding Rennenkampf in check, and brought them by forced marches to take part in the fighting. This left Rennenkampf in striking distance of the German columns moving to the east of Allenstein to turn Samsonoff's right wing, hold the northerly defiles between the lakes, and thus prevent him from saving himself by effecting a junction with Rennenkampf. Thus the German main attack from the south was able to crush in the Russian lines among the lakes, making it impossible for Samsonoff to deploy his troops effectively. The columns making this movement were also exposed to the

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danger of attack from fresh Russian troops from across the frontier; and they had, in fact, to beat off such an attack before completing the destruction of Samsonoff's army.

As soon as it had been disposed of, and before the immense booty had been fully garnered, Hindenburg began at once to move upon Rennenkampf, following the best German strategy of unrelentingly pushing an advantage once gained. As it was not possible in this case to repeat an enveloping movement, Hindenburg directed a part of his forces against the Russian left and attacked it vigorously. The main blow, however, was to be dealt elsewhere, and this direct attack was only designed to veil it. While the fighting was in progress another large force was swinging completely around the southern end of the lakes for the purpose of gaining access to the Russian rear to the east of Angerburg. The ruse was successful, but Rennenkampf soon saw his danger, began a hurried retreat across the frontier, and succeeded in getting away with much less damage than Samsonoff had suffered. The flanking movement in this battle too was attended with grave risks, and the German forces making it had also to repel a strong counter-attack from a fresh Russian corps that moved up from the south.

It was not a part of Hindenburg's strategy to push far into Russia then and there; his forces were more needed elsewhere. The Austrians had proved unable to hold their ground against the overwhelmingly superior numbers that the Russians threw against them in Galicia. Lemberg had fallen, Przemysl was invested, and the Russians were steadily pushing westward against Cracow. It became necessary to inaugurate a counter-movement to relieve this pressure. Hindenburg therefore transported the greater part of his forces by rail to the southwestern corner of Silesia; and already by September 28 he had moved eastward into Russian Poland, supported by new Austrian forces that had been assembled at Cracow. His purpose was to cross the Vistula, cut the Russian lines of communication, and capture Warsaw. At the same time the Austrian armies in Galicia were to assume the offensive, drive the Russians before them, and try to effect a junction with Hindenburg. These large plans, however, were based upon an underestimate of the Russian strength. Just as Russia's mobilization was far advanced before the war began, whereas the German military authorities had assumed that the invasion of East Prussia could not develop serious proportions till at least a month later than it actually did, so now the Teutonic leaders again failed to take an adequate measure of her enormous armies in the field. The Austrians recovered a part of Galicia and raised the siege of Przemysl, indeed, but with that their offensive was exhausted. They failed by far to join hands with Hindenburg, and he was left alone to make the attack upon Warsaw. Even so he almost succeeded in capturing the city; just when success seemed to be in sight, however, the Russians, who had assembled a strong army at Novo-Georgiewisk farther down the river, crossed the stream and moved upon his left wing. He was finally opposed here by forces which, according to a semi-official German statement, outnumbered his own army nearly four-fold. At the same time the enemy had greatly strengthened his forces farther up stream in the vicinity of Ivangorod, had crossed the river, and was threatening Hindenburg's right, the Austrian and German troops left to guard the river front having proved inadequate to that task.

It now became necessary for Hin-

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denburg to order his first retreat. But how far should he retire? In answering that question he was evidently influenced more by strategical considerations. Even at the moment when he decided to retire before the Russians he was already planning to take up the offensive at another point; and in order to make this new movement most effective it was necessary to entice the Russians far to the west. He decided to fall back almost to the frontier, believing that his enemy, misled by the flattering urgency of the English and French press for a grand movement against Berlin, would follow him as far as he chose to retreat. He did not err in that calculation; and while the Russians were slowly plodding across a country where Hindenburg had thoroughly destroyed all the railways and bridges, he was assembling an army on the Polish frontier to the south of the Vistula. Before they had fully taken up their new positions Hindenburg made an unexpected thrust into their right flank, defeating an army corps at Wloclawek, November 14, and two others at Kutno on the following day. This movement soon developed into a promising new offensive. Lodz and Lowicz were occupied after tremendous fighting; and the Russian armies that had toilsomely pursued Hindenburg across southern Poland were now compelled to withdraw far to the east. The Polish campaign, however, ended rather indecisively in the winter's deadlock along the line of the Bzura, Rawka, and Nida rivers.

But stationary fighting from trenches is not in accord with Hindenburg's military principles and predilections. When in the Ministry of War, he issued tactical instructions to troop commanders, which contained a warning against relying unduly upon field fortifications. At Tannenberg he had discarded the field-works in which he found the troops entrenched when he took command, and the result justified his tactics. He now continued indeed to pound away at the Russian lines on the Bzura, as if still trying to force his way to Warsaw; but while doing so he was preparing another surprise, — transporting his troops back into East Prussia, where the Russians had returned and had again taken up strong positions on a north-and-south line a little to the east of the Masurian Lakes. This movement was further veiled by reinforcing the Austrians in the Carpathian Mountains and starting a vigorous offensive action there. The season also favored the surprise, for who would have expected Hindenburg to gather a great army in midwinter in the rigorous climate of East Prussia and offer battle under conditions like those that made Napoleon's retreat from Moscow one of the greatest military disasters of history?

The plan of this 'Winter's battle' resembled that of Tannenberg in embracing a double flanking movement, but on a much larger scale. When the two flanking columns began to move — the one around the southern Masurian Lakes, the other from a point about twenty-five miles to the northeast of Insterburg — they were nearly one hundred miles apart; and they converged toward a junction some fifty miles behind the Russian centre. The success of this joint action depended upon swiftness of execution. Speed was very difficult, however, in the face of furious snowstorms and drifts that blocked the roads, with the temperature so low that the soldiers' hands would freeze to the metal parts of their rifles. Artillery and ammunition wagons had to be placed upon sled-runners; and deep ravines had to be crossed, where it was necessary to let the cannon down on one side and draw them up on the other with ropes. Under

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these frightful conditions the troops advanced and fought for nine days, often continuing their marches till late into the night. Success crowned their exertions; in respect to the number of prisoners taken the 'Winter's battle' stands without a rival in history.

From the foregoing paragraphs the leading features of Hindenburg's strategy and tactics can be deduced. It is his aim to keep ever on the offensive. Grant himself did not strike the enemy with greater vehemence and persistence than Hindenburg; and, like Grant again, the German field marshal has the habit of shifting the blow to another point once he becomes convinced that the obstacles in his immediate front are too great. But Hindenburg is favored by railways as Grant was not. Never before have railways played so important a part; and Hindenburg has probably employed them more extensively and with better effect than any other commander. He is ever searching out the weakest spot in the enemy's lines; and the railways enable him effectively to follow Napoleon's strategy of massing superior forces at such points and bursting suddenly upon the unsuspecting enemy. In planning his battles he shows a marked preference for flanking movements, and both boldness and skill in carrying them out. He takes care not to be outflanked while himself trying to reach around the enemy's wings. By an unrelenting pursuit he seeks to win the greatest possible advantage from his victories; he is not satisfied with merely defeating the enemy, but strives to crush him completely.

From what has already been said it is evident that Hindenburg makes enormous demands upon his troops. Probably no other general ever required from his men harder marching and fighting at critical junctures. It is related of one regiment at Tannenberg that it marched one hundred and twenty-two miles in five days, and then went immediately into the fighting line; and Hindenburg himself has said that some of his troops marched ninety miles in four days during the battle of the Masurian Lakes. But his soldiers have unlimited confidence in him and are willing to endure hardships for the sake of the victory that they always confidently expect. For he inspires them with the belief — as a group of them said after the battle of Tannenberg — that 'one German is equal to five or six Russians.' The feeling in the ranks was well hit off by a wounded soldier in the following words: 'We had to march and march, and we cursed and thundered; but when we reached our goal and everything passed off all right, we thanked God and Hindenburg.' This confidence, shared alike by officers and men, is based upon the knowledge that the field marshal is himself one of the hardest workers among them. He is usually at work till beyond midnight, and when important actions are in progress he not infrequently stays up all night. He has learned during the war to snatch a few hours of sleep at irregular intervals during the day. His hardy constitution — he has never been sick for one day — enables him to do this without impairing his health.

IV

Thus far we have seen Hindenburg only as a military man. Is he anything more than that? Has he wider interests than those of the professional soldier? The impression in Germany itself is that he has made himself a great general by strictly confining his intellectual interests to his military profession. Even his brother admits a 'one-sidedness which is his strength,' though he assures us that the field marshal takes a lively interest in all questions, includ-

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ing art; and that, in his early years, he made water-colors that gave promise of a successful career as an artist. Of books that have exerted an important influence upon his character we hear nothing in the various sketches of his life. On the walls of his little home at Hanover hang reproductions of the Sistine Madonna and an antique head of Juno, as foils to portraits of the old Emperor William, Fredrick III as crown prince, Bismarck, Moltke, and the present Emperor. Other pictures — paintings, copperplate engravings, lithographs — give a flavor of olden times to the small rooms. The furniture is also of antique patterns, and not a few heirlooms bespeak his love for his line.

This last remark suggests one striking feature of his character. Born of an old noble family that has given many of its members to the public service, military and civil, he takes a reasonable pride in his lineage, yet without arrogating to himself any selfish advantage from it. Throughout his military career it has been his rule to treat officers and men without consideration of birth or family. He always cultivated kindly relations with the civilian element of the towns in which he held appointments, showing himself to be no worshiper of the mere uniform, and to be free from caste spirit. His family love is a part of his religion, and we find both sentiments mingled at times. In the letter to his parents written after the battle of Königgrätz, already quoted, he expresses his feelings when going into his first action thus: 'A brief prayer, a thought of the dear ones at home and the old name, and then forward.' The old home, by the way, does not belong to him, but to a near relative; yet he is still deeply attached to it. His parents and others of his line are buried there. One of these, his brother Otto, — the same whom he advised to adopt the military profession, — died some six years ago as a retired general. On the first day of the battle of Tannenberg Hindenburg found time to have this brother's body exhumed owing to the nearness of the Russian frontier, and because 'the grave might be desecrated.'

And he is a deeply religious man. Not Cromwell or Stonewall Jackson himself was more firmly convinced of being an instrument in the hands of God than is Hindenburg; and the optimistic fatalism begotten of this faith — just as with those two great commanders — must be reckoned as an important element in his military success. Quotations from his letters in previous paragraphs have shown the reader Hindenburg's simple and unaffected manner of expressing his religious sentiments. Such expressions are by no means rare in his letters and army orders; but he never tires us with them, never multiplies them till they begin to seem unreal. There is never a formal confession of faith, — only a word, and then to other matters. His creed is of a more orthodox type than that which has become prevalent in Germany; and we do not hear that he has ever been visited by any of the doubts of this doubting generation. His religion, so far as we know it, is of the oldest, simplest kind. When great crowds gathered in an eastern town to give him an ovation after the battle of Tannenberg he merely halted his automobile for a moment, arose, pointed upward, and said, 'Thank Him up there'; and he rapidly rode away. In a general order issued after the battle of the Masurian Lakes this passage occurs: 'Give God the glory. He will also continue to be with us.' The religious note is equally clear in another general order of December 30. This latter may be quoted in full here in order to show, not only his religious tendencies, but his simple, matter-of-fact style of addressing his

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soldiers under circumstances which would have given some other great generals occasion for much high-flown sentiment and vainglorious bluster. The order is as follows: —

'Soldiers of the Eastern Army!

'It is my heart's desire to express to you my warmest thanks and my fullest recognition of what you have accomplished before the enemy during the year now closing. What privations you have borne, what forced marches you have made, what you have achieved in protracted and difficult fighting, will ever be accounted as among the greatest deeds in the military annals of all times. The days of Tannenberg, the Masurian Lakes, Opakow, Ivangorod, Warsaw, Wloclawek, Kutno, Lodz, Lowicz, the Bzura, the Rawka, and the Pilica, can never be forgotten.

'With thanks to God who gave us power to accomplish such things, and with a firm reliance upon his further help, let us begin the new year. In accordance with our oaths as soldiers we will continue to do our duty till our beloved Fatherland is assured of an honorable peace.

'And now let us go forward in 1915, just as in 1914.

'Long live His Majesty, our most gracious commander-in-chief! Hurrah!'

Although Hindenburg has always kept strictly aloof from politics, home and foreign, he has on several occasions expressed himself briefly in regard to the political aspects of the present war. He has asserted his abiding faith in the justice of Germany's cause, believing that she is fighting only because war was forced upon her by Russia; and he holds that Russia was abetted by England to the extent that the war would not have broken out but for England's promise to help Russia. He has also expressed his unshaken faith that Germany and her ally will win. He believes in particular that Russia will soon be eliminated as an aggressive factor in the general situation.

Simplicity and directness in all that he does, fidelity to duty, devotion to monarch and country, respect for his fellow men, love for profession and family, unflagging industry, great persistence in carrying out his plans — such are the leading outlines of his character. He inspires confidence from his subordinates by reason of his moral qualities, as well as his military ability; they know that he is a safe man, that, though ever ready to undertake daring deeds, he possesses a sane judgment of what is possible. He takes big risks and obtains corresponding results, but there is nothing flighty about the man. He is willing to assume responsibilities and has independence of judgment. He consults much with his subordinates, indeed, in order to get possession of the facts upon which to base his decisions; but the decisions themselves are always his own. And he is not likely to be influenced by personal or any other considerations than the objective requirements in the given case. He does not court popularity, and he does not like to be lionized. 'It is a matter of indifference to me,' he has recently said, 'what kind of conception people form of me, if I can but be of some service to my king and country.'

Professor Vogel, the portrait painter, who spent nearly two months at Hindenburg's headquarters making studies for a portrait, has given us a first-hand description of the field marshal in his daily life, with interesting observations on his character. He says he had to rise every morning at 6 or 6.30 o'clock; that Hindenburg tolerates no loafers around him, and is himself incredibly busy. He was found to have a keen knowledge of men; he was cautious in his speech, but at the same time frank and open. He showed no

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harsh or coarse sides. 'His whole being beams with calmness, goodness, light. He is worshiped by all his men; and this is due not only to the fact that he is the great Hindenburg who won phenomenal victories, but much rather to the fact that he is a good and amiable man. Although he is loaded down with work and responsibilities, I have never seen him impatient or nervous. He finds time for everything, appears promptly at meals, his private correspondence is quickly disposed of, he sits for his portrait, and he finds time to do an endless number of things.'

Vogel observed that Hindenburg made few calls upon the many servants placed at his disposal at headquarters, that the meals were of almost puritanical simplicity, consisting nearly always of one meat course cooked along with vegetables, and ending with a cheap grade of cheese. There was hardly any variation to this at any time; even when princely personages were guests at headquarters the only usual exception was a glass of champagne. Hindenburg found time to give the painter a daily sitting for seven weeks. Another visitor at headquarters noted that the field marshal's door was marked only by the word 'Chief,' written with chalk.

In personal appearance Hindenburg satisfies the common ideal of what a great general should be. He is six feet tall, has a commanding figure, and carries himself with ease and dignity. He has a deep chest, and broad shoulders, and the neck is rather short and thick. The chin and lower jaws are massive, giving the face a squarish appearance. The mouth, with the corners of the lips drawn sharply down, expresses firmness; and this effect is heightened by the moustache, which is allowed to grow out on the cheek beyond the corners of the lips. The blue eyes are deep-set, frank, and penetrating, and have a tendency to close when talking or smiling. The forehead is fairly high and somewhat flat. It is still surmounted by a good shock of hair, which is nearly white and is kept close-cropped. Standing erect it completes the expression of energy and strength borne by his countenance.

The field marshal is a man of few words, but he impresses the listener with the conviction that what he says is well worth giving heed to. He seems to be thinking while he talks, and the deliberate flow of his words leaves the impression that his mind moves slowly. The voice is a deep, rich bass. Among his comrades he is regarded as a companionable man, but he seems to have kept more to his family, when off duty, than is commonly the case with officers. He has never even learned to play cards; his sister found it impossible to teach him 'sixty-six,' the simplest of German card games. Avoiding cards, he has also never gambled, thus escaping the temptations that have proved the undoing of many a young German officer. We hear of no diversions except hunting, for which he has a great liking. The walls of his cottage at Hanover are decorated with the antlers of stags slain by his rifle.

When Hindenburg retired to that cottage only four years ago he thought that his career was ended, and he began to write his reminiscences. They were intended only for his children, as he did not think that his life would interest a wider public. The war rudely interrupted his work. Probably he will resume his writing after it is over. Then all the world will be eager to read Hindenburg's own narrative of the part he is now playing in the Great War.

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WAR AND NON-RESISTANCE

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

I

THE principle that it is always wrong to employ force against another human being has been held in its extreme form by Quakers and by Tolstoï, but has been rejected by the great majority of mankind as inconsistent with the existence of civilized society. But I think that the occasions where forcible resistance is the best course are much fewer than is generally believed, and that some very great and important advances in civilization might be made if this were more widely recognized. The so-called 'right of self-defense,' in particular, seems to have only a very limited sphere of application, and to be often supported by arguments involving both mistakes as to political questions and a wrong conception of the best type of character.

No one who holds that human conduct ought to be such as to promote certain ends, no matter what ends may be selected, will expect any absolute hard-and-fast rules of conduct to which no possible exception can be found. Not to lie, not to steal, not to murder, are very good precepts for ordinary cases: it may be, in view of the likelihood of biased judgments, that most men will act better if they always follow these precepts unquestioningly than if they consider each case on its merits. Nevertheless, it is obvious that there are cases where lying and stealing are justifiable, and the same must be said of murder by those who hold that some wars are righteous. Tolstoï does not judge conduct by its consequences: he considers actions inherently right or wrong. This makes it possible for him to say that no use of force is ever right. But if we judge conduct, as I think we ought, by its power of promoting what we consider a good life or a good society, we cannot expect such simplicity in our moral precepts, and we must expect all of them to be subject to exceptions. Whatever we may have to say must be regarded as in the nature of practical maxims, to be applied with common sense, not as logically universal rules to be tested by extreme cases.

Broadly speaking, I think the use of force is justifiable when it is ordered in accordance with law by a neutral authority, in the general interest and not primarily in the interest of one of the parties to the quarrel. On this ground, the use of force by the police is justifiable, provided (as is no doubt sometimes the case) that the authorities are employing the police in the general interest, not merely in the interest of the holders of power. In international affairs, if there were a council of the powers strong enough to restrain any aggressive nation without great difficulty, any army or navy employed in obedience to its orders might be regarded as a police force, and justified on the same grounds on which the police are justified. I think there is more hope of ultimately achieving universal peace by this method than by the adoption of non-resistance. But this has no bearing upon the question whether non-resistance would be a good policy, if any

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nation could be induced to adopt it. So long as no council of the powers exists, there is no neutral authority to order resistance, and we have to consider the justification of repelling an attack when the nation attacked is the judge in its own cause.

The justification of non-resistance is more easily seen in the case of quarrels between individuals. If I encountered the traditional highwayman, and he demanded my money or my life, I should unhesitatingly give him my money, even if it were in my power to shoot him before he shot me. I should do this, not from cowardice or lack of spirit, but because I would rather part with money than have a man's blood on my conscience. And for the same reason, if I were compelled to engage in a duel, I would rather let my adversary shoot me than shoot him. In this I believe all humane people would agree. At the same time, if he were a worthless fellow, and I had just made an important mathematical discovery which I had not had time to record, it might be right to preserve my life at his expense. Arguments of this sort would justify civilized communities in defending themselves against savages. But conflicts between civilized nations are more like conflicts between rival metaphysicians, each considering his own system admirable and the other man's abominable, while to outsiders it is obvious that both are equally fantastic.

In private life, most situations can be met by the double principle of neither employing force nor obeying it. It is a familiar Platonic thesis that the man who inflicts injustice is more to be pitied than the man who suffers it. But such statements are read with a smile, as charming literary paradoxes, and are not taken as practical wisdom for the guidance of life. Yet the use of force to coerce another man's will, even in those rare cases in which it is justifiable, produces a brutal and tyrannous state of mind, and is more destructive of inward peace than any misfortune that can be inflicted from without. The greatest good that can be achieved in this life is to have will and desire directed to universal ends, purged of the self-assertion which belongs to instinctive will. If a man has once known this good, he will not consider any private ends important enough to be fought for: he may be willing to enter upon a contest of force, but if so, it will be for some end outside his own life, since what is best in his own life cannot be taken from him by another. But although he will not dictate to others for his own ends, he will also not be turned aside from universal ends by others: he will be no more willing to obey than to command. He will preserve his own liberty as scrupulously as he respects the liberty of others.

Exactly similar considerations apply to the conduct of nations, but they are obscured by traditional phrases about 'honor,' 'patriotism,' 'sacred traditions,' or the 'protection of women and children.' It is assumed that a nation which does not oppose force with force must be actuated by cowardice, and must lose whatever is valuable in its civilization. Both these are illusions. To oppose force by passive non-obedience would require more courage, and would be far more likely to preserve the best elements of the national life. It would also do far more to discourage the use of force. This would be the way of practical wisdom, if men could be brought to believe it. But I fear men are too wedded to the belief that patriotism is a virtue, and too fond of proving their superiority to others in a contest of force. People who object to the doctrine that might is right always contend that it will be disproved by showing that might is on their own side. Yet that would be a dis-

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proof only if their side were in the wrong, and their argument shows that they really believe the doctrine that they are pretending to combat. Those who genuinely disbelieve the doctrine will not attempt to disprove it by getting might on their side.

II

Let us imagine that England were to disband its army and navy, after a generation of instruction in the principles of passive resistance as a better defense than war. Let us suppose that England at the same time publicly announced that no armed opposition would be offered to an invader, that all might come freely, but that no obedience would be yielded to any commands that a foreign authority might issue. What would happen in this case?

Suppose, to continue the argument, that the German government wished to take advantage of England's defenseless condition. It would be faced, at the outset, by the opposition of whatever was not utterly brutal in Germany, since no possible cloak could be found to hide the nakedness of aggression. All civilized countries, when they engage in war, find some decent excuse: they fight almost always either in self-defense or in defense of the weak. No such excuse could be found in this case. It could no longer be said, as the Germans now say, that England's naval preponderance keeps other nations in bondage, and threatens the very existence of any nation which depends on imported food. It could no longer be said that we were oppressing India, since India would be able to separate from the British Empire whenever it wished to do so. All the usual pretexts by which aggression is justified would be lacking. When America attacked Spain, it was to liberate the Cubans, against whom Spain was carrying on a war. When England attacked the Transvaal, the then Poet Laureate, the *Times*, and Messrs. Werner, Beit & Co. and the other imperialist magnates who represented the ancient traditions of the British race, solemnly assured us that our intervention was necessary for the safety of English women in Johannesburg, and for the liberation of the natives from virtual slavery to the Boers. These pleas deceived many people who, though no doubt not unwilling to be deceived, would yet have shrunk from an aggression which could not be in any way disguised. And it was said that the Boers aimed at the conquest of the whole of South Africa: we were told that if ever England found itself entangled in a European war, Cape Colony would be overrun and its English colonists would be subjected to a tyranny. In any civilized country such arguments are always used in justifying even the most aggressive war.

If England had no army and no navy, the Germans would be hard put to it to find a pretext for invasion. All the liberal elements in Germany would oppose any such enterprise; so would all the other nations, unless Germany offered them a share of the plunder. But let us suppose all home opposition overcome, and a force dispatched to England to take possession of the country. Such a force, since it would meet with no military opposition, would not need to be large, and would not be in the state of mingled fear and ferocity which characterizes an invading army among a hostile population. There would be no difficulty in preserving military discipline, and no opportunity for the rape and rapine which have always been displayed by troops after victory in battle. There would be no glory to be won, not even enough to earn one iron cross. The Germans could not congratulate themselves upon their military prowess, or imagine that they

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were displaying the stern self-abnegation believed to be shown by willingness to die in the fight. To the soldierly mind, the whole expedition would be ridiculous, causing disgust instead of pride. Perhaps a few impudent street-boys might have to have their ears boxed, but otherwise there would be nothing to lend dignity to the expedition.

However, we will suppose the invading army arrived in London, where they would evict the King from Buckingham Palace and the members from the House of Commons. A few able bureaucrats would be brought over from Berlin to consult with the civil servants in Whitehall as to the new laws by which the reign of Kultur was to be inaugurated. No difficulty would be expected in managing so tame a nation, and at first almost all the existing officials would be confirmed in their offices. For the management of a large modern state is a complicated matter, and it would be thought well to facilitate the transition by the help of men familiar with the existing machinery.

But at this point, if the nation showed as much courage as it has always shown in fighting, difficulties would begin. All the existing officials would refuse to coöperate with the Germans. Some of the more prominent would be imprisoned, perhaps even shot, in order to encourage the others. But if the others held firm, if they refused to recognize or transmit any order given by Germans, if they continued to carry out the decrees previously made by the English Parliament and the English government, the Germans would have to dismiss them all, even to the humblest postman, and call in German talent to fill the breach.

The dismissed officials could not all be imprisoned or shot; since no fighting would have occurred, such wholesale brutality would be out of the question. And it would be very difficult for the Germans suddenly, and out of nothing, to create an administrative machine. Whatever edicts they might issue would be quietly ignored by the population. If they ordered that German should be the language taught in schools, the schoolmasters would go on as if no such order had been issued; if the schoolmasters were dismissed, the parents would no longer send the children to school. If they ordered that English young men should undergo military service, the young men would simply refuse; after shooting a few, the Germans would have to give up the attempt in despair. If they tried to raise revenue by customs duties at the ports, they would have to have German customs officers; this would lead to a strike of all the dock laborers, so that that way of raising revenue would become impossible. If they tried to take over the railways, there would be a strike of the railway servants. Whatever they touched would instantly become paralyzed, and it would soon be evident, even to them, that nothing was to be made out of England unless the population could be conciliated.

Such a method of dealing with invasion would, of course, require fortitude and discipline. But fortitude and discipline are required in war. For ages past, education has been largely directed to producing these qualities for the sake of war. They now exist so widely that in every civilized country almost every man is willing to die on the battlefield whenever his government thinks the moment suitable. The same courage and idealism which are now put into war could easily be directed by education into the channel of passive resistance. I do not know what losses England may suffer before the present war is ended, but if they amount to a million no one will be surprised. An immensely smaller number of losses, incurred in passive resistance, would

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prove to any invading army that the task of subjecting England to alien domination was an impossible one. And this proof would be made once for all without dependence upon the doubtful accidents of war. In internal politics, in all democratic countries, the very method we have been considering is constantly practiced, with continually increasing success. Even in Russia, it was the general strike which secured the Constitution of 1905. For a generation, terrorists had uselessly copied the methods of militarists by bomb-throwing and assassination; they had achieved nothing except to afford the authorities an excuse for ruthless repression, — an excuse not only to the public, but also to their own consciences, since they appeared to themselves, as soldiers do, to be brave men facing death in the public service. After all the years of fruitless violence, it was the method of passive non-obedience which secured the momentary victory, afterwards lost through disunion and a return to violence. And in all the dealings of democratic governments with labor troubles or with irreconcilable minorities, it is this same power of passive resistance that comes into play. In a civilized, highly organized, highly political state, government is impossible without the consent of the governed. Any object for which a considerable body of men are prepared to starve and die can be achieved by political means, without need of resort to force. And if this is true of objects desired by a minority only, it is a thousand times truer of objects desired unanimously by the whole nation.

But it may be said that, even if the Germans could not actually take over the government of England, or rob us of internal self-government, they could do two things which would injure us vitally: they could take away our empire, and could levy a tribute by the threat of depriving us of food-supplies.

The Germans could not take away the self-governing parts of our empire, since they would encounter there the same difficulties that would prevent them from governing England. They could take away those parts of our empire which we hold by force, and this would be a blow to our pride: the oppression of subject races is one of the chief sources of patriotic satisfaction, and one of the chief things for which Germany envies us. But it is not a source of pride to any rational or humane man. European rule over uncivilized races is in fact a very sordid affair. The best of the men whom it employs are those engaged in the attempt at government, who live in exile and usually die of fever. The rest grow rich selling rum to natives or making them work in mines. Meanwhile the natives degenerate: some die of drink, some of diseases caught from white men, some of consumption in the mines; and those who survive contract the vices of civilization without losing the vices of barbarism. It can be only a blessing to any nation to be deprived of this source of pride, which is a canker of corruption and immorality in the life of democratic communities.

That the Germans could levy tribute on England by threatening our food-supplies is obviously true. The ethics of such a demand would be exactly the same as that of the highwayman who demands 'your money or your life.' The same reasons which would lead a reasonable man to give his money rather than shoot or be shot, would also lead a reasonable nation to give tribute rather than resist by force of arms. The greatest sum that foreigners could theoretically exact would be the total economic rent of the land and natural resources of England. In fact, economic rent may be defined as what can be, and historically has been, extorted by

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such means. The rent now paid to landowners in England is the outcome of the exactions made by William the Conqueror and his barons. The law courts are the outcome of those set up at that time, and the law which they administer, so far as land is concerned, represents simply the power of the sword. From inertia and lack of imagination, the English at the present day continue to pay the landowners a vast sum to which the latter have no right but that of conquest. The working classes, the shopkeepers, manufacturers, and merchants, the literary men, and the men of science — all the people who make England of any account in the world — have at the most an infinitesimal and accidental share in the rental of England. The men who have a share use their rents in luxury, political corruption, taking the lives of birds, and depopulating and enslaving the rural districts. This way of life is that which almost all English men and women consider the most admirable: those who are anywhere near achieving it struggle to attain it completely, and those who are more remote read serial stories about it as their ancestors would have read of the joys of Paradise.

It is this life of the idle rich which would be curtailed if the Germans exacted a tribute from England. Everything in England that is not positively harmful would be untouched: wages and other earned incomes could not be diminished without diminishing the productivity of English labor, and so lessening England's capacity for paying tribute! Our snobbish instincts, if the idle rich were abolished, might be driven, by want of other outlet, into the admiration of real merit. And if the Germans could effect this for us, they would well deserve their tribute.

It is very doubtful indeed whether the Germans would exact from us a larger tribute than we exact from ourselves in resisting them. There is no knowing what this war will have cost England when it ends, but we shall probably not exaggerate if we place the cost at a thousand million pounds. This represents an annual payment of forty million pounds. All this, together with the annual expenditure on our army and navy, we might have paid to the Germans without being any poorer than we shall be when the war ends. This represents an incredibly larger tribute than we derive from India; yet the Germans assure us that we are full of commercial cunning, and that we govern India solely for our own profit. If they believe this, it is hardly to be supposed that the receipt of such a tribute would fail to satisfy them. Meanwhile we should have avoided the death of our young men, the moral degradation of almost our whole population, and the lowering of the standard of civilization slowly achieved through centuries which were peaceful in comparison with our present condition.

III

But of course all that I have been saying is fantastic, degrading, and out of touch with reality. I have been assuming that men are to some extent guided by reason, that their actions are directed to ends such as 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' This is not the case. Death, slavery, and unhappiness (for others) are the chief ends pursued by states in their external relations. It is the preference of such ends to one's own happiness that constitutes patriotism, that shows a man to be free from materialism, and that raises him above the commercial, money-grubbing level of the mere shopkeeper. The Prussian feels himself noble because he is willing to be killed, provided men of other nations are killed at the same time. His nobility

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and his freedom from commercialism consist in the fact that he desires the misery of others more than his own happiness. And there is a Prussian lurking in each of us, ready to make us regret any national advantage which is not purchased by injury to some other nation. It is this lurking Prussian in our instincts who assures us that a policy of non-resistance would be tame and cowardly, unworthy of a great and proud nation, a failure to perform our duty of chastising an exactly similar pride in other nations.

Pride has its place among virtues, in the lives of individuals as well as in the lives of nations. Pride, in so far as it is a virtue, is a determination not to be turned aside from the ends which a man thinks good, no matter what outside pressure may be brought to bear upon him. There is pride in Condorcet, sentenced to the guillotine, spending his last days in writing a book on human progress. There is pride in those who refuse to recant their religious convictions under persecution. Such pride is the noblest form of courage: it shows that self-determination of the will which is the essence of spiritual freedom. But such pride should have as its complement a just conception of what constitutes human welfare, and as its correlative a respect for the freedom of others as absolute as the determination to preserve freedom for ourselves. Exactly the same kind of pride is good in the life of a nation. If we think ill of war, while some other nation thinks well of it, let us show our national pride by living without war, whatever temptations the other nation may put in our way to live according to their ideals rather than according to our own.

The Germans, we are given to understand, hate us with a bitter hatred, and long to believe that we feel toward them as they feel toward us; for unrequited hatred is as bitter as unrequited love. They have made it increasingly difficult not to gratify their desire; but in so far as we can keep our resistance free from bitterness we win a spiritual victory over what deserves to be combatted in the enemy, which is far more important than any victory to be won by guns and bayonets. But this kind of pride is not the kind which patriots exhort us to display. The pride that they admire is the kind that aims at thwarting others; it is the pride of power. Having found that the Germans desired Morocco and Mesopotamia, we were proud of the fact that we prevented them from acquiring either. Having found that the Boers desired independence, we were proud of the fact that we made them submit to our rule. This kind of pride consists merely in love of dominion. Dominion and power can be conclusively shown only by compelling others to forego what they desire. By a natural consequence, those in whom the love of power is strong are led to inflict pain and to use force against the perfectly legitimate desires of those whom they wish to subdue. In nations, this attitude is commended. Generally the heroes of a nation's history are not those who have benefited mankind, but those who have injured other nations. If we prided ourselves upon the good and not the harm that we have done, we should have put Shakespeare on the Nelson monument, and given Apsley House to Darwin. But the citizens whom every nation honors most are those who have killed the greatest number of foreigners.

It is this pride of power that makes us unwilling to yield to others in matters of no intrinsic importance. The Germans cherish a desire for African swamps, of which we have a superfluity. No one in England benefits by the possession of them, except a few financial magnates mostly of foreign origin. If we were reasonable, we should regard

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the German desire as a curious whim, which we might gratify without any real national loss. Instead of that we regard the German desire as a crime, and our resistance to it as a virtue. We teach school-children to rejoice because so much of the map is painted red. In order that as much as possible may be painted red, we are willing to sacrifice those ideals of freedom in which we have led mankind, and if necessary to adopt all the worst features of the Prussian spirit. This is because we fear the external enemy, who kills the body, more than the internal enemy, who kills the soul. The soul of a nation, if it is a free soul, without slavishness and without tyranny, cannot be killed by any outward enemy. And if men would realize this, the panic fear which the nations feel, one toward another, would be expelled by a better pride than that of diplomatists and war-lords.

The armies and navies of the world are kept up by three causes: cowardice, love of dominion, and lust for blood.

It is cowardice that makes it difficult to meet invasion by the method of passive resistance. More courage and discipline are needed for the successful practice of this method than for facing death in the heat of battle. But I am persuaded that there is in England enough courage and enough capacity for discipline to make success in passive resistance possible if education and moral teaching were directed to that end instead of to warlike prowess. It is cowardice also that makes men prefer the old method of trying to be stronger than your adversary (in which only one party can succeed), rather than a new method requiring imagination, and a readjustment of traditional standards. Yet, if men could think outside the well-worn grooves, there are many plain facts which show the folly of conventional statesmanship. Why has Germany invaded France? Because the French have an army. Why has England attacked Germany? Because the Germans have a navy. Yet people persist in thinking that the French army and the German navy contribute to national safety. Nothing could be more obvious than the facts; nothing could be more universal than men's blindness to them.

The second reason for keeping up the armies and navies of the world is love of dominion. The Germans, in the Morocco controversy, announced that nothing of importance was to happen anywhere without their being consulted. We regarded this as monstrous arrogance; but for two centuries we had advanced the same claim as a matter of course. The matters about which diplomatists raise a pother are usually of only microscopic importance to the welfare of ordinary citizens; they are matters involving national 'prestige,' that is to say, the power of the state to prevent other states from doing as they wish. This power is sometimes partly based on money, but in the main it rests on armies and navies. If our navy had been smaller, we should not have been able to defeat the German desire for an Atlantic port in Morocco. It would have done us no harm if the Germans had acquired Casablanca, but we enjoyed the thought that our fiat kept them out. The procuring of such pleasure is the second purpose served by armies and navies.

The third purpose of armaments — indeed their primary and original purpose, from which all others are derivative — is to satisfy the lust for blood. Fighting is an instinctive activity of males, both animal and human. Human males, being gregarious, naturally fight in packs. It has been found that the pack tends to be more successful against other packs when fighting within the pack is as far as possible prevented. For this purpose, the law and the

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police have been instituted. But the shedding of human blood is still considered the most glorious thing a man can do, provided he does it in company with the rest of his pack. War, like marriage, is the legally permitted outlet for a certain instinct. But the instinct which leads to war, unlike the instinct which leads to marriage, so far from being necessary to the human race, is wholly harmful among civilized men. It is an instinct which easily becomes atrophied in a settled community; many men have hardly a trace of it. Unfortunately, as men grow older, their affections and their powers of thought decay. For this reason, and also because power stimulates the love of power, the men who have most influence in government are usually men whose passions and impulses are less civilized than those of the average citizen. These men — the great financiers, the politicians, and some editors of daily papers — use their position, their knowledge, and their power of disseminating misinformation to arouse and stimulate the latent instinct for bloodshed. When they have succeeded, they say that they are reluctantly forced into war by the pressure of public opinion. Their activities are exactly analogous to those of men who distribute indecent pictures or produce lascivious plays. They ought to be viewed in the same light; but because of the notion that a wish to kill foreigners is patriotic and virtuous, they are honored as men who have deserved well of their country. They provide an outlet for the impulse to homicide. To gratify this impulse is the third and ultimate purpose of armies and navies.

All these three motives for armaments, — cowardice, love of dominion, and lust for blood, — are no longer ineradicable in civilized human nature. All are diminishing under the influence of modern social organization. All might be reduced to a degree which would make them almost innocuous, if early education and current moral standards were directed to that end. Passive resistance, if it were adopted deliberately by the will of a whole nation, with the same measure of courage and discipline which is now displayed in war, might achieve a far more perfect protection for what is good in national life than armies and navies can ever achieve, without demanding the carnage and waste and welter of brutality involved in modern war.

But it is hardly to be expected that progress will come in this way, because the imaginative effort required is too great. It is much more likely that it will come, like the reign of law within the state, by the establishment of a central government of the world, able and willing to secure obedience by force, because the great majority of men will recognize that obedience is better than the present international anarchy.

A central government of this kind would command assent, not as a partisan, but as the representative of the interests of the whole. Very soon resistance to it would be seen to be hopeless and wars would cease. Force directed by a neutral authority is not open to the same abuse or likely to cause the same long-drawn conflicts as force exercised by quarreling nations, each of which is the judge in its own cause. Although I firmly believe that the adoption of passive instead of active resistance would be good if a nation could be convinced of its goodness, yet it is rather to the ultimate creation of a strong central authority that I should look for the ending of war. But war will end only after a great labor has been performed in altering men's moral ideals, directing them to the good of all mankind, and not only of the separate nations into which men happen to have been born.

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STATE AGAINST COMMONWEALTH

BY A. D. LINDSAY

At the end of the first year of the Peloponnesian War, — that long-foreseen, much-dreaded disaster to Greek civilization, — Pericles made a funeral speech over the bodies of Athenians who had fallen in the war. According to Thucydides he spoke of the glory of the spirit for which they had died, and of the principles of common life and action which were embodied in the contending powers. He drew a contrast between the freedom of Athens and the irksome discipline of Sparta, and insisted that the freedom-loving Athenian was as brave and efficient as the rigidly drilled Spartan.

'We rely not on management or trickery, but on our own hearts and hands. In the matter of education, whereas they from early youth are always undergoing laborious exercises which are to make them brave, we live at ease, and yet are equally ready to face the perils which they face. . . . If then we prefer to meet danger with a light heart but without laborious training, and with a courage that is gained by habit and not enforced by law, are we not greatly the gainers since we do not anticipate the pain? — although when the hour comes, we can be as brave as those who never allow themselves to rest. And thus too our city is equally admirable in peace and in war. For we are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness.'

Eighteen years later, before the last desperate battle in the harbor of Syracuse, whose issue decided the downfall of Athens, Nicias, the Athenian general, made a final appeal to his men; he reminded them 'that they were the inhabitants of the freest country in the world, where all were let alone and not interfered with in their daily life.'

The Athenians were beaten by the Spartans, who boasted that they were not too clever to obey the laws. As a matter of fact, it was not inefficiency in war which caused the defeat of the Athenians. They had in fighting justified Pericles's proud confidence, but their statesmanship failed them. Yet to many contemporaries the defeat of Athens discredited, not Athenian statesmanship, but democracy. Plato holds up to scorn the principle of leaving people alone, of which Athens had been so proud, and sets up for admiration the rigid subordination of all private interests to the good of the state, which was the mark of Sparta. No doubt, Plato thought, the Spartans had made a bad use of their discipline; war and conquest are not the true end of the state. That, however, was a fault which could be corrected, once the essential, the subordination of private interests, was secured. He proposed to drill and discipline his citizens in goodness for the purposes of peace, as the Spartans had drilled them for war. That city is the best, he says, in which the private and the individual are altogether banished from life.

The Englishman of to-day looks at his German enemy very much as the Athenians looked at the Spartans; the

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Germans, so far as we can judge, find in us the very faults which Plato found in the Athenians.

There is a story of a German resident in London who said he would never go back to a country where he was not allowed to jump off a moving bus. That is a story we English really appreciate, for we think of Germany as a country where daily life is plagued by rules and prohibitions. Our recruiting sergeants who threaten us, not with the German soldier, but with the German policeman, unconsciously echo that strange but wonderful appeal of Nicias to the Athenians, and find, as he did, that men are prepared to fight for a country that leaves them alone. We submit in this present hour of need to discipline and elaborate organization and to a more or less despotic government; but we do not pretend that we like these things or that they are to us anything but a deplorable necessity. To the German, complete subordination of all private interests to the organization of the state for war is not a painful necessity but the glory of the nation. When the German philosophers tell us that freedom consists in obedience to the state, they are not being willfully paradoxical, but are saying what they really think. They are prepared to explain the superiority of this German freedom to the anarchical misconception of liberty which prevails in other countries. They look with scorn at a country which lets the queerest people alone, which tolerates militant suffragettes and syndicalists and Ulster conspirators, and in India and Egypt answers sedition by offering reforms. No self-respecting government would show such weakness if it could help it; as England does show it, it follows that she is thoroughly decadent and negligible.

Differences of national temper of this kind have, of course, their historical explanation. Sparta had once been the seat of culture and art; but the Spartans were a small minority holding down a large subject population, and threatened by hostile neighbors. They survived a momentous crisis in their history by adopting the rigid discipline which distinguished them from all other Greeks. But though they achieved unity among themselves, they sought, not to reconcile their subjects, but to terrorize them. Their unbending policy perpetuated the dangers which their discipline had enabled them to meet, and fear, the fear of their subjects, was the mainspring of their policy. The history of Prussia, though more complex, has been in some ways similar. The founders of Prussia were a conquering minority, and hardness and discipline alone enabled them to do their work. When the conflict between the ideals of Athens and of Sparta was being fought out in Germany, the unity of Germany had to be achieved in the face of hostile neighbors. There was no lack of liberal thought in Germany. The earlier German political theorists, such as Kant and Von Humboldt, were sturdy individualists. Germany might have been united on a liberal and democratic basis, but the process would have been a long one. What liberalism might have done, Prussianism did. Prussian ideals were triumphant over external difficulties, and in consequence equally triumphant at home. By their treatment of France in and after 1871, the Germans elected to be feared rather than to be loved by their neighbors and thus to perpetuate their own need of Prussianism. It is curious how persistently modern Germans accuse themselves of a fault which other nations would never dream of imputing to them, — excessive individualism. This complaint expresses their sense of the inadequacy of liberalism to the German situation. Prussia united Germany,

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and the Germans can but be conscious of what Prussia has done for them. Whether the same end could have been achieved in other ways, they can hardly be expected to consider. Their Prussianism has produced the greatest event in nineteenth-century history, — the rise of the German Empire and the marvelous development of German industry. That is enough for them.

For Athens and England the lines fell in pleasanter places. Athens was neither conqueror nor conquered, and had leisure and room for individuality and the arts of peace. England, like America, has been preserved by the sea from the close pressure of outside enemies.

Historical conditions can largely account for these differences in national temper, but they do not enable us to decide between the ideals to which they give rise. For men and nations are seldom content to accept passively the influence of circumstances, to be imposed upon by necessity. They seek, like Wordsworth's Happy Warrior, to turn their necessity to glorious gain. If they can do nothing else with it, they will make it into their ideal. Plato proposed to admit into his commonwealth two modes of music, one for the actions born of compulsion, and one for the actions of peace, where a man's choice has scope. For from both, he knew, man could achieve nobility, as in both he can fail. But if necessity can inspire men, it may also blind them, and their idealization of it can be the greatest of tragedies if it turns all their energies and their powers of sacrifice to the service of an ideal begotten of fear. Men may for the sake of life lose all that makes life worth living; nations may, to preserve the state, lose all that makes the state worth having.

The English system of government and the English theory of the place and value of the state have traveled widely round the world. They are now challenged by a system of a very different temper. The Germans have got much gain from their necessity, — unexampled loyalty and devotion and self-sacrifice. So much all men must admit. The Germans claim much more. They have idealized the end to which their sacrifices have been devoted, the existence and strength of the state. The centralized state which made Germany strong in war has also made her strong in industry. It will now, the Germans believe, give strength and stability to the arts of peace. It will be the great instrument of culture. Germany will impose peace on the world, and German organization and thoroughness will maintain civilization throughout the world. For in German eyes the organized German state is the ideal state; the English or the American, which too easy circumstances have shrouded from the realities of the world, is the real victim of circumstances. Thus the two ideals challenge each the other.

It may be well, then, to compare the German and the English conceptions of the state, — the two ideals which have arisen from the passion for liberty and from the reverence for discipline and order.

There can be no real liberty without order; and again, discipline cannot be forced on a whole nation, but must be freely submitted to. The difference between German and English government is not that one is discipline without liberty, the other liberty without discipline. It is a difference of degree or emphasis; it is the difference between saying that we must have discipline, and if to that we can add liberty, well and good, and saying that we must have liberty and if that can be combined with discipline, so much the better. Nevertheless, since in this world men ordinarily get what they are prepared to insist upon and not what they would be quite

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pleased to have if it came to them, the degree of emphasis determines practical results and in this case had led to a most striking difference in ideals. If a German victory discredited English ideals of government, as it undoubtedly would, the change which would come over the political life of Western Europe and America would not consist merely in an alteration of the proportions of discipline and liberty in their governments. The change would spread through all the detail of domestic affairs and international policy. For the exaltation of the sacrifice and subordination of individual interests and rights carries with it the assumption that man exists for the state, not the state for man.

This contrast shows itself in the political philosophies of England and Germany. Although there is of course abundant variety of opinion among the individual philosophers in either country as to what the state should be and do, there is nevertheless a broad contrast between the schools of the two nations. English writers think of the state as consisting of and existing for individuals. Their fault is to exaggerate the independence and self-sufficiency of the individual citizen; to be unduly optimistic as to the results of free unlimited competition between individuals, and unduly distrustful of state action. Yet English political theory is of immense value in that it clings to the fact that state action, like all other action, has to be done by individual people who will not escape the failings of ordinary humanity by being in office; and that it insists that the results of state action are to be measured in the lives of individual citizens and nowhere else. It conceives of the state as men working in common for the common good; existing as a commonwealth, for the sake of the commonwealth and for nothing else.

German political theories, on the other hand, agree remarkably in their insistence on the doctrine that the state is a person, having an existence of its own over and above the individuals who may happen to be its citizens at any one moment. Having an existence of its own, the state has ideals and values of its own, and to these the interests and ideals of the individuals must be freely subordinated. While, then, to the English thinker the state is a means of doing something for individuals, to be tested by its results on individual lives, to the German the individual is an instrument for carrying out the purposes of the state; it is by serving and working for these purposes that the individual finds his highest freedom. Hence arises the German scorn of *Manchesterthum*, and of the English ideals of free commerce; hence too their glorification of war, in which the subordination of the individual finds its most complete expression.

The doctrine that the state is a person has important philosophical and juridical aspects with which I am not now concerned. It is of growing importance in these days of trusts and corporations, and it has met with much acceptance in England lately, mainly because, like many other philosophical doctrines, it is a useful form of protest against the errors of the opposite school. It is no doubt true that the state, like any other association, is something more than a mere collection of individuals; that it is not merely a means by which these individuals carry out what as individuals they desire and will. Every association of men creates for its members aims and interests which would not have existed without it. Hence the state, like other associations, has a value in that it is a vehicle of ideas and traditions with which it inspires one generation after another of its members.

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The doctrine that the state is a person, however, has been made to mean something very much more than this; it has been made to mean, not that the state is a vehicle of ideals by which *men* live, but that it has a life and value of its own. As a man's thoughts, desires, and actions should be the expression of his personality, as their satisfaction should be subordinated to the satisfaction of the whole, so, it may be held, men's lives should be the expression of the state's purpose, and their satisfaction subordinated to the satisfaction of the state. But if men are to express the purpose of the state, and not the state men's purposes, what can that purpose be? And what is its satisfaction which is not the satisfaction of individuals? There can, I think, be only two answers: one, that it is the continued existence and strength of the state, wide-spreading organization and order being regarded as having in themselves supreme value; the other, that it is a particular kind of organization or culture, whose value is independent of the number of people who participate in its advantages and of their willingness to accept it.

Now it is just here that the doctrine that the state is a person is most misleading. It is true of a human being that, if he does what is right, he need not concern himself as to whether he has been fair or just to all his different desires or capacities. If a man seeks long life or happiness, he seeks it for himself, the whole man, not for any of the various elements in him. If he seeks to do his duty, it is *his* duty, not the duty of his talents and capacities. The whole person is obviously more real and important than the parts. With the state it is surely the other way. The parts have obviously a more real and primary existence than the whole. We may claim that all men have a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It would be nonsense to claim the same for the individual's desires or faculties. If we think of the state as a whole, to whose purpose the lives of its members are to be subordinated, we can find no room for justice or political liberty or mutual rights. If we set too high a value on discipline and order, we shall not have much patience with rights; they are always a nuisance to discipline; we shall think of men as existing only to be disciplined; and the end and purpose of the discipline will not be found in individuals but somewhere else. Hence the state or organization is thought to have a life and value of its own. It is not only *a* person; it becomes the supreme person. 'The state is the march of God in the world,' says Hegel; 'its binding cord is nothing else than the deep-seated feeling of order which is possessed by all.' 'The concrete existence of the state, and not one of the many general thoughts held to be moral commands, must be the principle of its conduct.'

A theory of the state must concern itself, not only with the relation of the state to the individual, but also with the relation of the state to other associations — churches, or trade-unions — within its borders, or to other states without. The doctrine that the state is a person has been used in England to limit, not to increase, the state's power. For the arguments on which it rests carry the further consequences that churches and trade-unions are also persons. Once that is admitted, the state's claim to the simple, unquestioning devotion of the individual is seriously challenged. It is not enough to call upon him to be loyal and self-sacrificing to the larger person of which he is a part. He has to decide which of the larger persons to which he belongs has the first claim on his allegiance. If the state as a person has an absolute worth,

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so has the church; if the one has an indefeasible right, so has the other. The decision between these different loyalties must rest on other grounds than mere collective personality. Hence, in England the doctrine of corporate personality is welcomed as a bulwark against state absolutism. German political theory seeks to avoid the dangerous consequences of its own doctrine by finding some other basis for the absolute right of the state. Dangerous its consequences certainly are. For loyalty to non-political associations, if they are of any strength, will compete with loyalty to the state. The vitality of such associations, which is a notable feature of the modern western state, is often troublesome enough. The conflicts of the state with corporations, trade-unions, and churches are not always edifying. When individuals are called upon to choose between different loyalties, we may be certain that some of them will sometimes choose wrong; that men will put the claims of their family or their class, their trade-union or their corporation, before the claims of the state when they ought not to do so. When men put the claims of the state first, the reason will be, not that their instincts of loyalty have no other outlet, but that the claims of the state have approved themselves to their reason and conscience. That in its turn will limit the power of statesmen to commit their nation to far-reaching courses of action. They will have more and more to consider how far what they propose commends itself to the people. They will not be able to commit their country to war, and assume that, whatever the merits of the policy which led to the war, the people will fight with equal devotion for their country.

Such a state of affairs is not congenial to lovers of discipline. For discipline, it is sometimes forgotten, has two sides. It means not only sacrifice of will and power on the part of the disciplined, but enormous increase of the will and power of those who are in authority. A nation whose members are prepared to entrust their lives and destinies unhesitatingly to their government, who will, as Bismarck boasted of the Prussian nation, 'rise to fight the battles of their king before they know what is to be fought for in these battles,' has in war certain great advantages over its rivals. German theory, therefore, has sought for the state's claim to obedience in that which distinguishes the state from other associations. Only thus can it be insured that in all conflicts between the state and other associations, the state's claim is always paramount.

The most obvious distinguishing mark of the state is its possession and use of force. Hence arises the curious doctrine, which is found in both Hegel and Treitschke, that *the state is force*, and that this fact somehow constitutes a claim to our absolute obedience. Such a doctrine clearly will not bear examination, and both Hegel and Treitschke propound an alternative view, that the state organizes and maintains civilization or culture. Other associations may promote culture, but it is the state which maintains them and makes them possible; they are embraced within it. The individual may then freely give himself to the state, for in so doing he is serving, not the personal ends of the government, but the great impersonal end of civilization. For that a man may well give his life.

The furtherance of culture, however, does not distinguish the state from other associations. Its authority must then be conceived to rest on its all-embracing character. This is the dominant view in Hegel. Unfortunately it is not borne out by the facts. In the modern world there are many associa-

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tions which transcend the boundaries of states. No doubt the state may try by Falk Laws and in other ways to subordinate such associations to itself! It is possible to hold that the state *ought* to be the all-embracing community; that all associations between men of different states should be discouraged; but the mere fact of holding such a view makes it impossible to rest the state's authority on the fact that it *is* all-embracing. Conflicts between the state and other associations, like conflicts between the state and individuals, cannot be resolved by any simple formula that would prove beforehand that the state is always right. Yet only thus would the demands of discipline be fully satisfied.

It is obvious enough that the first of these two doctrines, that which holds that force is the essence of the state, encourages war. The second, though more indirectly, does the same. Both Hegel and Treitschke reject the notion of a world-state as incompatible with the essence of the state. Any organization or permanent alliance, which would embrace states as the state embraces the communities within it, would clearly, on this view, destroy the state's authority. Hegel seeks to rebut Kant's ideal of universal peace with the remark: 'The state is individual, and in individuality negation is essentially implied.' That men can unite together in a state would seem to imply that they are not perfect individuals. The state demands their allegiance on the ground that it is a perfect individual, inasmuch as it is fundamentally incapable of living at peace with its neighbors! It is of greater practical importance that the attempt to make the state all-embracing destroys some of the forces that make most for peace. Peace among nations is possible only when the men of different nations meet in a human way and respect one another. That can come about only with the growth of associations and connections between them. If they are organized in watertight communities which absorb all their interests and activities, the men of one nation will think of the men of others as mere foreigners to be despised or combatted. 'In contrast with the absolute right of a nation to be the bearer of the current phase of the world-spirit,' says Hegel, 'the spirits of other nations are devoid of right, and they, like those whose epochs are gone, count no more in the history of the world.'

Such is the theory of the state that discipline has inspired. We, now that we are confronted by war, 'the hard taskmaster that takes away the margin in daily life,' are faced by the temptation to which Germany succumbed, and are inclined to think, either that in a world of rival nations the rigidly organized state is a necessity, though a hard one, or, if we must be idealists, to think of it as the ideal for peace as for war. In face of such a temptation, we must understand the strength of our own ideal. Let us try then to state the ideal of democracy, for it is with democracy that the German theory of the state is at fundamental odds.

Democracy, like Christianity, stands or falls by a faith in the actual imperfection and the infinite worth of individual men. Democrats are often reproached with their belief in the obvious untruth that men are equal. The democratic belief in equality has two sides: it is firstly a belief that no man, however superior he may be, is good enough or wise enough to possess irresponsible rule over other men; and secondly, a belief that, however men may differ in character or ability, every man has an absolute worth, and should not be used as a mere means for any purpose, no matter how exalted. A man may sacrifice himself for others or for

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a cause; but others have no right to sacrifice him.

The democratic answer to the personal theory of the state is, then, twofold: it is both practical and ideal. The ideal that would subordinate the individual entirely to the state is a false one; and if it were not false, it is impracticable. It is impracticable because the state has no will or mind of its own. Its thinking and willing have to be done for it by individual men. The subordination of individuals to the state means in practice, and must mean, their subordination to the will of other people. There have been, and still are, forms of society which rest on the acceptance of authority, where the large mass of the people look up with unquestioning loyalty to a ruling class or dynasty. The western nations since the French Revolution have passed beyond that stage and could not return to it, even if they wished. For it is the result, not so much of a high level of intelligence in the rulers, as of a low level in the people. There being no class of heaven-born rulers, governments have to be elected, and when elected, controlled. The German system is possible because Germans still largely accept the authority of a ruling class. The steady rise of the Social-Democratic vote showed that the system was breaking down as Germans grew restless under that authority. It could maintain itself only by the perpetual manufacture of crises. In a crisis you have got to put yourself in the hands of the government, because the use made of its powers is dictated, not by the will of the rulers, but by the immediate needs of the crisis. But a nation that persists in maintaining permanently the form of government that is suitable for a crisis will simply submit itself to the will of its government, and a government in that position is bound to go to the bad. Democracy may have defects, but they are as nothing to the defects of alternative forms of government.

Democracy, however, is more than the most practical safeguard against the imperfections of rulers. It is also an ideal, and it is as an ideal that it is most at odds with the doctrine of the absolute value of the state. The democrat believes that all men are equal, because he holds that, compared with the infinite worth of each human personality, the differences between men, many though they are, do not count. This may seem a strange and mystical doctrine, but it is implied in any belief in rights or in social justice. If we take what is called an organic conception of the state, and think of it as having a purpose of its own, there is no reason why that purpose should be enjoyed by or expressed in all its members equally. If the state exists to maintain culture, is it not enough if there be a small minority in a high state of culture, even though that is made possible by the poverty and degradation of the rest of the population? What, in other words, is the objection to slavery? If the degradation or misery of the slave is an instrument of culture, is not that sufficient justification? If a nation's culture is fine and splendid, why should it not make other nations serve its purposes?

The answer to all these questions is simply that it is unjust to treat any human being as a means! The modern state rests on the foundation of mutual rights, on the assumption that we have no right to treat other human beings as we should not wish to be treated by them, or to demand from them services that we are not prepared to render to them. That the modern state falls far below this ideal is painfully true, but this is the ideal that is operative in all the social movements of our time. However efficient a state may be, however splendid its culture, or great its posses-

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sions, the true democrat cannot rest so long as one individual in it is treated unjustly. The rights of the individual are inalienable.

Theories of the rights of man have been discredited of late years. They went wrong in attempting to enumerate specific rights and in regarding these as unalterable. The specific rights that a state can insure for its members must vary with historical conditions. The method and extent of the ideal's realization change, but the ideal remains the same. These theories have had to be made concrete; in their first statement they were intolerably abstract. Yet they were surely right in insisting that the state was to be considered as a community of individual men entitled to equal consideration. That means that individuals are not to be merged in the larger purpose of the state. For supreme worth lies, not in the organization but in the individuals, and the state has no real purpose except such as is reflected in the lives of all its citizens.

Democracy, moreover, conceives of the state's relation to other associations in a way which contrasts with the German theory of the state. The state, for it, can be only one among other forms of human associations. The moral life of the individual is the reality, and that may and does express itself in associations and fellowships of different kinds. Their conflicting claims must be tested by their bearing on it. None of them has in itself an indefeasible right nor can claim an undivided allegiance. As the fundamental principle of the moral life is the respect for the mutual rights of human beings, or of men as men, democracy has a bearing on international relations. If we follow it, we must approach with respect the right of other men to have their own political organizations and their own culture. That one state or one culture must be predominant in the world, we shall refuse to believe. Above all we shall cease to think of the world as a collection of strange inhuman individual beings called states, whose inevitable and nightmarish rivalries make history. We shall remember that in all international relations men are dealing with men.

Surely this is the only decent way to think of men and politics. The other theory of the state has been here called German because it is in Germany that it has attained its most complete development, but it is of course not confined to Germany. It arises wherever men allow machinery, that excellent and indispensable servant, to be their master.

The greatest danger of the modern world is that the use of machinery has increased infinitely faster than men's power of controlling that use wisely. In every department of life we are in danger of being hypnotized by the wonderful work of our own hands; and nowhere is that danger greater than in politics. Political machinery and organization are indispensable in modern life, and political machines have so much of flesh and blood about them, that they are easily thought of as though they were real personalities with a real life and value of their own. We can avoid the perilous idolatry of worshiping the state only if we keep our imaginations active and our minds in touch with reality.

A great city is that which has the greatest men and women,
If it be a few ragged huts it is still the greatest city in the whole world.
The place where a great city stands is not the place of stretched wharves, docks, manufactures, deposits of produce merely,
Nor the place of the most numerous population.

Where the city stands with the brawniest breed of orators and bards,

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Where the city stands that is belov'd by these, and loves them in return and understands them,

Where no monuments exist to heroes but in the common words and deeds,

Where the populace rise at once against the never-ending audacity of elected persons,

Where outside authority enters always after the precedence of inside authority,

Where the citizen is always the head and ideal, . . .

Where children are taught to be laws to themselves, and to depend on themselves,

Where equanimity is illustrated in affairs,

Where speculations on the soul are encouraged, . . .

There the great city stands.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CARD-INDEX HUMOR

THE toastmaster made a motion with his napkin that resembled a conventionalized dusting of the moustache, and rose in throat-clearing impressiveness. He rumpled the napkin, placed it with utmost precision on the edge of the table, and moved a disinterested wineglass an inch and a quarter to the right. The others pushed back their chairs, plashed in their coffee, and assumed the speech-hearing attitude, which combines expectancy with a resolve not to be surprised at any cost.

'Gentlemen,' said the toastmaster, assuming a meditative manner by canting his head to one side, 'Gentlemen, I am in a peculiar position to-night; I may say, almost an awkward position. It reminds me of the story of the Irishman. Pat was coming home late one evening, a trifle unsteadily, when he came upon a policeman, also from the "auld country." "Pat," said Mike —'

Why 'Pat' and 'Mike'? queried the subconscious mind of Mullins, who had come primarily for sustenance and not at all for speeches.

Because, my dear Mullins, in an Irish story, it is always Pat and Mike. When Pat is not making Mike ridiculous, Mike is turning the tables on Pat. It must be so. Imagine, if you can, —

'Two Irishmen were working on a scaffolding on the thirtieth story of a sky-scraper. "George," said Edward —'

No; an Irishman, we learn from the comic papers, is never named George, or Edward, or Augustus, or Frederick. A humorous Irishman is always true to type in the matter of name.

But why, Mullins persists, this deplorable state of affairs? Why is every humorously inclined Scotchman named Sandy, and each precociously apt child, Johnny? It is because that great wave of system which has filed everything from receipts for freight bills to recipes for fricassees has card-indexed humor. Behind the tab marked 'Irish' in the long pack come a myriad of tales in which Mike and Pat alone take part.

After all, it is of value. Take the simple individual humorist, the man who was caught red-handed one day making a bright remark, and who is now, poor soul, in honor bound to himself and the world to keep up the average. It might have been a verbal slip at the outset; but his reputation was born therein. Unless he makes the most of each opportunity that presents itself, it will die as quickly.

Then too, the scoring ability of most men is low. For every goal that goes

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over the cross-bars, there are a dozen tries that are fumbled, a dozen that are got off too late and fall low, and a dozen that are blocked by a speedier player.

For these reasons conservation is necessary. To-day's clever remark will be clever to-morrow provided the situation is the same and the audience different. Therefore file the clever remark. In time, if you keep this up, you will have enough repartee carefully compiled to enable you to cope with any situation that arises. You will earn by means of your mental index the all-to-be-desired name of 'wit,' and 'fun of the party,' who is 'always getting off a good one.'

But, asks Mullins, what if you never make the clever remarks at the beginning, and so cannot catalogue them?

Be not discouraged, my dear Mullins. In the brilliant theatre of sparkling humorists you shall look down on the others from a box-seat. Having nothing of your own to cherish, you are unhampered; you are free to collect the cachinnations of any one. Review the comic papers, attend the banquets, and file in your mind the episodes of Pat and Sandy and Ikey which have the largest percentage of laugh and the smallest percentage of words. You will soon have anecdotes that will 'hit off' whole epochs, or careers, or evenings. From a sought-after dinner guest you will rise to be postprandial illuminator. If you climb to the highest rung of your glistening ladder you may never have to pay for a dinner.

There are unlimited uses for this card-index humor. Consider, if you please, the newspapers and review magazines. There is such simplicity in its adaptation. General Wilkins, hitherto unknown for humor, wit, or cleverness, is suddenly appointed chief of the Street-Cleaning Department. Pictures of him at his desk surprised by the photographers; attended by his loyal wife; surrounded by all his children at once; seated in a hammock at his summer place at Spitzburg-on-the-Hudson, — all these flood the periodicals. And then we find the excavations of the humorous-anecdote reporter. He erases 'Pat' and inserts 'General Wilkins,' adds a new line or two, and you have an intimate slice of the chief's life, in such a way as, —

'General Wilkins, recently appointed chief of the Street-Cleaning Department, is well-known for his keen sense of humor. While he was in Boston during his famous campaign of 1905, there occurred an incident that illustrates his quickness of wit. It appears that he was motoring rapidly down Beacon Street when he was stopped by a policeman, who' — And the story taken from the card index is grafted in here adroitly, so that the joint does not show.

Or, if the newspaper reporter wishes variety, we find the general blossoming where Mike once bloomed, and we have, —

'General Wilkins, the new chief of the Street-Cleaning Department, enjoys a good story, even at his own expense. The following anecdote, which he frequently tells on himself, is going the rounds of Washington society. It was late one evening and the general was on his way home from a hard day at the Treasury Department, when a man who seemed to be in somewhat of a hurry ran against him' — And here the card index takes it up.

The tale of Mike and Pat is good so long as it hangs together, and so long as the story-teller's law holds true that two men laughing will make more noise than ten men remembering. Any joke in the index, if occasionally revarnished and regilded, refashioned for the moment and perhaps reworded, will last three generations easily, and in that time make the reputation for repartee of six prominent men.

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After all, questions Mullins, is it humor? Perhaps not, Mullins. Humor cannot be defined. But it can be confined. In these days of efficiency it is efficient, and in these days of conservation it is conserving. The drama has been made lasting photographically, music has been preserved scientifically; so why not secure mentally the humor of one's life for the length of it?

— The toastmaster rose. 'Gentlemen,' he said, as he moved the wineglass an inch and a quarter to the left, 'Mr. Cornhill's remarks about where this country is going, remind me of the story of the colored deacon. He was returning home late one night from a sick brother when he came across a member of his congregation who was concealing under his coat what looked suspiciously like a plump chicken. "Rastus, whar is yo' gwine" —'

And while the toastmaster continued in that exotic, Anglo-African dialect which comic colored men are taught at infancy, the subconscious mind of Mullins, who had come for sustenance and not for speeches, realized that while Cornhill, the leading postprandial bank president in the country, had been sidesplitting his hearers, the toastmaster had been carefully and successfully searching through a long, and rather dog-eared, mental card index.

FALSE FACES

Last week N. and I had to go to a dinner. We had tried every device honest and dishonest to escape it, but none would serve. Our hostess was kind, our obligation considerable; we must needs bow to the inevitable, since we had not the courage to announce in plain English, 'Your dinner may go to Ballyhack for all us. Leave us alone.'

N. had a bad day at the office and came home later, and weary. He found me, like the dutiful spouse I sometimes try to be, fidgeting the studs into his shiny shirt, to save him at least one imprecation.

'This white waistcoat is all clean and ready, too,' I consoled him, 'but do tell me what this queer thing is that I found in the pocket.'

He was shaving, and cocked one eye at me across the puffy lather.

'Oh, that?' he said out of the corner of his mouth. 'Have n't you ever seen that before? That's my false face.'

I held it up to the light. It was a slimsy thing that clung to my fingers. It resembled nothing so much as the spiritual remains of a child's balloon, done in transparent flesh-color.

'Your false face?' I repeated, as N. emerged radiant, though angry, from his ritual scraping.

'Certainly. Did n't you know it always went to dinners with me? Just see here.'

He appeared to hold the thing up to his face, and with a deft twist of the fingers to fasten invisible loops over his ears. I stared at him, fascinated. Unmistakably he had *changed his face.* His eyes were just as black, his nose just as straight, his jaw just as firm; but I saw plainly that this was not the N. who rode and skated and worked and played with me all the easy days, or worried and planned and helped, all the hard ones. It was an N. I hardly knew, with a patient, polite, bored smile spoiling the good lines around his mouth, and a kind of blank simulated intelligence in the eyes that knew how to laugh and darken so readily.

'Take it off quick!' I cried. 'It's horrid. It blurs you all out. It's worse than blacking up for a minstrel-show. I never would have married you if you 'd looked like that. *Please* take it off.'

He twitched the invisible ear-loops and tucked the horrid polite false face back into its convenient pocket. 'Naturally,' he said, 'that's what false faces

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are for. To blur people all out. To make them all look just alike. To choke out their individuality,' he continued fiercely. 'But you wear one, too. You 've got one stuffed up your sleeve or inside your glove or somewhere every time you go to a dinner or a tea or a reception. Only women wear their false faces more naturally and gracefully than men, and maybe you don't always know when you've got yours on. It seems to be rather more part of the game with you than with us, and it's like this new style of purple wigs with purple gowns: your face belongs so nicely with your diamonds and spangles and chiffon that people hardly notice.

'But confound it all,' he concluded as he tied his cravat with a jerk, 'why need they make *us* wear 'em? To go out when you want to stay at home; to eat a lot when you'd rather eat a little; to pretend you're tickled to death when you're bored to death; to look like asses and chatter like parrots; and never to say or hear a true word for three hours straight, — confound it!'

I observed N. with great care that evening; and every time I glanced across the gleaming, flower-laden table at his patient, deferentially bowed head, and heard his patient, would-be-amused laughter, I thought of the little loops that held his false face on by the ears, and my hand stole up involuntarily to my own face. Yes, without doubt I was wearing one too: I could feel it stretch and squeak a little as I smiled, and my ears and chin felt tight, somehow, as if the elastic cord of my childish Sunday hats were digging into them.

'Thank God, that's done!' said N. devoutly, as we stepped at last into the fresh bare starry night. 'Take them off.' He shook his fingers as one does to snap off a persistent cobweb. 'Now I can breathe again.' Under the arc-light his face showed once more fierce and humorous and swift to change.

'I suppose,' I said, 'that everybody else there had one on too?'

'Yes, of course. Only some of them like it. Lots of them breathe better behind their false faces. They feel undressed without them. Lots of them have n't any real faces to show: just a dreadful white smudge. But great Scott!' he exploded again, 'why need they make us wear them? — I feel as if I'd been eating sawdust and talking hot air and hearing a vacuum-cleaner gossip with an electric fan. Come home quick. This collar's guillotining me.'

As I hung my gown in the closet, something slid from under the sleeve-ruffle. It clung to my fingers, and I saw that it was my own little thin, delicate false face. But I did not examine it. I tucked it back, ready for the next occasion, among the lace and beads. N.'s was safe in his pocket.

'False faces!' I meditated. 'And all of us doing all kinds of solemn or ridiculous things behind them. — Some day,' I said aloud, 'let's go to a party without ours on.'

'All right,' N. responded. 'And then that would be the last party we'd ever be asked to. That's a good scheme.'

But he knows as well as I that only geniuses, fools, and children, may go unprotected into the Society that eats and talks for the sake of talking and eating; and that we, being none of the favored, will never dare to risk ourselves in spangles and glossy shirts without our faithful old false faces.

CHANGING TONGUES

We cannot always rely on Huck Finn's method of telling when we have traveled into a new state or country, by comparing its color with the colors on the map; but it is not impossible to feel a difference in the shade of things when one has passed over a boundary that is linguistic as well as political.

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After leaving a comprehensible tongue and beginning to hear a strange one, a traveler may sense a certain darkening of the landscape and the objects around him, as if gray veils were being drawn about his brain, so as to dim even the impressions coming from his eyes. In point of fact he experiences a lessening of mental light, and association causes him to feel it in terms of sight as well as of understanding.

The reverse of this process is more agreeable and no less striking. One who has sojourned among users of a strange tongue may recall an occasion when his native friends (those superior beings drawing infinite might from their ability to pronounce their own language correctly!) proposed speaking English for a few minutes for a change, and he felt a sensation of lifting veils which left him sitting in a brightened landscape talking with a group of queer foreigners. They were not even of the same dimensions as the beings with whom he had often been trying to carry on a conversation, any more than a headland on a sunny day is of the same height as that headland bulking huge in a mist.

A mathematical layman can have few experiences more irritating than being told that a fourth dimension is conceivable. His imagination is tortured by the idea, as that of a character in the 'movies' might be by the suggestion that it is possible to step out of the canvas. And yet, after some experience in moving from an unknown language into a known one, the least mathematical mind may feel that it understands the kind of change of consciousness which the perception of a new dimension would bring to it. If one visits a foreign city twice, having learned its language in the interval, he may really feel, on his second visit, that the place has taken on another dimension. The houses will look penetrable, instead of like mere, hard surfaces blocking off the streets; the cafés will seem less like backgrounds, and the people more like bodies among which it is possible to move about.

If 'Light! More Light!' expresses the aspiration which has caused earth-dwellers to hope for heaven, we may, perhaps, conceive of an entrance into bliss which shall resemble the lifting of yet more mental veils, the perceiving of another dimension, in short a coming into a country whose language one more perfectly understands. The punishment of those who do not enter into bliss, on the other hand, may be in finding that they do not understand the language of the future life so well as that of the present.

Materialists, too, may base speculations on the experience of changing tongues. If to die is to have one's consciousness extinguished, and we must all die, why should we not go through the process gradually, and escape a shock which many of us seem to dread? An American, feeling that his 'little candle' had almost burned out, might forthwith begin a course of travel on a plan such as the following: first, England, where the accent of the people would make the language a little harder to understand than at home, and work a correspondingly slight dimming of the atmosphere; second, France, whose language the traveler might know fairly well, but not so well as his own; third, Italy, with whose tongue, aside from operatic passages, he would probably be still less familiar; fourth, Greece, where he would understand only the few words which have survived from Xenophon's day. Throughout this journey more and more veils would slip across the mind of the careful old materialist, and it would all occur so gradually that by the time he reached Turkey he would probably find that he had practically died without noticing it.

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